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PORTIA:
THE END OF MY APPRENTICESHIP*

BY

ELLEN TERRY

I

THE ACTRESS AND THE PLAYWRIGHT

1874

THE relation between author and actor is a very important element in the life of the stage. It is the way with some dramatists to despise those who interpret their plays, to accuse us of ruining their creations, to suffer disappointment and rage because we do not, or can not, carry out their ideas.

Other dramatists admit that we players can teach them something; but I have noticed that it is generally in "the other fellow's" play that we can teach them, not in their own!

As they are necessary to us, and we to them, the great thing is to reduce friction by sympathy. The actor should understand that the author can be of use to him; the author, on his side, should believe that the actor can be of service to him, and sometimes in ways which only a long and severe training in the actor's trade can discover.

The first author with whom I had to deal, at a critical point in my progress as an actress, was Charles Reade, and he helped me enormously.

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He might, and often did, make twelve suggestions that were wrong; but against them he would make one that was so right that its value was immeasurable and unforgettable.

It is through the dissatisfaction of a man like Charles Reade that an actress *learns* — that is, if she is not conceited. Conceit is an insuperable obstacle to all progress. On the other hand, it is of little use to take criticism in a slavish spirit and to act on it without understanding it. Charles Reade constantly wrote and said things to me which were not absolutely just criticism; but they directed my attention to the true cause of the faults which he found in my performance, and put me on the way to mending them.

Charles Reade's Criticism

A letter which he wrote me during the run of "The Wandering Heir" was such a wonderful lesson to me that I am going to quote it almost in full, in the hope that it may be a lesson to other actresses — "happy in this, they are not yet so old but they can learn"; unhappy in this, that they have never had a Charles Reade to give them a trouncing!

Well, the letter begins with sheer eulogy. Eulogy is nice, but one does not learn anything from it. Had dear Charles Reade stopped after writing "womanly grace, subtlety, delicacy, the variety yet invariable truthfulness of the facial expressions, compared with which the faces beside yours are wooden, uniform dolls," he would have done nothing to advance me in my art; but this was only the jam in which I was to take the powder!

Here followed more jam — with the first taste of the powder:

"I prefer you for my Philippa to any other actress, and shall do so still, even if you will not, or can not, throw more vigour into the lines that need it. I do not pretend to be as good a writer of plays as you are an actress [how naughty of him!], but I do pretend to be a great judge of acting in general. [He wasn't, although in particular details he was a brilliant critic and adviser.] And I know how my own lines and business ought to be rendered infinitely better than any one else, except the Omniscient. It is only on this narrow ground I presume to teach a woman of your gifts. If I teach you Philippa, you will teach me Juliet; for I am very sure that when I have seen you act her, I shall know a vast deal more about her than I do at present.

"No great quality of an actress is absent from your performance. Very often you have *vigour*. But in other places where it is as much required, or even more, you turn *limp*. You have limp lines, limp business, and in Act III. limp exits instead of ardent exits."

Except in the actual word used, he was perfectly right. I was not *limp*, but I was exhausted. By a natural instinct, I had produced my voice scientifically almost from the first, and I had found out for myself many things which in these days of Delsarte systems and the science of voice production are taught. But when, after my six years' absence from the stage, I came back, and played a long and arduous part, I found that my breathing was still not right. This accounted for my exhaustion, or limpness and lack of vigour, as Charles Reade preferred to call it.

I Learn to Make Ardent Exits

As for the "ardent" exits, how right he was! That word set me on the track of learning the value of moving off the stage with a swift rush. I had always had the gift of being rapid in movement, but to have a gift, and to use it, are two different things.

I never realised that I was rather quick until one day when I was sitting on a sofa talking to the famous throat specialist, Dr. Morell Mackenzie. In the middle of one of his sentences I said: "Wait a minute while I get a glass of water." I was out of the room and back so soon that he said, "Well, go and get it, then!" and was paralysed when he saw that the glass was in my hand and that I was sitting down again!

Consider! That was one of Reade's favourite expressions, and just hearing him say the word used to make me consider, and think, and come to conclusions — perhaps not always the conclusions that he wished, but suggested by him.

In this matter of an "ardent" exit, he wrote:

"The swift rush of the words, the personal rush, should carry you off the stage. It is in reality as easy as shelling peas, if you will only go by the right method instead of by the wrong. You have overcome far greater difficulties than this, yet night after night you go on suffering ignoble defeat at this point. Come, courage! You took a leaf out of Reade's dictionary at Manchester, and trampled on two difficulties — impossibilities, you called them. That was on Saturday. Monday you knocked the poor impossibilities down. Tuesday you kicked them where they lay. Wednesday you walked placidly over their prostrate bodies!"

Monotony of Pace

The difficulty that he was now urging me to knock down was one of *pace*, and I am afraid that in all my stage life subsequently I never quite succeeded in kicking it or walking over its prostrate body!

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ELLEN TERRY AS PAULINE IN "THE LADY OF LYONS"

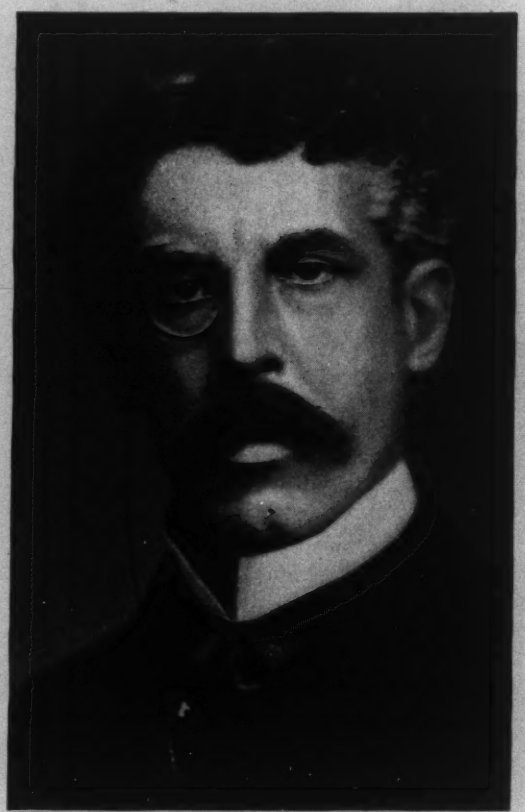
Looking backward, I remember many times when I failed in rapidity of utterance, and was "pumped" at moments when swiftness was essential. Pace is the soul of comedy, and to elaborate lines at the expense of pace is disastrous. Curiously enough, I have met and envied this gift of pace in actors who were not conspicuously talented in other respects, and no Rosalind that I have ever seen has had enough of it! Of course, it is not a question of swift utterance only, but of swift thinking. I am able to think more swiftly on the stage now than at the time Charles Reade wrote to me, and I only wish I were young enough to take advan-

tage of it. But youth thinks *slowly*, as a rule.

Vary the pace. Charles Reade was never tired of saying this, and, indeed, it is one of the foundations of all good acting.

"You don't seem quite to realise," he writes in the letter before me, "that uniformity of pace leads inevitably to languor. You should deliver a pistol-shot or two. Remember, Philippa is a fiery girl: she can snap. If only for variety, she should snap James' head off when she says, 'Do I *speak* as if I loved them!'"

My memories of the part of Philippa are rather vague, but I know that Reade was right in insisting that I needed more "bite" in the passages when I was dressed as a boy. Though he complimented me on my self-denial in making what he called "some sacrifice of beauty" to pass for a boy, "so that the audience can't say, 'Why, James must be a fool not to see she is a girl,'" he scolded me for my want of bluntness.



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SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT

"Fix your mind on the adjective 'blunt' and the substantive 'pistol-shot'; they will do you good service."

They did! And I recommend them to any one who finds it hard to overcome monotony of pace and languor of diction.

"When you come to tell old Surefoot about his daughter's love," the letter goes on, "you should fall into a positive imitation of his manner: erect, motionless, and hands in front, and deliver your preambles with a nasal twang.

But at the second invitation to speak out, you should cast this to the winds, and go into the other extreme of bluntness and rapidity. [Quite right!] When you meet him after the exposure, you should not speak as you are coming to him; you should meet him and stop him in mid-career, and *then* attack him. You should also (in Act II.) get the pearl back into the tree before you say: 'Oh, I hope he did not see me!'"

LADY BANCROFT

Yes, I remember that in both these places I used to muddle and blur the effect by doing business and speaking at the same time. By acting on Reade's suggestion I gained confidence in making a pause.

"After the beating, wait at least ten seconds longer than you do,— to rouse expectation,— and when you do come on, make a little more of it. You ought to be very pale indeed, even to enter with a slight totter, done moderately, of course, and before you say a single word, you ought to stand shaking and with your brows knitting, looking almost terrible. Of course, I do not expect or desire to make a melodramatic actress of you, but still I think you capable of any effect, provided *it is not sustained too long.*"

A truer word was never spoken. It has never been in my power to *sustain.* In private life, I cannot sustain a hatred or a resentment. On the stage, I can pass swiftly from one effect to another, but I cannot fix one, and dwell on it, with that superb concentration which seems

to me the special attribute of the tragic actress. To sustain, with me, is to lose the impression that I have created, not to increase its intensity.

"The last passage of the third act is just a little too hurried. Break the line, 'Now, James — for England and liberty!'"

I remember that I never could see that he was right about that, and if I can't see a thing I can't do it. The author's idea must become mine before I can carry it out — at least, with any sincerity, and obedience without sincerity would be of small service to an author. It must be despairing to him, if he wants me to say a line in a certain way, to find that I always say it in another; but I can't help it. I have tried to act passages as I have been told, just *because* I was told and without conviction, and I have failed miserably and have had to go back to my own way.

"Climax is reached not only by rush but by increasing pace. Your exit speech is a failure at present, because you do not vary the pace of its delivery. Get by yourself for one half-hour — if you can! Get by the seaside, if you can, since there it was Demosthenes studied elo-

ELLEN TERRY AS PORTIA

From a portrait taken at the Prince of Wales' Theatre in 1875

quence and overcame mountains — not molehills like this. Being by the seaside, study those lines by themselves: 'And then let them find their young gentleman, and find him quickly, for London shall not hold me long, nor England either.'

"Study to speak these lines with great volubility and fire, and settle the exact syllable to run at."

I remember that Reade, with characteristic generosity, gave me ten pounds and sent me to the seaside in earnest, as he suggests my doing, half in fun, in the letter. "I know you won't go otherwise," he said, "because you want to

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ELLEN TERRY AS PORTIA

From a portrait taken at the Lyceum Theatre about 1879

insure your life or do something of that sort. Here! go to Brighton — go anywhere by the sea for Sunday. Don't thank me! It's all for Philippa."

As I read these notes of his on anti-climax, monotony of pace, and all the other offences against scientific principles of acting which I committed in this one part, I feel more strongly than ever how important it is to master these principles. Until you have learned them and practised them you cannot afford to discard them. There is all the difference in the world between departure from recognised rules by one who has learned to obey them, and neglect of them through want of training or want of skill or want of understanding. Before you can be eccentric you must know where the circle is.

This is accepted, I am told, even in short-hand, where the pupil acquires the knowledge of a number of signs, only for the purpose of

discarding them when he is proficient enough to make an individual system. It is also accepted in music, where only the advanced pianist or singer can afford to play tricks with *tempo*. And I am sure it should be accepted in acting.

Nowadays acting is less scientific (except in the matter of voice production) than it was when I was receiving hints, cautions, and advice from my two dramatist friends, Charles Reade and Tom Taylor; and the leading principles to which they attached importance have come to be regarded as old-fashioned and superfluous. The attitude is comparatively harmless in the interpretation of those modern plays in which parts are made to fit the actors and personality is everything. But those who have been led to believe that they can make their own rules find their mistake when they come to tackle Shakspere or any of the standard dramatists in which the actors have to fit themselves to the parts. Then, if ever, technique is avenged!

All my life the thing which has struck me as wanting on the stage is *variety*. Some people are tone-deaf, and they find it physically impossible to observe the law of contrasts. But even a physical deficiency can be overcome by that faculty for taking infinite pains which may not be genius but is certainly a good substitute for it.

Irving's Genius of Will

When it comes to pointing out an example, Henry Irving is the monument, the great mark set up to show the genius of *will*. For years he worked to overcome the dragging leg, which seemed to attract more attention from some small-minded critics (sharp of eye, yet how dull of vision!) than all the mental splendour of his impersonations. He toiled, and he overcame this defect, just as he overcame his disregard of the vowels and the self-consciousness which in the early stages of his career used to hamper and incommode him. His *self* was to him on a first night what the shell is to a lobster on dry land. In "Hamlet," when we first acted together after that long-ago Katherine and Petruchio period at the Queen's, he used to discuss with me the secret of my freedom from self-consciousness; and I suggested a more swift entrance on to the stage from the dressing-room. I told him that, in spite of the advantage in ease which I had gained through having been on the stage when still a mere child, I should be paralysed with fright from over-acute realisation of the audience if I stood at the wing for ten minutes, as he was in the habit of doing. He did not heed me then, nor during the run of our next play, "The Lady of Lyons"; but when it came to Shylock, a quite new part to him, he tried the experiment, and, as he told me, with great comfort to himself and success with the audience.

Only a great actor finds the difficulties of the actor's art infinite. Even up to the last five years of his life, Henry Irving was striving, striving. He never rested on old triumphs, never found a part in which there was no more to do. Once when I was touring with him in America, at the time when he was at the highest point of his fame, I watched him one day in the train,—always a delightful occupation, for his face provided many pictures a minute,— and being struck by a curious expression, half-triumphant, half-despairing, asked him what he was thinking about.

"I was thinking," he answered slowly, "how strange it is that I should have made the reputation I have as an actor, with nothing to help me — with no equipment. My legs, my voice — everything has been against me. For an actor who can't walk, can't talk, and has no face to speak of, I've done pretty well."

And I, looking at that splendid head, those wonderful hands which he was holding out in a despairing gesture toward me, thought, "Ah, you little know!"

II

PORTIA

1875

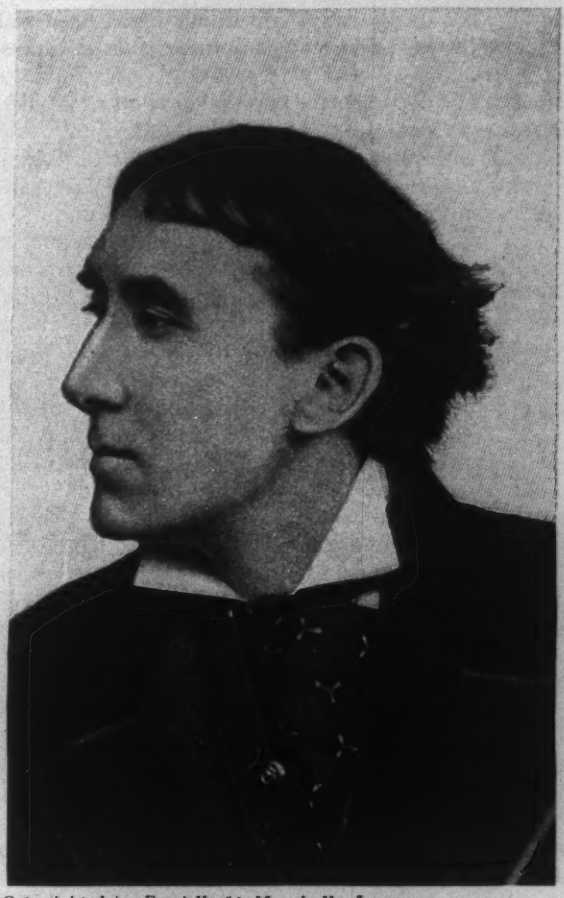
THE brilliant story of the Bancroft management of the old Prince of Wales' Theatre was more familiar twenty years back than it is now. I think that few of the present generation of playgoers who point out, on the first nights of important productions, a remarkably striking figure of a man with erect carriage, white hair, and flashing dark eyes — a man whose eye-glass, manners, and clothes all suggest Thackeray and Major Pendennis, in spite of his success in keeping abreast of everything modern — few playgoers, I say, who point this man out as Sir Squire Bancroft could give any account of what he did for the English theatre in the seventies. Nor do the public who see an elegant little lady starting for a drive from a certain house in Berkeley Square realise that this is Marie Wilton, afterward Mrs. Bancroft, now Lady Bancroft, the comedian who created the heroines of Tom Robertson, and, with her husband, brought what is called the cup-and-saucer drama to absolute perfection.

We players know quite well and accept with philosophy the fact that when we have done we are forgotten. It is sometimes grudged to us that we live so much in the public eye and

enjoy so much public favour and attention; but at least we make up for it by leaving no trace of our short and merry reign behind us when it is over!

I have never, even in Paris, seen anything more admirable than the ensemble of the Bancroft productions. Every part in the domestic comedies, the presentation of which, up to 1875, they had made their policy, was played with such point and finish that the more rough, uneven, and emotional acting of the present day has not produced anything so good in the same line. The Prince of Wales' Theatre was the most fashionable in London, and there seemed no reason why the triumph of Robertson should not go on forever.

But that's the strange thing about theatrical success. However great, it is limited in its force and duration. It was not only because the Bancrofts were ambitious that they determined on a Shaksperian revival in 1875: they felt that you can give the public too much even of a good thing, and thought that a complete change might bring their theatre new popularity as well as new honour.



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HENRY IRVING

From an early portrait

I, however, thought little of this at the time. After my return to the stage in "The Wandering Heir" and my tour with Charles Reade, my interest in the theatre again declined. It has always been my fate or my nature — perhaps they are really the same thing — to be very happy or very miserable. At this time I was very miserable. I was worried to death by domestic troubles and financial difficulties.

The house in which I first lived in London, after I left Hertfordshire, had been dismantled of some of its most beautiful treasures by the brokers. Pressure was being put on me by well-meaning friends to leave this house and make a great change in my life. Everything was at its darkest when Mrs. Bancroft came to call on me and offered me the part of Portia in "The Merchant of Venice."

I had, of course, known her before, in the way that all people in the theatre seem to know each other, and I had seen her act; but on this day, when she came to me as a kind messenger of fate, the harbinger of the true dawn of my success, she should have had for me some special and extraordinary significance. I could invest that interview now with many dramatic features, but my memory, either because it is bad or because it is good, corrects my imagination.

"May I come in?"

An ordinary remark, truly, to stick in one's head for thirty-odd years! But it was made in such a *very* pretty voice — one of the most silvery voices I have ever heard from any woman except the late Queen Victoria, whose voice was like a silver stream flowing over golden stones.

The smart little figure — Mrs. Bancroft was, above all things, *petite* — dressed in black, elegant Parisian black, came into a room which had been almost completely stripped of furniture. The floor was covered with Japanese matting, and at one end was a cast of the Venus of Milo, almost the same colossal size as the original.

Mrs. Bancroft's wonderful grey eyes examined it curiously. The room, the statue, and I myself must all have seemed very strange to her. I wore a dress of some deep yellow woollen material which my little daughter used to call the "frog dress," because it was speckled with brown like a frog's skin. It was cut like a Viollet-le-Duc tabard, and had not a trace of the fashion of the time. Mrs. Bancroft, however, did not look at me less kindly because I wore aesthetic clothes and was painfully thin. She explained that they were going to put on "The Merchant of Venice" at the Prince of Wales', that she was to rest for a while for reasons connected with her health, that she and Mr. Bancroft had thought of me for Portia ——

Portia! It seemed too good to be true! I was a student when I was young. I knew not only every word of the part, but every detail of that period of Venetian splendour in which the action of the play takes place. I had studied Vecellio. Now I am old, it is impossible for me to work like that, but I never acknowledge that I get on as well without it.

Mrs. Bancroft told me that the production would be as beautiful as money and thought could make it. The artistic side of the venture was to be in the hands of Mr. Godwin, who had designed my dress for Titania at Bristol.

"Well, what do you say?" said Mrs. Bancroft. "Will you put your shoulder to the wheel with us?"

A "Secret de Polichinelle"

I answered incoherently and joyfully that of all things I had been wanting most to play in Shakspere; that in Shakspere I had always felt I would play for half the salary; that — oh, I don't know what I said! Probably it was all very foolish and unbusinesslike, but the engagement was practically settled before Mrs. Bancroft left the house, although I was charged not to say anything about it yet.

But theatre secrets are generally *secrets de Polichinelle*. When I went to Charles Reade's house at Albert Gate on the following Sunday for one of his regular Sunday parties, he came up to me at once with a knowing look and said:

"So you've got an engagement."

"I'm not to say anything about it."

"It's in Shakspere!"

"I'm not to tell."

"But I know. I've been thinking it out. It's 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

"Nothing is settled yet. It's on the cards."

"I know! I know!" said wise old Charles. "Well, you'll never have such a good part as Philippa Chester!"

"No, Nelly, never!" said Mrs. Seymour, who happened to overhear this. "They call Philippa a Rosalind part. Rosalind! It's not to be compared with it."

Between Mrs. Seymour and Charles Reade existed a friendship of that rare sort about which it is easy for people who are not at all rare, unfortunately, to say ill-natured things. Charles Reade worshipped Laura Seymour, and she understood him and sympathised with his work and his whims. She died before he did, and he never got over it. The great success of one of his last plays, "Drink," an adaptation from the French, in which Charles Warner is still thrilling audiences to this day, meant nothing to him because she was not alive to share it. The "In Memoriam" which he had inscribed over her grave is characteristic of the man, the woman, and their friendship:

HERE LIES THE GREAT HEART OF
LAURA SEYMOUR

I liked Mrs. Seymour so much that I was hurt when I found that she had instructed Charles

Reade to tell Nelly Terry "not to paint her face" in the daytime, and I was young enough to enjoy revenging myself in my own way. We used to play childish games at Charles Reade's house sometimes, and with "Follow my Leader" into a crime. She was now hoisted with her own petard, for, being heavily made up, she could not and would not follow the leader. After this Charles Reade acquitted me of the use of "pigments red," but he still kept up a

ELLEN TERRY
From an early portrait

came my opportunity. I asked for a basin of water and a towel, and scrubbed my face with a significant thoroughness. The rules of the game meant that every one had to follow my example! When I had dried my face I powdered it, and then darkened my eyebrows, which by nature are invisible from fairness. I wished to be quite frank about the harmless little bit of artifice which Mrs. Seymour had exaggerated campaign against "Chalky," as he humorously christened my powder-puff. "Don't be pig-headed, love," he wrote to me once. "It is because Chalky does not improve you that I forbid it. Trust unprejudiced and friendly eyes and drop it altogether."

Although Mrs. Seymour was naturally prejudiced where Charles Reade's work was concerned, she only spoke the truth, pardonably

exaggerated, about the part of Philippa Chester. I know no part which is a patch on it for effectiveness; yet there is little in it of the stuff which endures. The play itself was too unbusinesslike ever to become a classic.

Acting with Mrs. Kendal

Not for years afterward did I find out that I was not the "first choice" for Portia. The Bancrofts had tried the Kendals first, with the idea of making a double engagement; but the negotiations failed. Perhaps the rivalry between Mrs. Kendal and me might have become of more significance had she appeared as Portia at the Prince of Wales' and preferred Shakspere to domestic comedy. In after years she played Rosalind (oh, Madge, I do owe you one for that! I never did), and quite recently acted with me in "Merry Wives of Windsor"; but the best of her fame will always be associated with such plays as "The Squire," "The Ironmaster," "Lady Clancarty," and many more. When she played with me in Shakspere, she laughingly challenged me to come and play with her in a modern piece, a domestic play, and I said, "Done!" but it has not been done yet. I found her wonderful to act with. No other English actress has such extraordinary skill. Of course, people have said we are jealous of each other. "Ellen Terry Acts with Lifelong Enemy," proclaimed an American newspaper in five-inch type, when we played together as Mistress Page and Mistress Ford in Mr. Tree's Coronation production of "Merry Wives of Windsor." But the enmity did not seem to worry us as much as the newspaper men over the Atlantic had represented.

It was during this engagement in 1902 that a young actor who was watching us coming in at the stage door at His Majesty's one day is reported to have said: "Look at Mr. Tree between his two 'stars'!"

"You mean Ancient Lights!" answered the witty actress to whom the remark was made.

However, "e'en in our ashes burn our wonted fires," or, to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, and from the poetry of Gray to the pantomime gag of Drury Lane and Herbert Campbell, "Better to be a good old has-been than a never-was-er!"

Portia's First Night

But it was long before the "has-been" days that Mrs. Kendal decided not to bring her consummately dexterous and humorous workmanship to the task of playing Portia, and left the field open for me. My fires were only just beginning to burn. Success I had had of a kind, and I had tasted the delight of knowing that audiences liked me, and had liked them back again! But never until I appeared as Portia at the Prince of Wales' had I experienced that awe-struck feeling which comes, I suppose, to no actress more than once in a life-time — the feeling of the conqueror. In homely parlance, I knew that I had "got them" at the moment when I spoke the speech beginning, "You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand."

"What can this be?" I thought. "*Quite* this thing has never come to me before! *This is different!* It has never been quite the same before."

It was never to be quite the same again.

Elation, triumph, being lifted on high by a single stroke of the mighty wing of glory,— call it by any name, think of it as you like,— it was as Portia that I had my first and last sense of it. And, while it made me happy, it made me miserable, because I foresaw as plainly as my own success another's failure.

Charles Coghlan, an actor whose previous record was fine enough to justify his engagement as Shylock, showed that night the fatal quality of *indecision*.

A worse performance than his, carried through with decision and attack, might have succeeded, but Coghlan's Shylock was not even bad. It was *nothing*.

You could hardly hear a word he said. He spoke as though he had a sponge in his mouth, and moved as if paralysed. The perspiration poured down his face; yet what he was doing no one could guess. It was a case of moral cowardice more than incompetency. At rehearsals no one had entirely believed in him, and this, instead of stinging him into a resolution to triumph, had made him take fright and run away.

People felt that they were witnessing a great play with a great part cut out, and "The Merchant of Venice" ran for three weeks!

It was a pity, if only because a more gorgeous and complete little spectacle had never been seen on the English stage. Veronese's "Marriage in Cana" had inspired many of the stage pictures, and the expenditure in carrying them out had been lavish.

In the casket scene I wore a dress like almond-blossom. I was very thin, but Portia and all the ideal *young* heroines of Shakspere ought to be thin. Fat is fatal to ideality!

I played the part more stiffly and more slowly at the Prince of Wales' than I did in later years. I moved and spoke slowly. The clothes seemed to demand it, and the setting of the play developed the Italian feeling in it, and let the English Elizabethan side take care of itself. The silver casket scene with the Prince

of Aragon was preserved, and so was the last act, which had hitherto been cut out in nearly all stage versions.

I have tried five or six different ways of treating Portia, but the way I think best is not the one which finds the heartiest response from my audiences. Has there ever been a dramatist, I wonder, whose parts admit of as many different interpretations as do Shakspere's? There lies his immortality as an acting force. For times change, and parts have to be acted differently for different generations. Some parts are not sufficiently universal for this to be possible, but every ten years an actor can reconsider a Shakspere part and find new life in it for his new purpose and new audiences.

Playing to Aesthetic Audiences

The aesthetic craze, with all its faults, was responsible for a great deal of true enthusiasm for anything beautiful. It made people welcome the Bancrofts' production of "The Merchant of Venice" with an appreciation which took the practical form of an offer to keep the performance going by subscription, as the general public was not supporting them. Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, James Spedding, Edwin Arnold, Sir Frederick Leighton, and others made the proposal to the Bancrofts, but nothing came of it.

Short as the run of the play was, it was a wonderful time for me. Every one seemed to be in love with me! I had sweethearts by the dozen, known and unknown. Most of the letters written to me I destroyed long ago, but the feeling of sweetness and light with which some of them filled me can never be destroyed. The task of reading and answering letters has been a heavy one all my life, but it would be ungrateful to complain of it. To some people expression is life itself. Half my letters begin: "I cannot help writing to tell you," and I believe that this is the simple truth. I, for one, should have been poorer, though my eyes might have been stronger, if they *had* been able to help it!

There turns up to-day, out of a long-neglected box, a charming note about "The Merchant of Venice" from some unknown friend.

"Playing to these houses," he wrote, "is not an encouraging pursuit; but to give to human beings the greatest pleasure that they are capable of receiving must always be worth doing. You have given me that pleasure, and I write to offer you my poor thanks. Portia has always been my favourite heroine, and I saw her last night as sweet and lovely as I had always hoped she might be. I hope that I shall see you again in other Shaksperian characters, and that nothing will tempt you to withhold your talents from their proper sphere."

The audiences may have been scanty, but they were wonderful. O'Shaughnessy, Watts-Dunton, Oscar Wilde, Alfred Gilbert, and, I think, Swinburne were there. A poetic and artistic atmosphere pervaded the front of the house as well as the stage itself.

III

TOM TAYLOR AND LAVENDER SWEEP

I HAVE read, in some of the little biographies of me that have been published from time to time, that I was chagrined at Coghlan's fiasco because it brought my success as Portia so soon to an end. As a matter of fact, I never thought about it. I was just sorry for clever Coghlan, who was deeply hurt and took his defeat hardly and moodily. He wiped out the public recollection of it to a great extent by his Evelyn in "Money," Sir Charles Pomander in "Masks and Faces," and Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons," which he played with me at the Princess' Theatre for one night only in the August following the withdrawal of "The Merchant of Venice."

Struggling with Lytton's Rhetoric

I have been credited with great generosity for appearing in that single performance of "The Lady of Lyons." It was said that I wanted to help Coghlan reinstate himself, and so on. Very likely there was some such feeling in the matter, but there was also a good part and good remuneration! I remember that I played Lytton's proud heroine better then than I did at the Lyceum five years later, and Coghlan was more successful as Melnotte than Henry Irving. But I was never really *good*. I tried in vain to have sympathy with a lady who was addressed as "haughty cousin," yet whose very pride had so much inconsistency. How could any woman fall in love with a cad like Melnotte? I used to ask myself despairingly. The very fact that I tried to understand Pauline was against me. There is only one way to play her, and to be bothered by questions of sincerity and consistency means that you will miss that way for a certainty!

I missed it, and fell between two stools. Finding that it was useless to depend upon feeling, I groped after the definite rules which had always governed the delivery of Pauline's fustian, and the fate that commonly overtakes those who try to combine old wine with new bottles overtook me.

I knew, for instance, exactly how the follow-

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN COLLIER

BEERBOHM TREE, WITH ELLEN TERRY AND MRS. KENDAL, IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"

ing speech ought to be done, but I never could do it. It occurs in the fourth act, where Beauseant, after Pauline has been disillusioned, thinks it will be an easy matter to induce the proud beauty to fly with him:

"Go! [White to the lips.] Sir, leave this house! It is humble, but a husband's roof, however lowly, is, in the eyes of God and man, the temple of a wife's honour. [Tumultuous applause.] Know that I would rather starve — aye, *starve* — with him who has betrayed me than accept *your* lawful hand, even were you the prince whose name he bore. [Hurrying on quickly to prevent applause before the finish.] *Go!*"

It is easy to laugh at Lytton's rhetoric, but very few dramatists have had a more complete mastery of theatrical situations, and that is a good thing to be master of. Why the word "theatrical" should have come to be used in a contemptuous sense I cannot understand. "Musical" is a word of praise in music; why not "theatrical" in a theatre? A play in any age which holds the boards so long and so continuously as "The Lady of Lyons" deserves more consideration than the ridicule of those who think that the world has moved on because our playwrights write more naturally than Lytton did. The merit of the play lay, not in its bombast, but in its situations.

Before Pauline I had played Clara Douglas in a revival of "Money," and I found her far more interesting and possible. To act the *balance* of the girl was keen enjoyment; it foreshadowed some of that greater enjoyment I was to have in after years when playing Hermione — another well-judged, well-balanced mind, a woman who is not passion's slave, who never answers on the spur of the moment, but from the depths of reason and divine comprehension. I didn't agree with Clara Douglas' sentiments, but I saw her point of view, and that was everything.

Taylor's Plain Speaking

Tom Taylor, like Charles Reade, never hesitated to speak plainly to me about my acting, and, after the first night of "Money," wrote me a letter full of hints and caution and advice:

"As I expected, you put feeling into every situation which gave you the opportunity, and the truth of your intonation and expression seemed to bring a note of nature into the horribly sophisticated atmosphere of that hollow and most claptrappy of all Bulwerian stage offences. Nothing could be better than the appeal to Evelyn in the last act. It was sweet, womanly, and earnest, and rang true in every note.

"*But* you were nervous and uncomfortable in many parts for want of sufficient rehearsal. These passages you will, no doubt, improve in nightly. I would only urge on you the great importance of studying to be quiet and composed, and not fidgetting. There was especially a trick of constantly twiddling with and looking at your fingers which you should, above all, be on your guard against. . . . I think, too, you showed too evident feeling in the earlier scene with Evelyn. A blind man must have read what you felt — your sentiment should be more masked.

"Laura [Mrs. Taylor] absolutely hates the play. We both thought —— detestable in his part, false in emphasis, violent and coarse. Generally the fault of the performance was, strange to say for that theatre, overacting, want of repose, point, and finish. With you in essentials I was quite satisfied, but *quiet* — not so much movement of arms and hands. Bear this in mind for improvement, and go over your part to yourself with a view to it.

"The Allinghams have been here to-day. They saw you twice as Portia and were charmed. Mrs. Allingham wants to paint you. Allingham tells me that Spedding is going to write an article on your Portia, and will include Clara Douglas. I am going to see Salvini in 'Hamlet' to-morrow morning, but I would call in Charlotte Street between one and two, on the chance of seeing you and talking it over, and amplifying what I have said.

"Ever your true old friend,

"TOM TAYLOR."

Tom Taylor and my Father

A true old friend indeed he was! I have already tried to convey how much I owed to him — how he stood by me and helped me in difficulties, and said generously and unequivocally, at the time of my separation from my first husband, that "the poor child was not to blame."

I was very fond of my own father, but in many ways Tom Taylor was more of a father to me than my father in blood. Father was charming, but Irish and irresponsible. I think he loved my sister Floss and me most because we were the lawless ones of the family! It was not in his temperament to give wise advice and counsel. Having bequeathed to me lightheartedness and a sanguine disposition, and trained me splendidly for my profession in childhood, he became in after years a very cormorant for adulation of me!

"Duchess, you might have been anything!" was his favourite comment, when I was not living up to his ideas of my position and attainments. And I used to answer: "I've played my cards for what I want."

Years afterward, when he and mother used to come to first nights at the Lyceum, the grossest flattery of me after the performance was not good enough for them.

"How proud you must be of her!" some one would say. "How well this part suits her!"

"Yes," father would answer, in a sort of "is-that-all-you-have-to-say" tone. "But she ought to play Rosalind!"

To him I owe the gaiety of temperament which has enabled me to dance through the most harsh and desert passages of my life, just as he used to make Kate and me dance along as we walked home from the Princess' Theatre.

"Oh, I'm so tired! Aren't we nearly home? Where are we, father?"

"You know Schwab, the baker?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, we're *not* there yet!"

As I grew up, this teasing, jolly, insouciant Irish father of mine was relieved of some of his paternal duties by Tom Taylor. It was not Nelly alone whom Tom Taylor fathered. He adopted the whole family.

At Lavender Sweep, with the horse-chestnut blossoms strewing the drive and making it look like a tessellated pavement, all of us were always welcome, and Tom Taylor would often come to our house and ask mother to grill him a bone! Such intimate friendships are seldom possible in our busy profession, and there was never another Tom Taylor in my life.

When we were not in London and could not go to Lavender Sweep to see him, he wrote almost daily to us. He was angry when other people criticised me, but he did not spare criticism himself.

"Don't be Nelly Know-all," I remember his saying once. "*I* saw you floundering out of your depth to-night on the subject of butterflies! The man to whom you were talking is one of the greatest entomologists in Europe, and must have seen through you at once."

"Madcap Violet"—A Study from Life

When William Black's "Madcap Violet" was published, common report said that the heroine

had been drawn from Ellen Terry, and some of the reviews made Taylor furious.

"It's disgraceful! I shall deny it. Never will I let it be said of you that you could conceive any vulgarity. I shall write and contradict it. Indiscreet, high-spirited, full of surprises, you may be, but vulgar — never! I shall write at once."

"Don't do that," I said. "Can't you see that the author hasn't described me, but only me in 'New Men and Old Acres'?" As this was Tom Taylor's own play, his rage against "Madcap Violet" was very funny! "There am I just as you wrote it. My actions, manners, and clothes in the play are all reproduced. You ought to feel pleased, not angry."

When his play "Victims" was being rehearsed at the Court Theatre, an old woman and old actress who had, I think, been in the preceding play was not wanted. The day the management gave her her dismissal, she met Taylor outside the theatre, and poured out a long story of distress. She had not a stocking to her foot, she owed her rent, she was starving. Wouldn't Mr. Taylor tell the management what dismissal meant to her? Wouldn't he get her taken back? Mr. Taylor would try, and Mr. Taylor gave her fifteen pounds in the street then and there! Mrs. Taylor wasn't surprised. She only wondered it wasn't thirty!

"Tom the Adapter" was the Terry dramatist for many years. Kate played in many of the pieces which, some openly, some deviously, he brought to the English stage from the French. When Kate married, my turn came, and the interest that he had taken in my sister's talent he transferred in part to me, although I don't think he ever thought me her equal. Floss made her first appearance in the child's part in Taylor's play, "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," and Marion her first appearance as Ophelia in his version of "Hamlet" — perhaps "perversion" would be an honester description! Taylor introduced a "fool" who went about whacking people, including the Prince, by way of brightening up the tragedy.

I never saw my sister's Ophelia, but I know it was a fine send-off for her and that she must have looked lovely. Oh, what a pretty young girl she was! Her golden-brown eyes exactly matched her hair, and she was the winsomest thing imaginable! From the first she showed talent.

Tom Taylor's Loyalty

From Taylor's letters I find — and, indeed, without them I could not have forgotten — that the good, kind friend never ceased to work in our interests. "I have recommended Flossy to play Lady Betty in the country." "I have written to the Bancrofts in favour of Forbes-Robertson for Bassanio." (Evidently this was in answer to a request from me. Naturally, the Bancrofts wanted some one of higher standing, but was I wrong about J. Forbes-Robertson? I think not!) "The mother came to see me the other day. I was extremely sorry to hear the bad news of Tom." (Tom was the black sheep of our family, but a fascinating wretch, all the same.) "I rejoice to think of your coming back," he writes another time, "to show the stage what an actress should be." "A thousand thanks for the photographs. I like the profile best. It is most Paolo Veronesish and gives the right notion of your Portia, although the colour hardly suggests the golden gorgeousness of your dress and the blonde glory of the hair and complexion. . . . I hope you have seen the quiet little boxes at ——'s foolish article. [This refers to an article which attacked my Portia in *Blackwood's Magazine*.] Of course, if —— found his ideal in —— he must dislike you in Portia, or in anything where it is a case of grace and spontaneity and Nature against affectation, over-emphasis, stilt, and false idealism — in short, utter lack of Nature. How *can* the same critic admire both? However, the public is with you, happily, as it is not always when the struggle is between good art and bad."

I quote these dear letters from my friend, not in my praise, but in his. Until his death in 1880, he never ceased to write to me sympathetically and encouragingly; he rejoiced in my success the more because he had felt himself in part responsible for my marriage and its unhappy ending, and had perhaps feared that my life would suffer. Every little detail about me and my children, or about any of my family, was of interest to him. He was never too busy to give an attentive ear to my difficulties. "'Think of you lovingly if I can'!" he writes to me at a time when I had taken a course for which all blamed me, perhaps because they did not know enough to pardon enough — *savoir tout c'est tout pardonner*. "Can I think of you otherwise than lovingly? *Never*, if I know you and myself!'"

Tom Taylor got through an enormous amount of work. Dramatic critic and art critic for the *Times*, he was also editor of *Punch* and a busy playwright. Every one who wanted an address written or a play altered came to him, and his house was a kind of Mecca for pilgrims from America and from all parts of the world. Yet he all the time occupied a position in a government office,— the Home Office, I think it was,— and often walked from Whitehall to Lavender

Sweep when his day's work was done. He was an enthusiastic amateur actor, his favourite part being Adam in "As You Like It," perhaps because tradition says this was a part that Shakspere played; at any rate, he was very good in it. Gilbert and Sullivan, in very far-off days, used to be concerned in these amateur theatricals. Their names were not associated then, but Kate and I established a link by carrying on a mild flirtation, I with Arthur Sullivan, Kate with Mr. Gilbert.

Taylor never wasted a moment. He pottered, but thought deeply all the time; and when I used to watch him plucking at his grey beard, I realised that he was just as busy as if his pen had been plucking at his paper. Many would-be writers complain that the necessity of earning a living in some other and more secure profession hinders them from achieving anything. What about Taylor at the Home Office, Charles Lamb at East India House, and Rousseau copying music for bread? It all depends on the point of view. A young lady in Chicago, who has written some charming short stories, told me how eagerly she was looking forward to the time when she would be able to give up teaching and devote herself entirely to a literary career. I wondered, and said I was never sure whether absolute freedom in such a matter *was* desirable. Perhaps Charles Lamb was all the better for being a slave to the desk for so many years.

"Ah, but then, Charles Lamb wrote so little!" was the remarkable answer.

Taylor did not write "so little." He wrote perhaps too much, and I think his heart was too strong for his brain. He was far too simple and lovable a being to be great. The atmosphere of gaiety which pervaded Lavender Sweep rose from his generous, kindly nature, which insisted that it was possible for every one to have a good time.

Once, when we were rushing to catch a train with him, Kate hanging on to one arm and I on to the other, we all three fell down the station steps. "Now, then, none of your jokes!" said a cross man behind us, who seemed to attribute our descent to rowdyism. Taylor stood up with his soft felt hat bashed over one eye, his spectacles broken, roaring with laughter!

The House at Lavender Sweep

Lavender Sweep was a sort of house of call for every one of note. Mazzini stayed there some time, and Steele Mackaye, the American actor who played that odd version of "Hamlet" at the Crystal Palace with Polly as Ophelia. Perhaps a man with more acute literary conscience than Taylor would not have condescended to "write up" Shakspere; perhaps a man of more independence and ambition would not have wasted his really fine accomplishment as a playwright forever on adaptations. That was his weakness — if it was a weakness. He lived entirely for his age, and so was more prominent in it than Charles Reade, for instance, whose name, no doubt, will live longer.

He put himself at the mercy of Whistler, once, in some Velasquez controversy of which I forget the details, but they are all set out, for those who like mordant ridicule, in "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

When Tom Taylor criticised acting he wrote as an expert, and he often said illuminating things to me about actors and actresses which I could apply over again to some of the players with whom I have been associated since. "She is a curious example," he said once of an actress of great conscientiousness, "of how far seriousness, sincerity, and weight will supply the place of almost all the other qualities of an actress." When a famous classic actress reappeared as Rosalind, he described her performance as "all minute-guns and minauderies, . . . a foot between every word, and the intensity of the emphasis entirely destroying all the spontaneity and flow of spirits which alone excuse and explain; . . . as unlike Shakspere's Rosalind, I will stake my head, as human personation could be!"

There was some talk at that time (the early seventies) of my playing Rosalind at Manchester for Mr. Charles Calvert, and Tom Taylor urged me to do it. "Then," he said charmingly, "I can sing my stage Nunc Dimittis." The whole plan fell through, including a project for me to star as Juliet to the Romeo of a lady!

I have already said that the Taylors' home was one of the most softening and culturing influences of my early life. Would that I could give an impression of the dear host at the head of his dinner-table, dressed in black silk knee-breeches and velvet cutaway coat,— a survival of a politer time, not an affectation of it,— beaming on his guests with his *very* brown eyes!

Lavender is still associated in my mind with everything that is lovely and refined. My mother nearly always wore the colour, and the Taylors lived at Lavender Sweep! This may not be an excellent reason for my feelings on the subject, but it is reason good enough.

"Nature repairs her ravages," it is said, but not all. New things come into one's life,— new loves, new joys, new interests, new friends, — but they cannot replace the old. When Tom Taylor died, I lost a friend the like of whom I never had again.

THE BIT OF CALICO

BY JAMES HOPPER

ROCKETT, second lieutenant Philippine Scouts, was talking disconnectedly of his exploits.

It was in the hospital at Manila. The shell shutters along the balcony were all drawn back; between them appeared a black sky, low as the ceiling, turbulent with an incessant and noiseless movement; and at times, coming apart, detached and solemn like the tap of some mysterious hammer counting off eternity, a dozen great raindrops fell one by one upon the resounding zinc roof. The heat in the room lay like a stagnant pool.

He was stretched upon his cot. His pajamas were thrown back, and I saw his body, emaciated with service, yellow and tortured like that of the Man upon the cross. His head, close-cropped, was bent forward, his chin upon his chest, and his eyes were wistful with retrospect — those big, bulging blue eyes of his, patient and humble like a dog's.

It was of his last affair that he spoke first. It had been up in the hills of Batangas somewhere. His company (a new one, untrained, made up mostly of gentle Visayans) had stampeded. At first he had tried to rally them; then he had merely stood there, alone, mad with humiliation, pumping away at a poisonous screen of vegetation behind which peered faces like masks.

"Then they got me." He stopped, looking at me with a sort of astonishment.

"It was queer — the shock. Before that, whenever I had been biffed, it hadn't been bad — just a sort of zip. But this was tremendous. I rolled clear down the hill into a pond."

He lay there for a long time,— probably all night, he calculated later,— and he might have stayed forever but for the reviving effect of the water in which his arms bathed. When he woke, the sun was right overhead, and his face was burned. From head to foot he was blood, just one clot of blood from head to foot. He started to get back to the post.

"At first it wasn't so bad. But after a while I noticed that I had lost my hat. And after that I had no peace."

The trail was through jungle, but the sun was high. It began with a sort of tingling, as of ants crawling through his hair. Then it became like a drip-drip of molten lead — and he thought he should go mad.

He lay down to gather himself together, and, looking back along the trail, he saw a long, thin brown line, a series of drops like a chain of beads. He examined his mangled right arm; a constant dripping came from the ends of his fingers, and there was already a pool where he sat. He knew that he was bleeding to death.

So he got up and went on. He took up his limp right arm with his left; with infinite precaution ("I was afraid it would drop off," he said), he laid it like a dead thing across his head; and then, both arms up, the left holding the flaccid right, he went on down the trail, beneath the pitiless sun.

"It helped some," he said. "The bleeding stopped some; but it kept up enough to keep my head almost cool. But," he said, "have you ever gone with both arms up — mile after mile, mile after mile?"

He looked at me with mild astonishment.

"The worst of it," he went on, "was that I'd have to stop. I thought if I only could keep on, straight on, I might get in — you know — before I died. But now I had to be stopping all the time. They were after me — and they could run faster.

"Did you ever," he asked, "have to load and reload a revolver with one hand, with the left hand? I mean when you *had* to — and had to do it quick — sort of on the second, you know, with no asking for time?"

His lips puckered into a whistle; he shook his head from side to side.

"I did it," he said. "I'd go down the trail, then, when I felt them near,— biff !— I'd drop out into the brush, and as they came along, tongues hanging, ping-ping-ping ! I'd let them have it.

"I never shot like that before," he said retrospectively. "They looked big like mountains. I couldn't miss them. Then on I'd go down the trail, leaving a little heap of them there, ramming cartridges into the cylinder with one hand. Thank God, I didn't have the regulation army thing with a stiff back! I had my old one, the one I had at Salt River, when I cow-punched, and it opened in the middle."

After a time the pursuit ceased — from lack of pursuers, I suppose. He had great difficulty in keeping to the trail. His mind would suddenly go blank, as if with an unconquerable sleep, and when he would wake, he would find himself off the trail, clawing stupidly up some bluff, and it was only by the use of an immense concentration that he would get back to it. What saved him was that he discovered right away that during these lapses he went uphill (the trail followed half-way up the right side of a series of cañons). He saw the sun fall behind a ridge; a black-and-blood splendor inflamed the sky — and, collapsing, he rolled all the way down the mountain.

When he came to himself, it was dawn. He was at the bottom of a gulch; an intricacy of fervid vegetation enmeshed him like spider-web, and the ground beneath him oozed blackish water.

He stayed there three days. He knew that what remained of his strength would not be enough to take him more than a few hundred feet, that in all probability he would never get out of the gulch. So he placed his hope upon being found, and concentrated his being upon keeping alive the flickering flame still within him — till he could be found.

He squirmed himself to a little pool, and after that he was motionless — motionless like some of those old people you see against a sun-splashed wall sometimes, brooding over the spark of life still within their core, nursing it tenderly, watching it jealously, their eyes, glassy, turned within upon it — looking in fear.

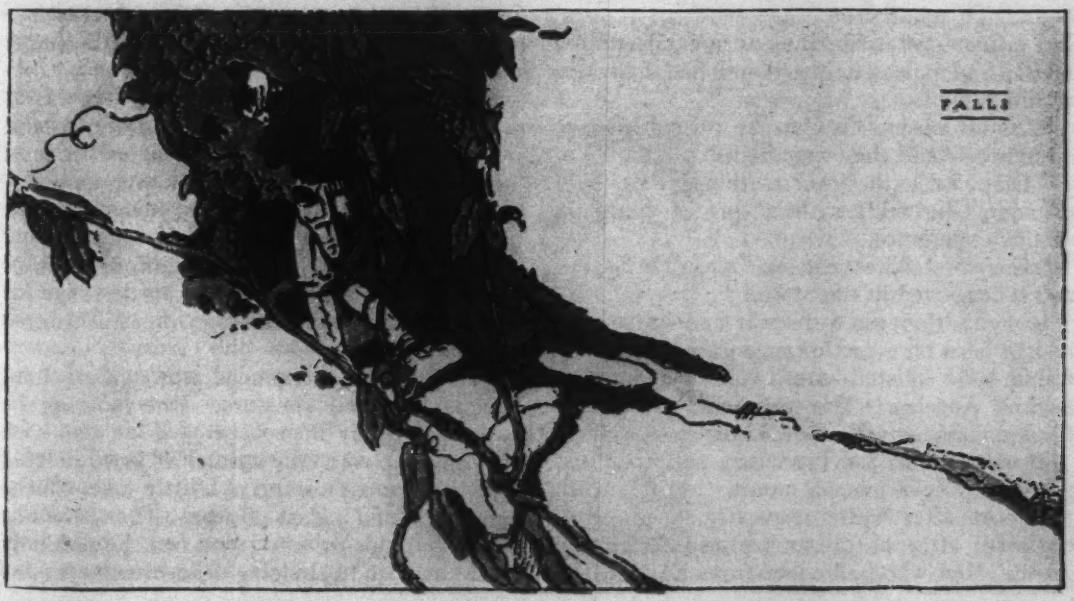
But once every day he roused himself. Picking a tubular blade of grass from a bunch at hand, he sucked up water into it and, blowing it out, washed his wound.

Even now, he shuddered at it. "They were eating me alive," he said. "I'd blow them out, one by one, tens by tens, whole wriggling bunches of them — and the next morning they'd be back, hundreds of them, thousands. I was still living, and they ate me like a corpse."

Finally he was found. A relief party made enough prisoners to learn a part of what had happened. They tracked him. They found the spot at which he had rolled off the trail.

He was lying down there on his back. The sun was in his eyes, but he had no strength to turn his head. Suddenly he was aware of a grateful shade, and after a while, as through a stubborn haze, he saw a brown face peering into his own.

"'Then on I'd go down the trail'"



It was the face of a sergeant of his old company of Macabebes, a native called Rosario, who had served him like a dog. Rosario shouted. After a time the rest of the party slid into the gulch. Crockett turned his eyes toward them. Coming first, descending with infinite precaution, like boys with stolen birds' eggs in their mouths, were two white hospital-corps men — and the object of their care was a long black box held between them.

"It wasn't a rescue party. They had come merely to do the decent thing by my carcass. When I saw them, so serious, so careful with that box, I tried to laugh. But Rosario said, 'For the love of Christ, my *teniente*, for the love of Christ, *teniente mio*, do not do that!' And he stooped down and pulled back my lips over my teeth. I remember the touch; it was like a woman's. And I remember the look in his face: he was afraid with real fear. I suppose it wasn't a pleasant thing, that grin upon my face."

He was silent, his chin on his chest. Upon the roof twelve drops tolled resoundingly; and a puff of wind entered the room, circled it invisibly in a bulging of mosquito-nets, and went out again.

"Why do you live this life? why do you do these things — work, sweat, get wounded? what are you after — what is it you are after?" I asked; and it was a question I had had long within me.

Without raising his chin, he turned his eyes up to me — and they were blank.

"That isn't the worst thing I've been through," he said, with a sort of contempt of the experience.

"The worst," he went on, "wasn't a fight — and it happened in the States."

It seems that when the war had broken out he had been on a cattle-range in southern California. He enlisted with a volunteer regiment in Los Angeles. The regiment, as soon as formed, was sent to San Francisco.

It was sent to San Francisco, and there forgotten. Weeks passed, months passed; white transport after white transport sailed away, battalion after battalion, regiment after regiment. Men who had come from Kansas, from Iowa, from Washington, marched in, laid camp, drilled, raised camp, marched off to the docks, slid off into the tropical seas — and they remained.

They were camped in sand-dunes; driven by the trades, the sand flayed them, corroded their skins; it caught them by the feet, made motion hard as in a nightmare, held them fast, as if expressive of the malign fate that would not let them depart. At night cold fogs drenched them. The officers, prosperous business men, most of them, thought of their affairs, down there, going to ruin; in the morning they tangled up their legions in a few lazy evolutions — and then there was nothing the rest of the day, except to squat on your heels, there in that sand defiled by long occupation, and play craps, and curse Washington, and long for a palm-tree upon a creaming reef, and feel yourself slowly dissolve into a loathsome laziness. For days they would forget to wash their faces; nobody shaved. At times, in bands, they threw themselves upon the town, filled up on abominable liquors, and went through the streets like devastating Huns; but mostly they would lie around, stupid and forgotten.

"Leaving a little heap of them there"

At last there came talk of being mustered out. The rumor assumed definitiveness. The regiment was to be given its choice — to be mustered out, or to wait a little longer and go.

A new life came to all these men. It was as if they had been years upon a desert island and now saw a ship come bellying sail toward them. An informal caucus showed an overwhelming sentiment in favor of mustering out.

Crockett was disgusted. He wanted to go. He still dreamed of scrapes, of ambuscades, of slashings. No going back to a cattle-range for him. He had enlisted to go; he still wanted to go.

But the whole regiment was against him. The officers used pressure. One morning he was called up by the colonel — a fat man with a snort. He was very cordial at first, affected to treat Crockett's stand as a little joke, offered him a cigar and a glass of beer. Then, when he found that this private stood fast, he suddenly fixed him with his bulging dead-brown eyes and

grew purple in the face. "Grand-stand," he snorted, "all grand-stand play. Want to be a hero, eh, a eee-rro! Ah, get out, get out of here, you make me sick!"

Crockett got out. Then for three weeks he became the object of a swarming persecution. Salt was put in his coffee; he'd get up in the morning to find his clothes all tied up in wet knots; his comrades blacklisted him, quarantined him like a pestilence; at drill, often, the stock of a gun struck him in the back, and, when he turned, it was to see the whole company chuckling — and he would catch sight of some officer spluttering behind a hiding hand.

Finally came the day of the vote. The thing had been well planned. The regiment was lined up at parade rest. The order offering muster-out was read; then all wishing to vote against it were commanded to step out.

Crockett stepped out — and he was the only one. There had been a few others who had been with him, but now they failed before the crushing solemnity of the farce. He stepped out; he stood there, on a little mound of sand; and suddenly he seemed alone in a desert, cut off forever and irremediably from all human association — a pariah, a traitor to a subtle and inexorable compact, to the spirit of corps which, however strong one may be, entwines one with its cobweb ties, tenuous, invisible, but infinitely strong.

And then it began: from the far extremity of the line a sound like the sliding of a ripple over pebbles, which came along the front, rising in a crescendo as each man in turn took it up, till it was like the iron hiss of the surf on a strand. He stood out there all alone, and behind him his whole regiment hissed. Some one in the ranks threw a tomato; the red thing parabolaed slowly, struck him with a dull thud on the nape of the neck, bespattered him with a sticky and ignoble gore. His hat fell off. Then the joy knew no bounds; cat-calls, strident whistles exploded; a homeric laugh convulsed the long line. Some men fell as if in fits; others whacked their neighbors resounding slaps; and, far removed, in the isolation of his rank, before that whole heaving front, the fat colonel, doubled over, his hands resting upon his thighs, vibrated jellylike, his face purple and spluttering.

Crockett stopped abruptly. He looked at me very fixedly for a moment.

"I started toward him," he said. "I meant to strike him. Before the whole regiment I was going to flatten that fat face of his; I was going to throw him down before the whole regiment, to trample upon his stomach with my boots and spit upon him."

But he didn't. A young lieutenant from another company ran after him, very white of face. "For God's sake, man," he said, "wait. Wait till after muster. It's court martial now, court martial in time of war!"

He waited. "And the next day," he said now, "it wasn't worth while. The Fourth Cavalry, Regulars, was in town. I went to see the captain of Troop I. The troop was full; but I broke a bad bronco for him and threw a diamond over a silly mule — and he fixed it up for me."

And again I asked, "Why? Why were you so determined to go? Are you after glory, or do you enjoy adventure, or do you like to kill? Tell me."

But he did not tell me. "I scouted awhile when we got over," he went on reminiscently, "in Batangas. I went to Bell one day and asked him — and he let me go."

There had then begun for him a series of incredible adventures. He chummed with a man named Roche, and they worked together. Roche was a Frenchman who had left home young, under some sort of cloud. According to Crockett, he was a small, darkish man, who was always very much excited over little things, but at a crisis became unaccountably possessed with a singular calmness, and then had the trick of doing the supremely right thing, by some sudden flash of rudimentary genius hidden well within the core of his being, beneath layer after layer of commonplace. Well mounted, well equipped, given carte blanche, the strange couple roved the country. The campaign had become an atrocious guerrilla affair, and they did astounding things. But of all he told me, one deed especially has remained etched into my being; compared to others, it was ordinary, it took little valor, little intelligence, but it left upon my tongue the true iron tang of war.

From some of their native informers they had learned that two bands of insurgents, coming down from the hills, were to meet in the plain and cross to another range. They went out, alone, to intercept them.

"It was a moonlight night"

They came to the cross-roads, fixed upon for the meeting, after sunset. A great banyan grew there at the intersection. Leaving their horses picketed in the brush, they stationed themselves beneath the tree. Above them was an impenetrable dome of foliage; from it depended roots which, like the tentacles of an octopus, reached down and grasped the earth. They crouched down between the roots. Each had two pump-guns firing buck-shot, a repeating rifle, and two revolvers, all loaded.

At last they came — the first band, Crockett judged, two hundred or more, and among them women, boys, and girls. They came along the road with childish confidence; their bare feet hissed gently in the dust, their white *camisas* bulged ghostlily. When they were but a hundred feet away, a young fellow struck up a song — some Spanish thing about "despairing love," which he crooned with wailing tenderness. And before the first couplet had been finished the song died.

As they rose together, Crockett and Roche let go with their pump-guns. When the magazines were empty, they took up their rifles. They shot carefully, like hunters, shots coming apart and distinct. Then, a revolver in each hand, they stood out and riddled the open space.

When shot-guns, rifles, and revolvers had been emptied, there remained nothing. It was as if they had attacked, not men, but a fantasy painted upon tissue-paper; as if they had struck, not corporeal things, but merely, with a puff of breath, had dissipated vague vapors. The cogon grass rustled gently to the breeze; here and there it glistened to the moon like a garment ballooning upon the ghost of a departed body — but there was nothing.

The men lay there in the darkness; little by little, about them a profound stillness re-established itself. And then it began: from the fluttering cogon somewhere there came a groaning, a faint whistling of breath at first, which became a groaning; from another place, more to the right, there came a sighing which with fearful rapidity rose into a wail, a long, incessant wail that penetrated to the marrow; and then, right close, so close that at the first sound of it they cowered back, there began a little cry — a sort

of plaint, at once dolorous and submissive, full of a singular patience.

There were others, many others, after a while, but it was these three, Crockett told me, that tortured him above the rest — the heavy man-groan, the strident wail, the little dolorous and uncomplaining cry.

And for two hours, brooded over by the tentacular tree, they lay listening to this. You see, they were still after the second band, which had not yet appeared. Then Roche got up and went out into the open.

And Crockett, from his place, began to hear a pop-pop-pop, as of fire-crackers, coming irregularly, at long and short intervals, and he saw Roche, hugely black above the shimmering cogon, striding, stumbling, searching; at times he bent down with the motion of a gleaner; and one by one the doleful sounds were ceasing, and little by little a peace was descending from the skies, filling the place of the clamor. The man-groan was first silenced; then, after a while, the strident wail; but for a long time the patient plaint kept up, while Roche, growling, panting, swearing, crawled on hands and knees in search. Finally, with a long sigh of content, he laid himself down again by the side of Crockett. "Now we can sleep," he said. The plain, now, was very quiet.

But he did not sleep. Suddenly and without warning, he broke out into a fit of uncontrollable weeping. He buried his face in the grass; he sank his teeth into the sod; but his body, stomach down, leaped in its place with the contortions of a snake, and hollow groans, like those of a man dying, rasped out of his throat.

"It was lucky the second band didn't come," Crockett said now. "It didn't come. By morning Roche was all right. We rode back to camp. It was good to feel the sunshine."

"Crockett," I said, "tell me why you do all this."

He answered: "Ever hear how I caught Oruga?"— and I let him run on.

"I had just become second lieutenant of Scouts. The regiment had gone back to the States to be good for a while, and I commanded a hundred Macabebes, faithful little men who couldn't have shot a hole into St. Peter's dome at a hundred yards. I was at Lipa, and Oruga was in the hills. One morning a little old brown man came to me. The band had burned his house and carried away his carabao calf, and he offered to bring me to them. I wired to headquarters, and was ordered to coöperate with the constabulary.

"They got up a swell affair. To my little children were joined two companies of Tagalog constabulary and two of Moros. These went bare-footed, with razor-edged barongs lying bare along their thighs. Whenever they'd get excited, they'd drop their guns and charge with their barongs, and they hated the Christianized Tagalogs and Macabebes. The three colonels of the constabulary came down from Manila to give a little pomp to Oruga's finish. One was efficient, the other was harmless, and the ranking one had asthma ——"

From the beginning, the thing took on the aspects of a fizzle. The marchings in of the new companies, the arrival of the colonels, the numerous councils for three days, told the town that something was up. Finally, when they marched out of Lipa, after sundown, it was with a roar and clash as of brigades. Crockett was mad. He had with him the little old man who was to guide them, and also Bonifacio. The latter was a *tao* that he had picked up two years before and trained. He was wooden-faced and squat, with legs short and tortuous as those of a dachshund, had hands big as base-ball gloves, terminating in fingers crooked and thick as the tentacles of a starfish, and was a great strangler of outposts.

For two hours they champed and tinkled beneath the moon, past frozen fronds of palms, through barking villages, by lonely huts that coughed — and Crockett knew the whole land to be aroused, and was mad. Then they left their horses and took to the trail. Immediately they plunged down into an abyss. When they returned, later, it proved to be only a gulch, but then, beneath the black impenetrability of trees, it seemed a pit. They crossed a stream (they knew this by the feeling of wetness), they clambered up, then went along the side of a cliff, and the darkness deepened till it was like a smothering pall. Crockett was behind the guide. He could hear the rustling of his *camisa*, and saw at times the ghostly reflection of it, like an elusive phosphorescence. He followed that, and seemed walking an invisible wire across a silent, chaotic, and void infinity. They emerged, and the column unrolled itself. They were going along the back-bone of a ridge, beneath the clear light of the moon, and on both sides the cogon rustled in bluish shudderings. The force, in file, stretched a mile, and, looking back, Crockett could see, incessantly, now near, now far, sudden fires flare up and out; the men were lighting their cigarettes between their hollowed hands, and it was as if they were trying to give warning to Mars itself. They reëntered the forest; again darkness, but this time shot through with shafts of light that struck here and there upon a rock, upon a fern, upon some colored, extravagant, and venomous flower, in plashes of liquid luminosity violent like explosions. The

columns, in file, lengthened, broke into segments, into units, like a broken necklace. The guns trailed, fell, clanged; matches sputtered. They were continually distancing the asthmatic colonel; they would halt, and he would come stumbling and roaring up the trail, choked up with weary recumbent figures. "Crockett, Crockett," he called, and his attempted whisperings were like the impotent first hisses of a steam-siren trying to get a-going, and filled the forest with sibilant clamor.

"By Jove, that finished me. I decided to cut them out. 'Sh-sh-sh,' I whispered to the three colonels; 'sh-sh-sh; they're right ahead; a hundred yards at most. Sh-sh-sh,' I went on, taking off my shoes. 'Lie still; I'll go ahead and take a look.'"

Leaving the column waiting on the trail, and taking the guide and Bonifacio, Crockett went on in his stocking feet. They climbed steeply for a mile, then slid down an interminable and almost sheer wall. They came to the foot of a plateau, and the guide, beginning to tremble violently, told them that they were very near.

They left him there and crawled on. The trail was a narrow gully, washed out by a trickle of water, and on both sides the brush was thick. Suddenly they saw before them a sort of white and vacillating ghostliness which closed the path and was man-high. They dropped low. The thing glided toward them, stopped near, motionless but for its vague fluttering. "A guard," whispered Bonifacio. Crockett clutched his arm in signal; Bonifacio seemed to sink into the earth. Then he bounded out of it silently, and the white form went down with a ballooning of loose *camisa* and an extravagant gesticulation of arms and legs. There was a hiccup,—a little hiccup, as from the throat of a frightened child,—and then the whiteness was upon the ground, across the trail as if still guarding it. They stepped over and went on.

They went on, Bonifacio ahead, and four times his terrible hands silently performed their office. They slid down a depression like the shallow crater of an extinct volcano, and then they were in the midst of vague rolled forms; most slept curled up like dogs, but twice they stepped over a man stretched on his back, face frigid to the moon. The breathings coalesced; the whole camp sighed like some big, sad animal. Crockett made for the center, and there found what he expected to find. On a rough cane-bed a man was lying alone. "Oruga," whispered Bonifacio, and made ready his hands.

But it was now the moment to strike with terror. Crockett turned his pump-gun upon the bed. Then, pivoting, he riddled the sleepers. The roar of the gun flew from him, struck the encircling rocks, returned, met the fresh explosion; and the sound grew into a thunder, a rolling, pulsating, incessant, and growing thunder—and all about him men died, silently, with cries, with groans, with sighs, and the hollow was filled with white, palpitating figures fleeing—fleeing without a sound, with heads sunk between humped shoulders, bodies telescoped, close to the ground; and some, mad with the sudden and abominable clamor, held fingers to their ears——

"In three minutes the camp was mine; they were cleaned out. I started back. Half-way down I met the force, rushing up. I took the lead and charged them into that camp—where nothing remained. There was great shooting; the colonels discharged their revolvers, and they went back to Manila a few days later, happy and contented. *They* were the boys to deal with all that outlaw foolishness!"

BONIFACIO

Crockett advanced his head over the edge of the bed, and spit. "I hate crowds," he said, suddenly looking at me with great fixity; "I want to fight alone."

He let his chin drop again upon his chest. An attendant, noiseless in his rubber shoes, was closing the shutters. He stopped by a bed in a corner and turned a button with a click; an incandescent shone out like a glow-worm in a funnel. Crockett, his chin upon his chest, lay quiet as a corpse.

"Why do you do it?" I asked for the tenth time. "What do you find in it for you? What within you craves for it?"

And then, as if from a dis-

tance, very softly, his voice came to me. "I told her I would come back captain," he said.

For a moment I was vexed, sharply vexed, because, after all, it was only this; then I was touched, immensely touched, because, also, after all, it was only this. And I leaned forward toward him, and suddenly I saw that he was smiling in the darkness, a smile half tender, half amused, as though he were looking at the antics of a child, a little loved child.

And then, those big, stupid, good eyes of his very wistful, and the tenderness about his mouth, "She's the best bit of calico," he drawled, "ever was beneath the sky."

"The best bit of calico"

And this homely appreciation, somehow, had an extraordinary effect on me. It evoked the girl; I sensed her, I saw her; she sprang into my view, colored like a pastel, an animated pastel. It was on a southern California rancho, in a kitchen ordered and resplendent. She leaned above a deal table, polished to smooth whiteness with washings. The slanting sunlight, coming between light curtains bulging with the morning breeze, fell upon her yellow head; a shimmering wisp of hair was across her eyes, which danced like mountain lakes; a white apron rose over her bosom; her arms were bare, she was floury, and her hands were in the paste. And enveloping her, coming as if from her, subtly expressing her sunny, sweet being, was an odor of loaves.

We were silent awhile, I think, for I had the nostalgia of her. From this dark room, with its vague ghostliness of mosquito bars, its beds of suffering, its hot, pungent air, my being was going out in longing to that sunny kitchen on a California rancho — to that gold-and-blue girl, cheery and floury, amid the good smell of baking bread. And after a while, tormented with a sort of leaden hopelessness, I said, "It's five years now, five years, and you are not a captain — and she is waiting."

"She is waiting," he said. "I hope a first lieutenancy out of the Felizardo affair."

"The Felizardo affair?" I questioned.

"Yes. I got him. We had been after him three years — he always slipped. I went to the governor and asked for fifty thousand dollars out of the secret fund. He let me have it.

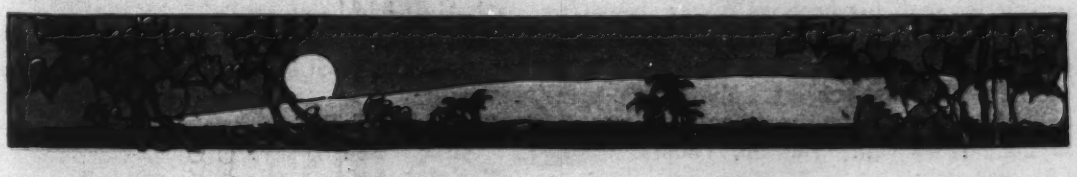
"Fifty thousand gold, changed to silver pesos, makes a heap. I loaded up two *carros* with it, and went to Felizardo's brother, an amigo in Lipa. I knew he gambled.

"I let him wallow in that loose silver; then I told him he could have it — for Felizardo. He took two *taos* with him, and went into his brother's camp, as if to join him. In the evening, off to one side, the two *taos* threw Felizardo. They held him down, and the brother, straddling him, sawed off his head with an old bolo."

"Good God!" I said. The words came from me outside of any volition, as a groan escapes a tortured man under chloroform; and again, without knowing it, "Good God!" I said.

But Crockett did not hear me. His chin was again upon his chest, his eyes were far away; a little sputtering night-lamp, placed at his elbow by an attendant, threw a faint glow upon his bare body, emaciated, yellow, tortured with service; and lying like a shadow about his mouth was the wistful tenderness.

His lips moved; I bent down. "She's the best bit of calico," he murmured, "ever was under the sky."



EZEKIEL IN EXILE

BY

LUCY PRATT

AUTHOR OF "THE ENTRANCE OF EZEKIEL," "EZEKIEL IN TRANSIT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

MISS NORTH looked around on her children suggestively. Then they all remembered. It was Friday afternoon — surely! when, as a last fling in the line of mental versatility and agility, they told stories and did other queer things — surely! This was Miss North's Friday afternoon expression — surely!

"Children," she began, "who remembers the story that *I* told *you* last Friday?"

There were various demonstrations and symptoms of remembrance.

"You remember it, Thomas? Could you tell it to the others? Very well. Come down in front, so that they can all hear you."

Thomas looked rather sheepish after having "come down in front," and, with his head dropped and quite completely buried in the top opening of his coat, and his feet describing semicircles with his heels as pivots, began to mumble and grumble in a style both inexcusable and awful.

"Why, Thomas!" objected Miss North, scandalized. "No one can hear one word you are saying. Hold your head up, Thomas. Now talk distinctly!"

Thomas wheeled and pivoted and pirouetted, and again started to mumble and grumble both inexcusably and awfully.

"Thomas! You will really have to take your seat. No one has the *slightest* idea what you are talking about. Now, who can tell it so dis-tinct-ly that we can hear ev-er-y word? Would you like to try, Archelus?"

"Yas'm," agreed Archelus in sprightly, hopeful tones, and with delightful self-assurance advanced to the front.

"It's 'bout a gr-et, big ole ox an' a li'l' ole bullfrog. An' one day li'l' ole bullfrog come 'long 'ome — say:

"'W'at yer s'pose I seen? W'y, doan't yer know, I seen sech a gr-et, b-i-g — sech a gr-et *big* an'mul!'

"An' udder ole bullfrog say:

"'Ow big? Ez big's dis?' An' he huff an' puff up r'al big.

"An' li'l' ole bullfrog say:

"'Oh, g'long! Dat ain't nuth'n. Co'se big's dat! Ain't I jes' tole yer?'

"An' udder ole bullfrog begins a-huffin' an' a-puffin' 'gin, twell look like she gwine bus' — say:

"'Ez big's dis?'

"An' li'l' ole frog say:

"'Ya'as, *ma'am!* Ez big's dat! An' yer

THOMAS

couldn't git ser big ef yer puff up twell yer bus'!'

"An' udder ole frog begins a-puffin' up an' jes' a-puffin' up, an' keep on jes' a-puffin' up — twell he puff up ser big he cyan' git no bigger, so he jes' bus' righ' clean in two!"

"So he just *burst* right — so he just burst in two," suggested Miss North.

"Yas'm. So he jes' burs' righ' clean in two." And Archelus returned to his seat, followed by admiring eyes.

"Yes; that is what is called a fable, children," explained Miss North, with an uneasy feeling of being haunted by the shades of Æsop. "Does any one know who wrote that fable?"

"Mr. Eee-sop," volunteered Thomas.

"Yes, Æsop," and Miss North wrote it in large letters on the board.

"There was another fable of Æsop's which I think I told you last Friday, too. Can any one remember that one?"

There was a perfect rush of applicants.

"Well, Hezzy, suppose you tell this one."

Hezzy was the smallest one to be found anywhere, and therefore needed encouragement. Hezzy also had a little voice which was very much inclined to lisp, and which resembled the thin little squeak of a cricket as much as anything else, and there were many delighted grins and even an occasional arrested chuckle at the prospect of an offering from Hezzy. Grinning somewhat shyly himself, but appreciatively, nevertheless, Hezzy tripped to the front and began to squeak fluently:

"Onth ith a ole crow a-thettin' up in a tree a-eatin' cheethe. Twell a fox come 'long — thay:

"'W'at a nithe voithe yer muth hev, Mitheth Crow! Thert'nly witht I could hyeah yer thing!'

"An' ole crow jeth keep on a-thettin' in de tree a-eatin' cheethe.

"'Thert'nly witht I could hyeah yer thing!' ole fox thay. But ole crow jeth keep on a-thettin' in de tree a-eatin' cheethe. Twell ole fox jeth *buth* right out:

"'Oh, Mitheth Crow, I thert'nly jeth *witht* I could hyeah yer thing!'

"An' ole Mitheth Crow, co'th she feel ther nithe w'en she hyeah dat, she jeth drap 'er cheethe outen 'er mouf on de groun', an' ole fox jeth pick it up an' run off laffin'."

"Yes —" conceded Miss North in half-doubtful tones. "Has any one another story to tell? Perhaps one that I have never heard?"

Two or three hands arose falteringly, Ezekiel's with confidence.

"Is it a true story, Ezekiel?"

"Yas'm — no'm — yas'm." And Ezekiel arose importantly and came down to the front of the room. But at just this point the door opened, and a solitary strolling visitor stepped into the room. He had an appreciative, expectant look on his face, as if he had been experiencing rare delights and was now ready for more. He stopped by Miss North, who briefly prepared the way for him.

ARCHELUS

"We are having a few stories before going home," she explained. . . . "Yes; go on, Ezekiel."

And thus Ezekiel's story began:

"Oncet was a li'l' boy, an' he ain' no fadder ner no mudder ner no kin nohow — 'scusin' jes' a li'l' ole nanny-goat." The family circle being thus described in full, Ezekiel continued: "No'm, he ain' no kin nohow, 'scusin' jes' dat li'l' goat. But li'l' boy he ain' kickin' up no dus' counten w'at *ain't*, cuz co'se he know 'tain' no use. Yas'm; co'se he know dat-a-much. An' li'l' boy's name '*Man*uel."

"Did you say this was a true story, Ezekiel?"

"Yas'm. Wha'm yer say, Miss No'th? An' li'l' boy's name '*Man*uel. An' li'l' goat's name — Cal*l*iny. An' one r'al pretty mawnin' 'Manuel he wek up an' look all eroun' de room, an' outen de winder where 'ad li'l' streaks o' sun a-shinin' right fru, an' all roun' de room 'gin — say:

"'I wonder where Calliny's at?'

"An' den, co'se, he git outen de baid an' look outen de winder 'gin, an' sho nuff dere's Calliny a-browsin' all eroun' an' a-nibblin' on de grass, an' look like she ain' nary trouble nohow. No'm, look like she ain't. An' 'Manuel feel r'al good, too — call out:

"'Heyo, Calliny! 'Ow's yer feelin' 's mawnin'?'

"An' Calliny look up r'al pleasant, an' 'low she ain' fixin' fer no trouble yit, an' den li'l' boy shet de winder 'gin an' begins a-putt'n' on 'is clo'es. Fus' — 'is shirt an' 'is cuffs — an' co'se 'is pants an' 'is necktie — an' 'is boots — an' 'is spotted laither belt — an' co'se 'is stockin's — an' 'is watch an' chain — an' 'is — wha'm yer say, Miss No'th? Yas'm; he allays dress dat-a-way fus' thing in de mawnin' — an' 'is watch an' chain — an' 'is gloves — an' 'is li'l' derby hat, an' 'is — an' 'is li'l' derby hat — an' den he begins a-studyin' 'bout w'at he'll git 'im fer breakfus'. An' fus' he think he'll git 'im some tea an' p'r'aps a li'l' piece o' pie. Cuz he been feelin' kine o' po'ly wid de digestion lately, an' he ain' cyarin' ser much 'bout no breakfus' nohow. But den he reckon look like dat's po' folks — so he begins studyin' 'gin. An' den he draw outen de table an' — an' begins putt'n' on de breakfus'. An' fus' he put on some braid an' some chick'n — an' den, co'se, some sweet pertaters an' some water-millions — an' — an' some poke chops — an' some tukkey all plumb full o' stuffin' an' gra-vy — an' some pudd'n' where 'ad li'l' plums a-settin' all roun' on de top — an' — an' some li'l' nudder kine o' cakes where 'ad pink an' yaller frost'n' a-stickin' right onto 'em — an' some — wha'm yer say, Miss No'th? W'y, he gotten 'em outen de *pan*try — yas'm; pink an' yaller frost'n' a-stickin' right onto 'em — an' den, co'se he's fixin' fer ter se' down an' ax de blessin', w'en dey come a-bunt'n' an' a-bunt'n' on de do'. An', co'se, it's Calliny. An' 'Manuel he jes' perten' he ain' hyeah nuthin' 't all, so he jes' continue wid de blessin'.

"But Calliny she jes' keep on a-bunt'n' an' a-bunt'n', an' 'Manuel he call out:

"'W'at yer reckon yer doin' out dere, a-bunt'n' de do' in, yer no-'count goat, yer?'

"Yer see, 'Manuel think a powerful heap o' Calliny, but dis yere mawnin' look like she reckon she r'ally one o' de qual'ty, cuz she jes' keep on a-bunt'n' an' a-bunt'n' on de do'. An' nex' yer know, she jes' speak right out — say:

"'Oh, please, Mister Master 'Manuel, I wants ter come in!'

"W'en Calliny speak ter de li'l' boy, dat de name she allays say: 'Mister Master 'Manuel' — jes' dat-a-way.

"'Oh, please, Mister Master 'Manuel, I wants ter come in!'

"An' Manuel jes' 'gins a-laffin' to 'isself — call out:

"'Se' down an' res' yerself, Calliny, an' prasen'ly, w'en I gits fru wid my breakfus', I'se gwine let yer come in.'

"But Calliny she jes' bus' out a-cryin' 'gin — say:

"'But, li'l' Mister Master 'Manuel, lemme tell yer! It's a gr-et big *b'ar* out hyeah, an' he's a-fixin' fer ter eat me!'

"Den 'Manuel, co'se, he kine o' listen fer de b'ar, but he ain' hyeah nuthin', cep'n' ole Calliny a-fussin' an' a-quar'lin', so he ain' sayin' nuthin', twell prasen'ly she jes' *squeal* out:

"'Oh, I tell yer, it's a gr-et big *b'ar* out yere! An' he's jes' a-mence a-chewin' o' my *tail* offen me!'

"But 'Manuel, co'se, he reckon Calliny's jes' a-playin' wid 'im 'gin — say:

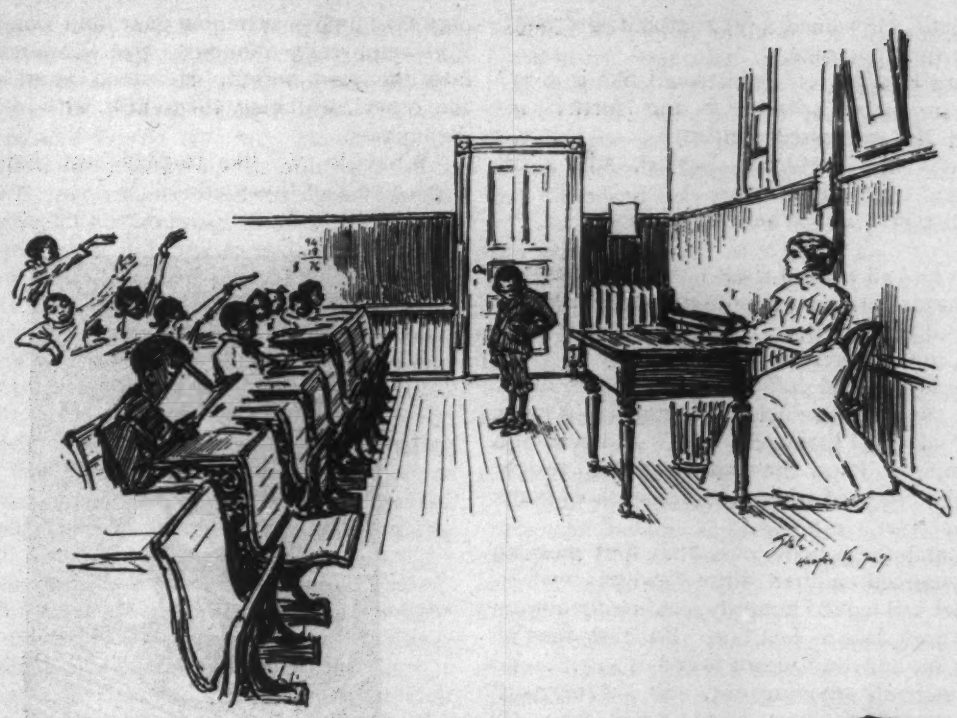
"'Well, I'se finish my breakfus' now, so nex' I 'spec' I has ter bresh up de flo'.'

"'But it's a *b'ar*, I tell yer! An' he's a-eatin' me clean up! Oh, w'at'll I do?'

"'Perten' yer doan' notice 'im an' ac' kine o' easy an' sosherble 'bout it! Ain't yer no man'g'ment 'bout yer?'

"But Calliny she ain' seem ter tek no sat's-faction bein' sosherble 'bout bein' ate up, an' she try ter holler 'gin; but cert'nly seem like 'er voice gittin' mighty quar an' weak-like.

"'Oh, but, li'l' Mister Master 'Manuel! I'se mos' all ate up! All 'scusin' my haid an' jes'



"'Why, Thomas! . . . No one can hear one word you are saying. Hold your head up, Thomas.'"

few mo' li'l' things. All 'scusin' my haid an' jes' few mo' li'l' things!'

"An' den 'Manuel he 'cide ter quit ser much foolishness, so he jes' jump up an' open de do'. An' w'at yer s'pose he seen? It's de trufe. He ain' seen nary thing 'scusin' a ole fat *b'ar* a-tippin' roun' de co'ner! Jes' a ole fat b'ar! An' 'tain' nary sign o' Calliny now'ere. Not *now'ere!* An' yit seem like he could kine o' hyeah de quares' li'l' voice — jes' a-cryin' an' a-cryin' in de win':

"'Oh, li'l' Mister Master 'Manuel, yer's come ter late! I'se all ate up! Yer's come ter late! I'se all ate up!'

"An' den 'Manuel, co'se he knows Calliny's right 'bout it. An' he jes' set righ' down on de groun', an' keep on settin' dere — twell prasen'ly he jes' bus' right out cryin'. Cuz co'se he know dat's de en' o' po' Calliny.

"An' af' dat li'l' boy's jes' 'blige ter live dere all 'lone thouten no kin 't all. An', wussen all dat, seem like he cyan' nuver go outen de do' no mo' thouten he jes' seem ter hyeah dat li'l' voice a-cryin' an' a-cryin' in de win':

"'Oh, li'l' Mister Master 'Manuel, yer's come ter late! I'se all ate up! Yer's come ter late! I'se all ate up!'

"An' dat's de en' o' de story."

Ezekiel returned to his seat with becoming modesty of mien, and there was a prolonged low laugh from the visiting gentleman.

"Delightful! Delightful imagination! Most original! I should like to make that boy's acquaintance."

But Ezekiel's story had consumed so much time that it was already half-past three o'clock, the dismissal bell was ringing, the children were marching, the yard was filling — and still the visiting gentleman was chatting amiably with Miss North.

"Ezekiel, did you say? Ezekiel Jordan? Ezekiel Esquire Jordan?" The gentleman indulged in one of his prolonged low laughs again.

"I'm interested in that boy, Miss North. He's a type. Most original and picturesque! I — I'd really like to get hold of him; do something for him, you know."

Miss North looked mildly appreciative at all this evidence of good will and intention, and the interested gentleman chatted on:

"H-m — yes, I really mean it. In fact, I've always wanted a little colored boy of the right sort. Good-sized place in the country, you know; plenty of outdoors where they'd keep him busy, off and on, with little odd jobs—and a good old colored woman in the kitchen who'd look out for him. I'd really like to put him to school up there and help him along, you know."

It was being led up to tactfully in Ezekiel's

presence. He looked a bit confused, but alert, too, with importance.

"And how do you think you'd like it, h-m? Going to school up there in the North?" inquired the interested gentleman.

"Yes, suh!" returned Ezekiel, still a bit confused, but appreciative.

"All right, sir. Where do you live?"

And it had all worked itself out quite smoothly and naturally, and the interested gentleman was still interested.

"H-m — interesting experiment."

The "good old colored woman" was interested, too; and Ezekiel was beginning to know a few of the "little odd jobs," and was also beginning to know the road which led straight into the big yard where the brick school-house stood.

Around the school-house that first morning had swarmed children white — white — white. Ezekiel had looked hungrily, confusedly around for a dark face — just one. But they were all going in, and he had not found it; . . . and they were all trooping out, and the big yard was swarming again, and Ezekiel was still looking hungrily for the dark face.

"You will find him an interesting type," the interested gentleman had explained to the teacher in charge, "an interesting type, Miss Bard — imaginative and most original."

And Miss Bard had glanced at him with a kindly interest and concluded that he looked a "little heavy."

"Just get him to telling stories some day," he suggested. And he chuckled in amused reminiscence. Miss Bard looked receptive but unemotional, and wondered just what occasion there could be which would call for a story-teller.

But — "Will you go on with the next paragraph, Ezekiel?" she had encouraged that afternoon.

It was to be his initiation into the white company. He looked around suspiciously, and rose from his seat, looking dully self-conscious; and the paragraph fell on the audience in a hopeless, stumbling mumble.

But they enjoyed it, some of them, and Ezekiel flushed hotly under his dark skin.

"Yes," said Miss Bard, still encouragingly, "and you will probably do better next time."

She wondered afterward why old Mr. Churchill had ever brought the child away from home. This didn't seem just the natural place for him, really. She didn't believe in these violent uprootings and transplantings. She watched him now as he wandered around the yard, gazing here, there, everywhere with that peculiar hungry, searching gaze, and wondered if he were really unhappy. She wandered out into the yard herself. He stood apart from the others, watching them now with passive dreaminess.

"What do you like to play best, Ezekiel? Don't you like this game?"

"'W'at yer reckon yer doin' out dere, . . . yer no-'count goat, yer?'"

He looked up at her with a shy, conscious smile.

"Yas'm," he murmured, with confused appreciation.

"And here is a place for you right here. Of course they want you to play, too."

She had turned away again, but he was following her, and she stopped. He seemed to want to say something, and she waited. Then she went on again. But he was still following her. She felt his hand reach up and just touch her arm.

"What is it, Ezekiel? Did you want something?"

He looked up, and his face felt very hot, but he went on, faltering it out:

"'Tain' — 'tain' nary a cull'd chile — in dis yere — whul school — is dey?"

"A colored child?" He waited. It was the final chance, and all his ultimate happiness and hope seemed to be hanging trembling in the balance.

"No; I am afraid you are the only colored child in the building. I'm sorry."

"Yas'm," he murmured politely — and turned away, knowing that it would be useless to look any more for the dark face. . . .

But in the night, in a dream, another time

came back, and it was the Whittier yard that was swarming, just as it used to. And yet he still seemed to be searching for something. What was it? A little colored boy? Just one little colored boy? No, no! They were all colored! And he threw up his arms and ran in and out among them, touching them, jostling them, laughing and crying, until they all began to do just as he did, and throw up their arms, and run in and out, touching each other, jostling each other, swaying backwards and forwards, running in and out faster and faster, laughing and crying with him — oh! it was mad intoxication after weeks of very wretched thirst.

And then he waked up, just as it was fading away. He tried to get it back again, but it was a confused, unsatisfactory thing, and, besides, it was day and the turn of the other — waking things.

He remembered, later, that it was Friday. Miss Bard remembered it too, and thought again, as she looked at him curiously, of something which old Mr. Churchill had said that first morning when he had arrived with Ezekiel. Miss Bard was conscientiously interested in the most latent, unknown qualities of them all. And in this particular case Miss Bard was somewhat troubled. She felt, as she looked back over days of unsatisfying attempts, that her hitherto self-recognized talent for skilfully revealing all these latent possibilities was undergoing a gradual extermination. But if she had depended too confidently on her own methods, if she had not been sufficiently open to what had seemed to her aimless but well-meant suggestions, she was still interested and conscientious.

And again she looked at Ezekiel and at the others.

"I think we shall have time for a little reading before we go home," she began. "Did I finish our story last week? . . . H-m — yes. Will one of you give the story as quickly as possible in your own words? . . . Yes, that was very well done, Sarah. Now, I wonder if perhaps some of you know stories that I have never heard."

This was something new for Miss Bard, and they all looked very much interested.

"Couldn't you tell us a story, Robbie, one that you have heard at home?"

Robbie became properly concentrated.

"I can tell a little bit of a story, one that comes first in a great big fairy-book of mine. It's about a fox and a crow."

Ezekiel looked up intelligently. He thought he had heard something like that before.

"The crow was sitting up in a tree, and a — fox was under the tree."

Ezekiel's attention began to wander.

He was looking at Hezzy Cones instead of at Robbie Eliot. There were dark faces around him instead of white ones — and they were all listening, too.

And then — then they were turning to look at him. For he knew a story that he *could tell himself*. They would like it, they would all like it! And Miss North would like it, too!

He had half risen in his seat, and his face was lighted as it had never been since — since —

"Yes, Robbie, that was very nice. And now Ezekiel has a story to tell us, I am sure."

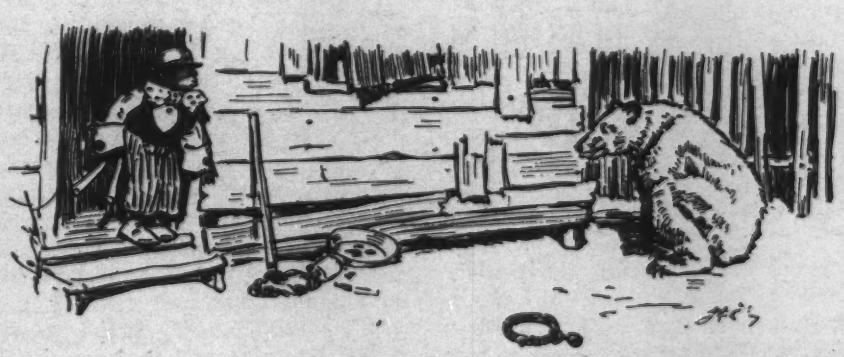
She looked smilingly at his eager, glowing face, and remembered again what old Mr. Churchill had said.

"Yes, Ezekiel has a story."

He dropped back into his seat, and looked confusedly, stupidly around, as if some one had frightened him out of a — no, he wasn't asleep, but he still looked around helplessly. And it was the white, white company again.

And yet again he was gazing hungrily around. He had forgotten that it was useless — gazing hungrily, everywhere, for *the dark face*.

"Haven't you, Ezekiel?"



"He ain' seen nary thing 'scusin' a ole fat *b'ar* a-tippin' roun' de co'ner"

He looked at her stupidly.

"No'm. I ain' no story t' tell," he mumbled thickly.

The interested gentleman prided himself that he was always open to conviction.

"And if this doesn't seem to be just the place for the boy, after all," he reasoned, "why, then he'd better go back again. He was all right where he was, but I was fool enough to get the notion that I'd like to root him up for my own diversion. But it was a mean little game to play on you, wasn't it, little chap? And I won't keep it up forever. You can go back, back to your Virginia country and your little black friends, back to your Whittier School and your Miss — Miss — what's her name? — Miss —— "

. . . And Miss North was looking around on her children at the Whittier School. And then they all remembered. Friday afternoon — surely; when they told stories and did other queer things — surely. And how interminably long it had seemed since they had done anything queer at all!

"And how nice it is to have Ezekiel back again," Miss North began. "Would you like to tell us the first story this afternoon, Ezekiel?"

"Yas'm." And Ezekiel bounded from his seat and swung joyously down the aisle.

They followed him with appreciative, delighted smiles. And he smiled back at them — in perfect understanding.

"Oncet was a li'l' boy — " he began.

They were still smiling at him delightedly. It was a long time since they had had Ezekiel with them. He stopped just long enough to smile back once more.

"Oncet was a li'l' boy —— "

Ezekiel was at home again.

GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES AND THEIR MAKING

STREET-RAILWAY FINANCIERS

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IN the last twenty-five years large fortunes have been made in the United States by the exploitation of great public utilities. In that brief period the developments of modern science have completely revolutionized urban and rural life. Discoveries in gas and electric illumination have transformed the faintly flickering cities of a generation ago into nightly blazes of light; the all-penetrating trolley-car has linked city with city and knit whole States into social and economic entities.

As a result of these improvements, every city has had its traction speculators; nearly every one can point to its traction millionaires. As usual, however, the richest opportunities have fallen to the lot of a few energetic men. Far outdistancing all their rivals, in the magnitude of their operations and the fortunes realized, are the five men popularly and somewhat loosely known as the Widener-Elkins-Dolan-Whitney-Ryan Syndicate. If we were to assess under a few names the wealth and influence represented by the public utility corporations in the United States, these five men would have a larger share than any other group. In the last thirty years, working separately or working together, they have entered city after city, State after State, acquired street railways, gas- and electric-lighting companies, and developed them on an enormous scale. They have built up the street-railway systems of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and at least one hundred cities and towns in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine. To-day they own or very largely control the gas- and electric-lighting companies of Philadelphia, Reading, Harrisburg, Concord, Atlanta, Savannah, Vicksburg, St. Augustine, Minneapolis, Omaha, Des Moines, Kansas City, Sioux City, Syracuse, and eighteen other towns and cities. The united capitalization of the street railways they control amounts to about $1,000,000,000, and that of the gas- and electric-lighting companies to not far from $300,000,000. Upon them at least 10,000,000 people, or one eighth of the nation's population, are dependent for such daily needs as electric transit, and gas and electric lighting.

This group of capitalists is not a compact corporation. It has no legal existence, and has not always acted as a unit. It is rather a federation of capital than a well-defined union. In the exploitation of the New York street railways, its most important achievement, all five men have taken part; but Mr. Ryan and Mr. Whitney personally have had little to do with the Philadelphia transit system. In the early days Whitney and Ryan were not conspicuous, as were Widener and Elkins, in the development of the Chicago lines; in 1899, however, they joined Widener and Elkins in the purchase of the system from Charles T. Yerkes. In gas and electric lighting, Thomas Dolan, as president of the United Gas Improvement Company, has been the leading promoter. For many years, however, Dolan had Widener and Elkins as his associates; and the latter, in turn, have usually had Dolan with them in their street-railway undertakings.

The syndicate first joined forces when they acquired the street railways of New York, and in that city they have carried on their operations on the largest scale. They have followed the methods adopted in New York in virtually

every city and town which they have controlled. In order to study concretely their street-railway operations the writer has, therefore, selected the story of the Metropolitan Street Railway. In this article he will describe the methods by which they have acquired this monopoly; and, in another, the fortunes they have made from it.

In 1884, when general attention was first attracted to the transit situation in New York, the field was an especially tempting one. Backwardness, stupidity, deterioration were apparent on every hand. The city's transit history had been an uninterrupted disgrace for thirty years. It had always been part and parcel of politics, and all the great city and State bosses had been tarred by the franchise corporations.

In 1884 there were some thirty independent street railways, owned mostly by established families and estates. They operated largely on perpetual franchises, for which they paid practically nothing into the city treasury. Each company aimed only at cultivating its own traffic, and never considered the convenience of the city as a whole. Transfer privileges were virtually unknown. Even when traveling short distances, one had frequently to take two or three independent lines; and, in crossing the island, New Yorkers sometimes had to follow a zigzag course and pay two or three fares. The cars were small, unventilated, shockingly filthy and broken down. They were lighted by faint kerosene-lamps; in winter-time, a mass of straw or hay, thrown upon the floor, furnished the only warmth.

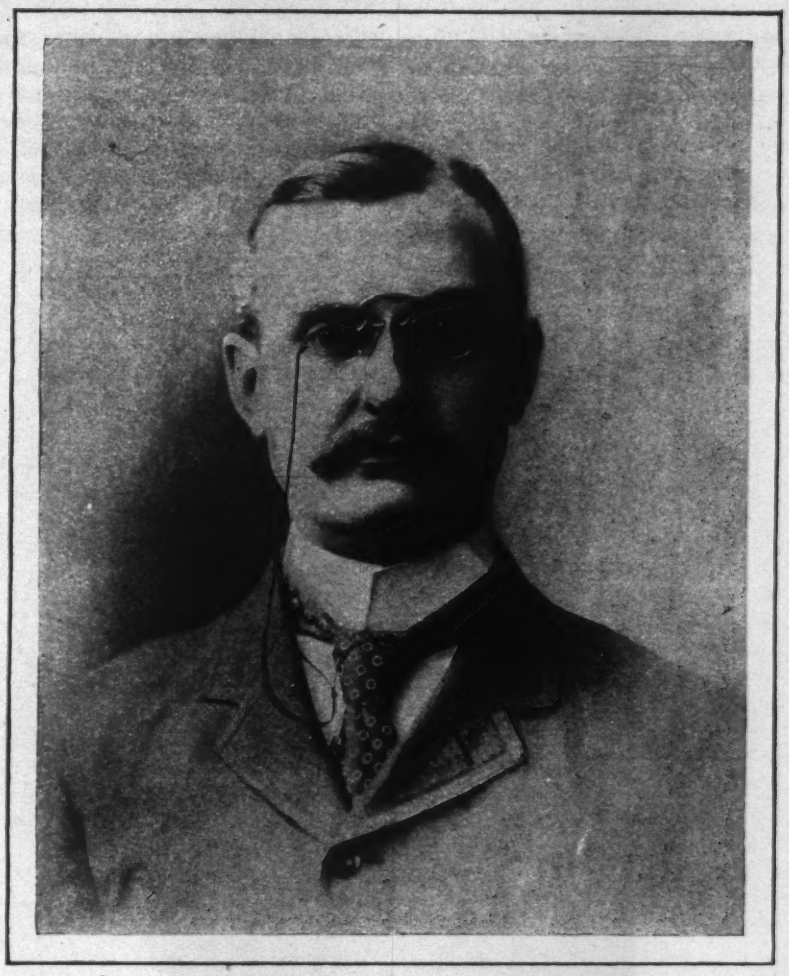
Rise of Peter A. B. Widener

In 1884, however, three distinct groups of financiers awoke to the transit opportunities offered by this virtually unplowed field. Chiefly prominent was a syndicate of Philadelphia millionaires, consisting of Peter A. B. Widener, William H. Kemble, and William L. Elkins. Widener was the best-known street-railway man in the United States. He was born in Philadelphia, November 13, 1834, the son of a poor German brickmaker, and received his education in the public schools. As a boy he showed marked aptitude for mathematics; in mental arithmetic, especially, he outclassed his schoolfellows. After a few years at the old Central High School, Widener was apprenticed to the butcher's trade. Soon, in the Old Spring Garden Market, appeared the sign, "Peter A. B. Widener, Butcher," and here, clad in a white apron and wielding a cleaver, Widener laid the foundation of a fortune now estimated at $50,000,000. A butcher-stall in those days inevitably became the headquarters of political gossip and the meeting-ground of a political clique. In a few years, therefore, Widener found himself a political leader in the Twentieth Ward, and in the early seventies he had become a power in both Philadelphia and Harrisburg. It was an especially black era in Pennsylvania politics, and Widener readily adapted himself to the prevailing political system. In 1873 the City Treasurer of Philadelphia, Joseph P. Mercer, was arrested for conspiracy and sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary for four years. Charles T. Yerkes, then a young banker who had large business transactions with the City Treasury, became involved, was tried for embezzlement, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Widener succeeded Mercer as City Treasurer, and afterward he became closely associated with Yerkes in the development of the transit system of Philadelphia and Chicago.

Widener's success in obtaining the City Treasurership sufficiently indicates his political influence, for in many ways it was the most powerful office in Philadelphia. He had many of the essential qualities of success. He was a man of powerful frame, though alert and decisive in his movements. In spite of his occupation, he had developed a certain suavity and smoothness of manner; he talked readily, and even in those early days his political associates found Widener useful as a diplomat. Though not dissipated, he had the convivial faculty; he was for years a member of the "All Night Poker Players," a famous group of Philadelphia politicians and financiers. He was a man of feeling, at times almost emotional; in memory of his crippled son, who died a few years ago, he built in Philadelphia, at a cost of $2,000,000, a magnificent home for crippled children. The same trait was illustrated when, on the death of his wife, he presented the city with the Josephine Widener Memorial Library. Widener has always manifested an unaffected love of art; he has one of the finest private art-galleries in the country, and he has been known to display much feeling when discussing his Madonnas. In business Widener has always been the speculator; he has always lived in the clouds, always talked freely of his many enterprises, always been emphatically a "boomer."

William L. Elkins

When Widener became City Treasurer, in 1873, his official bondsman was William L. Elkins. A few years previously Elkins, after accumulating a competence, had taken up his domicile in a large house on Fifteenth Street, opposite Widener's. Thus was laid the foundation of an intimate personal and business association which, some years afterward, was



THOMAS F. RYAN AS A YOUNG MAN

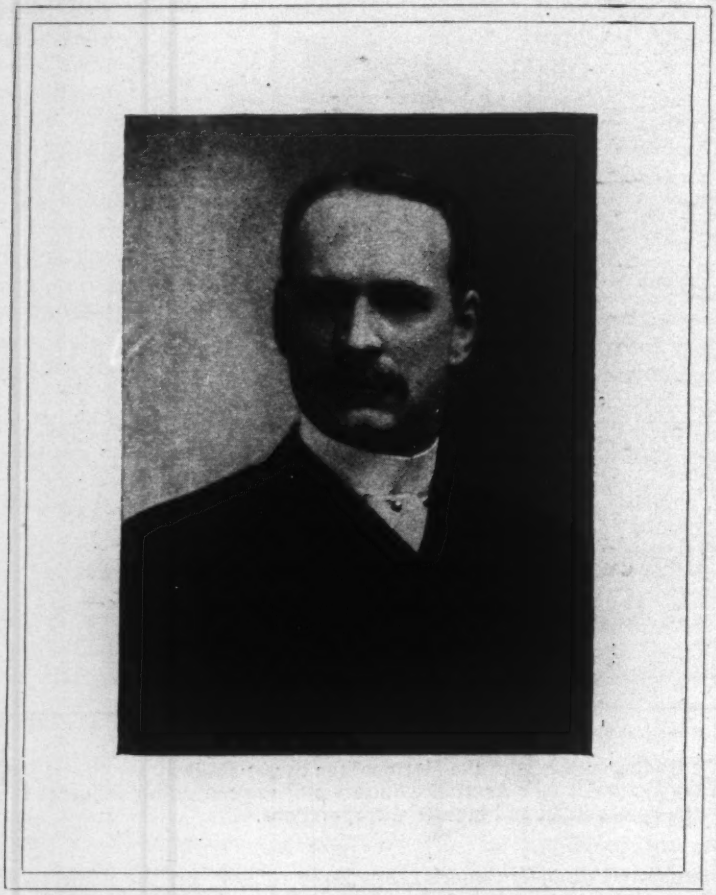
Since 1886 one of the leading members of the Metropolitan Street Railway syndicate; now the owner of the majority interest in the Equitable Life Assurance Society and the controlling influence in a large number of banks, trust companies, and railroad and industrial corporations.

even more closely cemented when Widener's oldest son, George D., married Elkins' daughter. Elkins came of the well-known Virginia family of that name, and was born in western Virginia, May 2, 1832. Hard poverty had been his early lot. When he was eight the family moved to Philadelphia, and when fifteen Elkins began life as an entry-clerk in a grocery-store. In a year he engaged in the lumber business for himself; a freshet, however, destroyed his stock and apparently ruined the boy's prospects. In 1852 he went into the butter-and-egg business in New York, and, returning to Philadelphia, in 1853 he formed a partnership with Peter Sayboldt in the same line. In the early sixties came the oil discoveries in western Pennsylvania, and in 1862 Elkins, selling out his share in the butter-and-egg business, departed for Titusville. He "struck oil," returned to Philadelphia, and started a large refinery on the Schuylkill River. He also became the owner of many prosperous wells, engaged in the manufacture of gasolene, and originated the business of peddling oil from door to door. In 1875 he joined forces with the Standard Oil Company, and afterward sold out to that corporation, taking a large block of Standard stock in payment. He always remained on terms of intimacy with the Standard people, introducing them occasionally into his enterprises. Backed by Widener, he took a hand in Philadelphia politics, and was appointed to represent Philadelphia's interests on the board of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In character and temperament Elkins was very different from Widener. He was exceedingly hard-headed and close-fisted, slow, plodding, routine, and, in the judgment of observers, would never have made his great success had it not been

for Widener's support. "Widener carried him," say Philadelphians.

William H. Kemble

More remarkable was the third member of this trio, William H. Kemble. Kemble was sixty years old in 1884, and had unquestionably the strongest intellectual equipment of the three. Starting life as a ward politician, he had reached the point where he shared the Pennsylvania boss-ship with Matthew S. Quay. For many years Kemble and Quay had been associated with the two great headquarters of corruption in Pennsylvania—the office of State Treasurer and the People's Bank of Philadelphia. It had long been a hallowed custom for the State Treasurer to deposit large sums of State money, at low rates of interest, in this institution. The bank lent this out at high rates, and divided the profits with the politicians; at other times it would lend them directly large amounts for speculative purposes. Quay for many years had been State Treasurer, and, at the same time, Kemble had been president of the People's Bank. By utilizing these opportunities Kemble had accumulated a large fortune. He was an industrious lobbyist at Harrisburg, and in 1884 he was caught attempting to bribe certain members of the legislature in the interests of the Pennsylvania Railroad. For this Kemble was indicted, convicted, and sentenced to one year in the county jail at Harrisburg. Quay, who was chairman of the State Board of Pardons, convened that body in special session the day Kemble was brought in for sentence, and had him immediately pardoned. Kemble, therefore, never went to prison; but a comfortably furnished room in Harrisburg is still pointed out as "Bill Kemble's cell." In

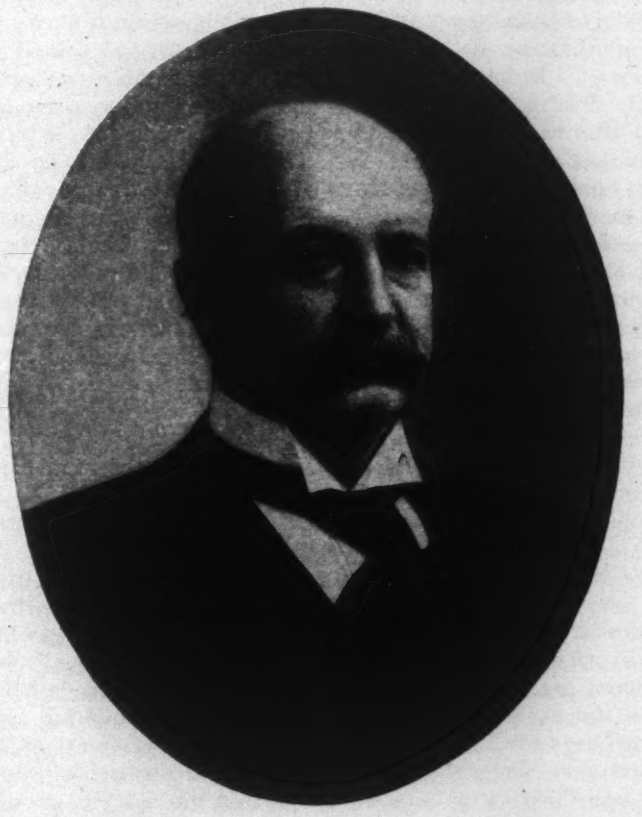


WILLIAM C. WHITNEY IN 1886

Secretary of the Navy in President Cleveland's Cabinet. In 1886, with Ryan, Widener, Elkins, and Kemble, he acquired the Broadway franchise from Jacob Sharp and thus laid the foundations of the Metropolitan monopoly.

manner Kemble was domineering, forceful, and absolutely contemptuous of public opinion. Once he physically assaulted a newspaper reporter who mildly sought an interview. In Pennsylvania annals he has acquired immortality as the author of the famous political maxim, "Addition, division, and silence."

In association with Quay, these three men, Widener, Elkins, and Kemble, in the late seventies and early eighties, dominated Republican politics in Philadelphia. They found this political influence useful when they began purchasing and consolidating the surface railroads. In a desultory fashion, Widener had dabbled in railroad stocks since 1864, and in the early seventies he and Elkins had gone into one or two minor deals. By 1879 Kemble had become the biggest railroad man in the State. About 1880 the three joined forces in organizing the Union Passenger Railway Company, in which Quay also had an interest. There were then about seventeen independently operated lines, and Widener, Elkins, and Kemble began to acquire, by purchase or lease, a large number of these roads, and to weld them into a unified system. In 1883 they organized the Philadelphia Traction Company, and by 1884 had gathered in at least one half the street-car lines. Encouraged by this success, they sought other fields. They acquired large interests in Pittsburg and other places, and in 1886, in association with Charles T. Yerkes, who had figured in several of their deals in Philadelphia, they secured the North Side lines of Chicago. Above all, however, they desired a foothold in New York. "Give me the Broadway franchise and the coal-oil trade of Philadelphia," said Elkins, "and I will retire."



PETER A. B. WIDENER

Mr. Widener has for years been a conspicuous figure in the financial and political life of Philadelphia, and a large factor in building up the street-railway monopolies of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and many other American cities and towns.

William C. Whitney's Early Plans for a Transit Monopoly

At first, however, they found plenty of opposition. Certain powerful political interests had already formed plans for controlling the

New York transit field. Their leader, William Collins Whitney, was a very different type of man from the Philadelphians. Born in Conway, Massachusetts, July 15, 1841, he came of a long line of distinguished and intellectual New Englanders. When he entered Yale in the class of 1863, his wonderful mental gifts raised him far above his fellows; with William G. Sumner, afterward Yale's great political economist, he divided all social and scholastic honors. Soon after graduation he came to New York, entered the law office of Abraham R. Lawrence, and rapidly forged ahead. Brilliant, polished, and suave, he already displayed those talents for diplomacy which afterward made him the master mind of presidential cabinets and the maker of American presidents. Physically handsome, loved by most men and all women, he soon acquired a social standing which in a few years amounted almost to a dictatorship. His political activities had greatly benefited the community. In 1871, with Joseph H. Choate and others, he first became known as one of the vigorous and efficient young lawyers who, in association with Samuel J. Tilden, accomplished the downfall of William M. Tweed. For several years Whitney remained Tilden's ablest political protégé. Though high-bred and luxury-loving, he was not averse to hard political work, and many old New Yorkers still remember when young "Bill" Whitney delivered cart-tail harangues on the lower East Side. Whitney became Corporation Counsel for New York in 1875, and held office until 1882. In this department he rendered great public service. He had to deal with thousands of fraudulent money claims growing out of the Tweed régime, and, in this work, saved the city of New York nearly $20,000,000. As Corporation Counsel, Whitney also obtained his first insight into the street-railway business. Under his administration the elevated railroads were built; he obtained an intimate knowledge of railroad law and city franchises, and his first idea of the large fortune to be made in city transit.

During these years Whitney was building up an impregnable political position, until, in 1884, he was the most powerful Democrat in New York. He took the leadership in forming the County Democracy, a political organization which sought to supplant Tammany Hall in New York City, and also became a large figure in State and national politics. He worked hard for Cleveland's nomination in 1884, contributed largely to his election, and became Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's Cabinet. In this position he showed great administrative ability and foresight; when he took office, the few hulks that formed the American navy were the object of foreign ridicule; when he left, he had laid the foundations of the efficient fighting force which did such creditable work in the war with Spain. Meanwhile he had married Miss Flora Payne, sister of his college chum, Oliver H. Payne, one of John D. Rockefeller's associates in the formation of the Standard Oil Company. Whitney had little independent fortune of his own, but he was extravagant in his manner of life, a man to whom beautiful city and country houses, horses, yachts, paintings, books, and music were indispensable. Whitney's wife brought him no dowry large enough for such costly pleasures, and in 1884 Whitney, as he esteemed wealth, was a poor man. He was looking for an opportunity to accumulate millions rapidly, and found it in the dilapidated street-railway system of New York. He proposed to get a franchise for a Broadway surface line, buy or lease every foot of surface road on Manhattan Island, and make of the thirty competing companies one homogeneous transit system.

Thomas F. Ryan, Stock-broker and Promoter of Cable Railways

Another group of local capitalists and politicians had also entered the field. In the early eighties there was much experimentation in cable railways, and, in New York, public meetings, presided over by Mayor Edson, advocated cable lines as the solution of the metropolitan transit problem. In response to this sentiment, the New York Cable Railroad was organized in 1883, and announced its intention of building eighty miles of cable road. The president of this company was Wallace C. Andrews, who had accumulated a fortune through his association with the Standard Oil Company; the secretary was Charles P. Shaw, a well-known promoter. The treasurer and one of Mr. Andrews' most active lieutenants was an energetic young Virginian of Scotch-Irish descent who had reached New York as a humble broker's clerk twelve or thirteen years before. His name was Thomas Fortune Ryan. To-day, as the controller of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the Washington Life Insurance Company, the Seaboard Air Line Railway, and one of the largest factors in the American Tobacco Company, Mr. Ryan's fame is international. In 1884, however, he was known as a ruddy-faced, clean-cut, and clean-living young Irishman of thirty-three, who could be depended upon to execute quickly and faithfully orders on the New York Stock Exchange, and who, in a noiseless fashion, had already acquired much influence in Tammany Hall. On the floor of the Stock Exchange Ryan

was a conspicuous figure; he was more than six feet high, extremely slender, long-legged and long-armed, and always dressed in the height of fashion.

Mr. Ryan was born October 17, 1851, on a small farm in Nelson County, Virginia. The Civil War, which broke out when he was a boy of ten, destroyed the family fortune; and in 1868, when seventeen, Ryan started out in life at Baltimore. He obtained employment as a dry-goods clerk in the establishment of John S. Barry,—whose daughter he afterward married,—and early won his employer's confidence by his industry and cleverness. In 1870 Mr. Barry failed, and young Ryan came to New York. He went to work in a broker's office, and in 1874 had saved enough money to purchase his own seat on the Exchange. In a few years Ryan became one of the most active and successful brokers in Wall Street, having as customers such men as Jay Gould, William R. Travers, Samuel J. Tilden, Robert L. Cutting, and other large Wall Street operators. William C. Whitney, who occasionally came into contact with Ryan, prophesied that, if he retained his health, he would become one of the richest men in the country. In those days, when Ryan used to run around Wall Street executing stock orders, one of his chief rivals was the man who has since become his bitterest Wall Street enemy—Edward H. Harriman. Ryan early manifested two striking traits which largely account for his subsequent success. First of all was his marvelous industry. His genius was not spasmodic; he worked steadily, regularly, never losing a moment, never getting excited, going, day after day, the same monotonous dog-trot, easily outdistancing scores of apparently stronger men. He had also the rare faculty of silence. He has always been the least talkative man in the Street, but, with all this reserve, he has remained the soul of courtesy and outward good nature.

Ryan early manifested much interest in New York city politics; "I am a Tammany man," he declared on the witness-stand in 1886. He never became an active worker; he was what is technically known, in Tammany parlance, as a "contributor." Old-timers remember Ryan as an intimate friend of John Kelly, the Tammany boss, and as a factor in the organization, though few lay claim to any personal acquaintance with him. His influence has always been of the kind that is felt, not seen. He is remembered as one of an interesting trio of young Tammany men, of which the other members were Morgan J. O'Brien and John D. Crimmins. Morgan J. O'Brien and Ryan were fellow-members of the same church, and also personally associated in the same church club. O'Brien was the brother-in-law of John D. Crimmins, a rich Tammany contractor. Crimmins' wealth and political influence were exceedingly useful to O'Brien, who became a power in Tammany Hall, Corporation Counsel, and ultimately Judge of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. O'Brien, in his turn, was helpful to Ryan. Afterward Ryan gave many Metropolitan contracts to Crimmins; and in 1905, when he purchased a controlling interest in the Equitable Life, he made Morgan J. O'Brien one of the three trustees of his stock.

Competition for the Control of Broadway

Competition for the transit monopoly centered, in 1884, upon one important privilege—a surface railroad on the three miles of Broadway extending from Union Square to the Battery. This franchise was the key to the ultimate control of the transit situation. Of all the original north-and-south thoroughfares of old New York running the length of the island, Broadway is the only one that still exists. It crosses Manhattan diagonally, meeting the great avenues, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth, at important points. It is thus the great funnel into which all the main street-car lines, as well as the cross-town cars, pour their passengers. Until 1884, however, conservative New York had manifested a deadly hostility to the building of a railroad on its Appian Way. Great mercantile and property interests, including A. T. Stewart, the Astors, the Goelets, the Lorillards, had always fought the scheme. Whoever hoped to monopolize New York City transit, however, first of all had to control Broadway; and to this end each of the interested rivals now directed his energies.

The one man chiefly concerned, from his already large holdings in a Broadway railroad, was an eccentric capitalist named Jacob Sharp. Sharp was one of those numerous rough-and-ready millionaires who added so much to the picturesqueness of metropolitan life in the nineteenth century. For many years New Yorkers had, in turn, ridiculed, reviled, and loved him. Born on a farm in Montgomery County in 1817, Sharp received only a few months' education at a district school. In 1848 he came to New York, working his passage down the Hudson on a log raft. He secured employment as stage-driver, having all the personal pugnacity required in that occupation, and soon became interested as owner in one of the stage lines. He developed into a contractor, built wharves and bulkheads, and constructed many of the street railways.

In a few years he had acquired stocks in many roads and become the greatest street-railway man in New York. In particular he controlled the Broadway and Seventh Avenue road. This started at Central Park, and ran down Broadway from Fifty-ninth Street to Union Square, whence it found its way to the Battery through several back streets. It traversed, that is, the least profitable part of Broadway, and, to make his line complete, Sharp wished to continue it down-town by way of the great thoroughfare. That, as has already been said, is precisely the privilege which conservative New Yorkers had fought for many years. If the franchise were granted, Sharp naturally intended that the Broadway and Seventh Avenue road should get it. If it fell into the hands of other interests, the Broadway and Seventh Avenue would be a ruined property. For thirty years Sharp had been working for this privilege. As far back as 1852, he had bribed the aldermen into granting it, only to have their action set aside by the courts.

Sharp Bests Ryan at Albany

The battle began at Albany, in the legislature of 1884. As the railroad laws then stood, Andrews, Shaw, and Ryan, the active promoters of the Cable Company, had their rivals at a great disadvantage. They organized their company under the Rapid Transit Act of 1875, which authorized the formation of street railways operated only by mechanical power. A cable road, of course, came under this classification. On the other hand, Sharp wished to build a horse railroad, but in 1884 one could not legally organize a horse-railway company in New York State. The New York State Constitution, adopted in 1874, wiped out all existing laws on the subject, and provided that the legislature should pass a general railway act. The legislature, however, had never done this, and for ten years not a single horse-railway company was organized in New York State. Manifestly Andrews and Ryan had every reason for wishing this anomalous situation to continue, for, if no railway act were passed, they had the field entirely to themselves. Sharp's interest, however, lay in securing immediate legislation. The two forces fought the matter at Albany all through the winter of 1884. Sharp's counsel was Francis Lynde Stetson, afterward Grover Cleveland's law partner, and now chief legal adviser of J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Stetson drew the bill which, materially modified by the Railroad Commission, became a law. The Cable Company spent large sums to defeat it; Sharp spent as much to secure its passage. He afterward admitted, on the witness-stand, that he had given $74,000 to a notorious lobbyist who represented him that year at Albany. Grover Cleveland, who was Governor, believed — and no one questioned the honesty of his motives — that, whatever defects there might be in the measure itself, and whatever influences actively supported it, public necessity demanded a general railroad law. He therefore signed it.

Thus, out of the first campaign Sharp emerged victorious. He promptly organized the Broadway Surface Railroad, with the idea of getting the franchise, building his road, and then turning it over to the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad. Whitney at once organized the Broadway Railroad Company. Three separate groups were thus competing for the Broadway franchise — one led by Sharp, one by Ryan and Andrews, and one by Whitney.

A Franchise Auction at the City Hall

Meanwhile the aldermen had pricked up their ears. This Broadway franchise was the greatest privilege they had had to bestow in years, and they went to the extent of forming an inner organization, for the purpose of considering all offers made and extorting the largest possible bribes. Thirteen members formally met at the house of Alderman McLoughlin, formed a close corporation, elected a chairman, and adopted a policy of "business unity on all important matters." Precisely what took place was described at the trial of Alderman Arthur J. McQuade, in 1886, by a fellow-conspirator who bore the somewhat suggestive name of Fullgraff:

Q. Now, tell us all that was said on that subject.

A. That the Cable Company [the Andrews-Shaw-Ryan concern] might possibly make an application, and the Broadway Surface Road [Sharp's], and the Broadway [Whitney's], I think they called it.

Q. Now, was there anything said about these applications? If so, by whom, and what was said?

A. They spoke about them what—I think spoke about the Cable Road would be willing to give $750,000 for the franchise, and that the Broadway would give $500,000, all in cash, and the Cable Road $750,000, of which $350,000 would be in stock and $350,000 in cash.

Q. Who stated that?

A. I think it was Alderman De Lacy, sir, and Alderman Jaehne stated that it would not be practical or judicial to give it to the Cable Road, because they had offered one half cash and one half bonds; that it would not do to accept the offer, because these bonds might be traced, and it might be advisable to give it to the Broadway Surface.

Q. When you took your vote on the Broadway or the Cable Road, how was the question put?

A. The question was put this way, sir: "Who is in favor of giving it to the Broadway Surface Road will vote ay; if not, vote no"—that no would go for the Cable Road and ay for the Broadway Surface Road.

Q. How did the Thirteen vote on that question?

A. They all voted for the Broadway Surface.

This testimony was corroborated by Alderman Duffy and Alderman Waite, the latter the president of the board. This was the meeting which made the city fathers of New York famous in two continents as the "boodle aldermen," and which, in the term "combine" as descriptive of their close corporation, introduced a new word into the English language.

Alliance Formed Against Sharp

Thus Sharp obtained the franchise. He finished his road in the early part of 1885, and celebrated the event by riding down Broadway in a carriage drawn by four horses decorated with American flags. He made the line an integral part of the Broadway and Seventh Avenue, entering into a traffic arrangement by which the cars of the two companies interchangeably used each other's tracks. For a few months Sharp was the happiest man in New York; but if he thought that Whitney, Ryan, and the Philadelphians would calmly submit to his triumph, he was soon undeceived. Just what part Widener had thus far played is not clear. According to current report, he had quietly backed Sharp, and was enraged when Sharp, after obtaining the franchise, refused to deliver it to him. Another story said that Ryan and Sharp had had a similar understanding which Sharp had failed to carry out. Some color is lent this by the statement, made by Charles P. Miller before the Senate Investigating Committee in 1886, that Ryan had told him he "had not been treated fairly by Mr. Sharp's people."

Whatever the truth in these stories, the fact is that by December, 1884, Whitney, Ryan, and Widener had reached an understanding. Ryan dropped the Cable Company and became the treasurer of Whitney's Broadway road. His former associates asserted that Ryan had "betrayed" them; that he had reached the conclusion that the Whitney forces would get the franchise, and had abandoned the old company in his eagerness to get on the winning side. In harmonizing the conflicting interests, Ryan's was the directing mind. He first brought Whitney and Widener together, and suggested that they stop competing and pool their interests. Alone, he pointed out, they both might fail; together success was almost inevitable. He thus formed a combination which for energy, brains, influence, and wealth could hardly be equaled in the country. Ryan had enormous industry, great resourcefulness as a manipulator, and much influence in Tammany; Whitney controlled the then dominant Democratic organization, the County Democracy, and was one of the chief figures in the new Cleveland administration; while Widener and his associates had millions of available capital and many years' experience in the practical management of street railways. Under Ryan's leadership, the combination now started a vigorous campaign against Sharp. By exerting pressure from several carefully selected points, they proposed to accomplish one of two things: to compel Sharp to disgorge his franchise and to sell out to them on reasonable terms, or to produce such a situation that the legislature would annul the franchise on the ground of fraud. By this time the object of this attack was a rather wretched figure. Sharp was nearly seventy years old, and slowly dying of diabetes. He lived upon milk, of which he always carried a bottle on his person, stopping occasionally, wherever he might be, to take nourishment.

Lawsuits Started Against Sharp

Ryan, Whitney, and Widener, in attacking Sharp, used three important agencies — public opinion, the courts, and the legislature. They did not need greatly to stimulate public sentiment. Soon after the franchise was passed, several aldermen began to buy real estate, to wear diamonds, and to indulge in other unprecedented luxuries. The newspapers had already printed many scandalous stories concerning the franchise, which this open display of wealth tended to substantiate, and the public loudly demanded a victim. Whitney and Ryan also started several lawsuits against Sharp. Before the final award of the franchise, Edward M. Knox, a Broadway property-holder, applied for an injunction restraining the aldermen from voting it. On the witness-stand in 1886, Mr. Knox testified that William C. Whitney had paid the legal expenses of this suit, which ended in failure. In the latter part of 1885, Charles P. Frothingham, a stock-holder in the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad, applied to the Supreme Court for the privilege of inspecting that company's books. Such an inspection, it was believed, would reveal the methods by which the Broadway franchise had been obtained, and arouse a popular feeling which would cause its annulment. Elihu Root was Frothingham's counsel. According to the New York *Times*, "a Cabinet officer traveled incognito over from Washington to this city to see that all arrangements for this suit were properly carried out." On the witness-stand, in 1886, Thomas F. Ryan admitted that he had an interest in this suit, inspired, he said, "by the old feeling that I had been beaten by the other parties in getting the franchise of the Broadway railroad." Mr. Root pushed the case with

remarkable vigor, and, in the preliminary hearings, Justice Van Brunt, who presided, showed a disposition to probe deeply into the affairs of Sharp's railroad. Hardly had this suit started when the Senate of New York State passed a resolution calling for an investigation of the Broadway franchise. The Railroad Committee came to New York, engaged as counsel Roscoe Conkling and Clarence A. Seward, and began sessions at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. One of the leading witnesses was Charles P. Miller, a prominent politician who had been counsel for Whitney in the Broadway Railroad. Concerning the origin of the Senate investigation Mr. Miller testified as follows:

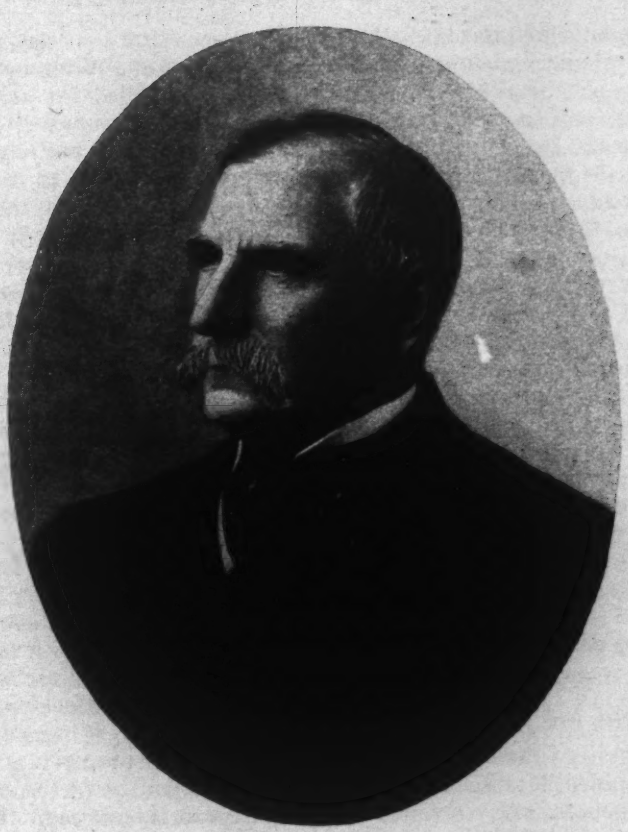
> About the 15th or 16th or 17th of January, Mr. Ryan [Thomas F.] came into my office. . . . He came to me to ask me whether I was doing anything to get a new committee appointed by the present legislature. . . . He said that he knew there were two aldermen whom he would produce to testify before any committee that was appointed, who would tell the whole story of the bribery. . . . I did not know that he had anything to do with the aldermen directly or indirectly; in fact, I did not know that he was a politician at that time; since I have understood that he was, or had been, a member of the general committee of Tammany Hall; he told me then that he either was or had been a member of the general committee; . . . that he proposed to have the facts brought out, that he had not been treated — this was one idea — that he had not been treated fairly by Mr. Sharp's people. . . . He told me right then and there, at that time, "It will be the natural thing to do to have a Republican move for the appointment of this committee." And, said he, "You can tell them up there that if they don't move for the appointment of this committee immediately, a resolution will be introduced by a Tammany man inside of three or four days"— which has turned out to be a fact. . . .

Sharp Gives Up the Fight

Under this pressure Sharp completely broke down. Hardly had the sessions started when the aldermen began fleeing to Canada, Mexico, and other safe places. Conkling gave Sharp a three days' grilling, and uncovered, step by step, his criminal relations with the aldermen. With Sharp it soon became a question, not whether he would lose his franchise, but whether he would end his days in State prison. Clearly he had nothing to gain and everything to lose by continuing his fight. If he persisted, the legislature would revoke his franchise; if he sold out, his enemies would have every interest in hushing up the scandal, as they would be the chief beneficiaries of his act. In the height of the investigation, therefore, the newspapers announced that Sharp and his associates had sold all their stock in the Broadway and Seventh Avenue road to Peter A. B. Widener, William L. Elkins, and William H. Kemble. Some weeks afterward, in carrying out the contract, Thomas F. Ryan deposited $925,000 with Drexel, Morgan & Co. as part payment for 9,000 shares in the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad Company. At a directors' meeting, held on June 15, 1886, Sharp and his associates were dropped from the board, the Whitney-Widener Syndicate elected their men, and Thomas F. Ryan became secretary and treasurer.

If, as Mr. Miller implied, Ryan had deliberately fomented this investigation, he apparently had overshot the mark. Now that the new people had obtained the fruits of Sharp's rascality, any further prosecution of the inquiry was decidedly contrary to their interests, for it might easily destroy their property. But, under Conkling's vigorous prosecution, the investigation reached a point where no human being could control it. Conkling went before the legislature with two bills, one dissolving the Broadway Surface Railroad Company, and another annulling its franchise and vesting it anew in the city of New York. Cynical observers declared that "Uncle Jacob" had outwitted his enemies after all, in that, for nearly $2,000,000, he had sold them an extremely expensive lawsuit. Elihu Root made a long argument against these bills, but unsuccessfully; the legislature passed them, and a receiver was appointed to wind up the Sharp railroad. For two years, Whitney, Ryan, and Widener, under the legal leadership of Elihu Root, fought these laws in the courts of New York State. Mr. Root maintained that the legislature might legally dissolve the Broadway Surface Railroad Company, but that it could not confiscate its property; that its Broadway franchise was as much property as its cars, and must be sold for the benefit of the creditors. The Court of Appeals finally upheld this contention, and thus saved the fortunes of Whitney, Ryan, and their three Philadelphia associates. On August 30, 1889, the sheriff sold at auction the property of the Broadway Surface Railroad, and, in behalf of Widener, Whitney, and Ryan, Daniel S. Lamont bid it in for $25,000.

Sharp had long since disappeared. In 1886 he was arrested on twenty-one indictments for bribery, and confined in Ludlow Street Jail. One of the witnesses before the Grand Jury that indicted him was Thomas F. Ryan; his prosecutor was De Lancey Nicoll, then Assistant District Attorney, and now one of the counsel of the Metropolitan Street Railway. Sharp was promptly convicted and sentenced to four years at hard labor, but the Court of Appeals set aside the verdict and ordered a new trial. Before his second trial began, Sharp died. It was a lonely and a miserable death. His fortune had nearly all gone in the course of his troubles; his friends had all deserted him; and only his



WILLIAM L. ELKINS

Starting, at the age of fifteen, as a grocer's clerk, Elkins made a large fortune in the oil business and was afterward intimately identified with all Widener's street-railway operations.

immediate family remained loyal. On his death-bed, in his delirium, he raved constantly about his Broadway Railroad. "They tried to get me in the Tombs," he would say again and again, "but they didn't — no, they didn't!"

The Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad, which Whitney, Ryan, and Widener acquired in this way from Sharp, controlled not only the new Broadway franchise, but other valuable lines. A few months before they obtained Sharp's properties, the syndicate had purchased the Houston Street, West Street, and Pavonia Ferry Railroad, and a few smaller companies, and they thus had a sound foundation for their proposed monopoly. Until 1893, when they formed the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, the Houston Street road was their base of operations. To it they leased all Sharp's railroads, and, with it as a nucleus, they have gradually acquired the entire transportation system in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. In 1890, when the amalgamation began in earnest, their railroads represented a capitalization, including stocks and bonds, of some $5,000,000; the Interborough-Metropolitan system now has stock and bond obligations of $569,000,000. The syndicate has built up this system in three ways: by the lease, for long periods, of subsidiary lines; by the acquisition of entirely new franchises and the construction of new roads; and by outright purchase. By far the greater and most valuable parts of its system the Metropolitan holds under lease. Complete details of these leases will be given in the next article.

They have also added to the Metropolitan system enormously valuable new franchises. They have obtained from New York, practically as free gifts, privileges worth many millions of dollars, and have done this even in the face of existing laws that apparently protected the city's rights. New York learned its lesson from the Sharp scandal, and, in 1886, passed an act, introduced by Jacob A. Cantor, which apparently revolutionized municipal policy in public franchises. This act provided that every new franchise should be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, the successful grantee to pay the city each year at least 5 per cent. of the gross earnings as compensation. Whitney and Ryan

have many times circumvented this law. They have obtained new privileges, on the ground that they were not new franchises, but extensions of old ones, and in other cases the Whitney-Ryan interests have been the only bidders upon franchises worth millions of dollars. Whenever outside interests did actually compete and secure the franchise, Whitney and Ryan usually got it away from them. Sometimes the bids were run up to absurd figures. The Third Avenue Company, for example, obtained a franchise for a trolley on Kingsbridge Road, contracting to pay the city 38 per cent. of its gross receipts as annual rental. At last New York seemed likely to get an adequate return for valuable rights. Elihu Root, however, detected certain legal flaws in this transaction, obtained a decision from the Court of Appeals setting the franchise aside, and thus obliged the Third Avenue road to take up its tracks. Afterward the Metropolitan secured the franchise for a rental ranging from 4 to 10 per cent. above the legal minimum.

The Whitney and the Sharp Method

The company has obtained these privileges and enjoyed these immunities because it has made powerful political alliances. Any detailed history of the Metropolitan would involve a history of the development of the boss system in New York. In the last twenty-five years the methods of Tammany have greatly changed; political corruption has assumed an entirely new phase. Jacob Sharp, when he attempted to obtain a Broadway franchise, went to the aldermen and distributed thousand-dollar bills where they would do the most good. Such vulgar bribery is now scarcely known. The Tammany boss has become a great business man, a dealer in contracts, a speculator in Wall Street. William C. Whitney would not soil his fingers by personal contact with aldermen, but dealt always with one or two men at the top. In return for favors, he did not distribute common bribes, but paid huge lawyers' fees, gave tips on the stock-market, and let favored people in on the ground floor. He and Ryan always cultivated Richard Croker, and that Croker and his associates dealt largely in street-railway stocks they did not themselves deny. At the Mazet investigation in 1899, Croker was asked if he owned any stock in the Metropolitan Street Railway. "I decline to answer," he replied. He was asked if he held stock in the Union Railway, and again declined to answer. Asked if he had ever "assisted in getting privileges and concessions" for the Metropolitan, he said: "Not that I know of."

On one occasion the public obtained an insight into the Whitney-Ryan method. In 1889 they applied for permission to install a cable road on Broadway. This was virtually an application for an entirely new franchise; the authorities now had an opportunity to rectify the mistake made when they originally granted the franchise to Sharp in 1884. Hugh Grant was the Tammany Mayor, Richard Croker was City Chamberlain and boss of Tammany Hall, and one of his closest friends and political associates was Bourke Cockran. Mr. Whitney went directly to Cockran, who saw Croker and Grant, and the matter was speedily arranged. Sharp consumed eight months in getting his Broadway franchise through the aldermen, but Mr. Whitney, with the aid of Cockran, Croker, and Grant, got his through in a single day.

Henry Hart Blocks the Monopoly

In these ways, Whitney, Ryan, and Widener, by 1900, had acquired every street railroad on Manhattan Island, with one important exception. Among the old surface systems, the Third Avenue Railroad alone tenaciously maintained an independent existence. Its stock-holders regarded their property as more important and valuable than the Metropolitan, as, indeed, for many years it had been. Its main line extended from the Brooklyn Bridge through the Bowery and Third Avenue to the Harlem River. Next to the Broadway road, this was the most valuable franchise in New York. Its largest stockholder and directing genius was a little English Jew named Henry Hart. Like Jacob Sharp, Hart was a characteristic product of metropolitan life. He was a contemporary of Commodore Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew, and had had an even more humble beginning than they. He couldn't read a line of any language; after attaining manhood, he barely learned, by hard work, to sign his name; but that was the extent of his education. As a child, Hart had worked in a Chatham Street clothing-store for a pittance; and, when a young man, he opened a pawnshop in a building standing near what is now the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge.

More than half a century ago, a famous stage line ran from Wall Street to the Bull's Head Market in the Bowery. Hart, sitting out in front of his pawnshop evening after evening, used to watch the old caravans rumble by. In this way his attention was first attracted to the transit situation. In 1853 the Remsens and a few other New York aristocrats built a street railway from the City Hall up Chatham Street to the Bowery, as far as Eighteenth Street. This started almost at Hart's pawnshop; he became interested, and invested his savings in Third

Avenue stock. As years went on he gradually purchased more; and one morning his Knickerbocker associates discovered that the little Chatham Street pawnbroker owned more of the Third Avenue Railroad than any of them. They accepted the situation gracefully; made Hart vice-president, in charge of the road; and for nearly fifty years a most amicable and profitable partnership ensued. They found Hart able, industrious, and actuated by one absorbing passion — the Third Avenue Railroad. He gave the closest attention to all the details of management, from cleaning the stables to issuing stocks and floating bonds.

Whitney and Ryan always found Hart an unconquerable obstacle in their plans. Sell the Third Avenue road? He would as soon sell his soul. He had watched it grow from a single line of track hardly a mile long to an enormous system covering a considerable part of two great boroughs. And this was mainly his own work. He had made many people millionaires, and had increased his own fortune from the capital represented in the little pawnshop to $10,000,000. With considerable jealousy he had watched the development of the great rival system. To stem its progress, he purchased from Richard Croker, Anthony N. Brady, and Hugh J. Grant the Union Railway Company, which operated thirty miles of trolley in the Bronx. Whitney and Ryan had planned to take this road themselves, and its acquisition by the Third Avenue was a serious blow to their prestige. Hart also purchased for the Third Avenue a controlling interest in the Forty-second Street, Manhattanville, and St. Nicholas Avenue Railroad, and with this acquisition entered into the heart of the Metropolitan field. He also added to his system the Dry-dock, East Broadway, and Battery road, a long line extending over many streets on the lower East Side.

Through all the ten years' conflict, Whitney and Ryan had never given up the idea of absorbing the Third Avenue system. They had the utmost contempt for Hart and his associates, and bided their time. It came in the late winter of 1900. Hart was then in his ninetieth year. Though he still made his daily appearance at the office, he had become extremely feeble, and had delegated the direct management of the property to others. Several years before, he had elected to the presidency Albert J. Elias, who had married his grandniece. Edward Lauterbach, the well-known Republican politician, had become the most powerful factor in the management. Hart, Elias, and Lauterbach constituted the inner trio that practically ran the road, and, two years before, they had formulated elaborate plans for its improvement, including the installation of an underground trolley on the main Third Avenue line. With the necessary power-houses and equipment, the cost would aggregate many millions of dollars. To raise the money, the Third Avenue had obtained the necessary legal power to increase its capital stock from $16,000,000 to $40,000,000. In 1889, when this authorization was secured, the money market would readily have absorbed the securities. Third Avenue stock, regularly paying 7 per cent. dividends, ranked as an exceptional investment; in February, 1899, it sold at the Stock Exchange for $242 a share, its par value being $100.

Difficulties Beset Hart

Henry Hart interfered with this plan. In the last five years of his life his enthusiasm for the Third Avenue had become a mania. His fear that Whitney and Ryan would get the property dogged his every footstep. To forestall such a calamity, he began to increase his holdings in its stock on an enormous scale. The higher Third Avenue stock went, the more eagerly Hart purchased; on the day it touched 242, he came into the office rubbing his hands, and announced that he had bought 500 shares. In this way Hart used up practically all of his available cash; and, to get money for more purchases, he began hypothecating stock he already owned. Pledging one block for heavy loans, he would buy another; pledging that, in turn, he invested in more; and repeated the process indefinitely until, in a few months, he had built up a rather fragile house of cards. In the fall of 1899 there was a panic in the Stock Exchange, in which Third Avenue, as well as most other securities, greatly declined. Hart, having bought thousands of shares at the top, suffered enormous losses, and was forced to borrow largely. Following the usual custom, the Third Avenue proposed, in its new stock issue, to give old holders the right to subscribe. Hart had no money to take up his quota; on the other hand, should he sell his "rights" to others, the control of the Third Avenue might pass from his hands and very likely be acquired by Ryan and Whitney. For this reason, Hart blocked the new issue and demanded that the Third Avenue borrow the money for its new improvements, the directors reluctantly acceding to his request. Because of the recent panic the rate for money was high, and the Third Avenue had to pay interest ranging from 10 to 30 per cent. for its loans. On these terms, it obtained about $8,000,000 through a variety of banks and trust companies.

Meanwhile a much more disastrous mistake

had been made. The contract for changing the motive power on the Third Avenue road was one of the greatest that had been awarded in years, and Tammany Hall regarded such plums as its personal property. It wanted them, first, for the profits furnished great Tammany contractors, and, second, for the opportunities of employment furnished Tammany voters. The administration of Robert A. Van Wyck, one of the most corrupt in the history of Tammany Hall, was firmly intrenched. The great Tammany contracting firm was Naughton & Co., the head member of which was Daniel F. McMahon, chairman of the Tammany Executive Committee. Naughton & Co. demanded the contract for changing the Third Avenue motive power; at first Hart, Elias, and Lauterbach refused, and awarded it to another firm. Then the organization put on the screws. Before work could be begun the Third Avenue must secure the consent of the city government to open the streets. Tammany saw that it did not obtain such consent. Month after month the Third Avenue wearily waited, and finally, in despair, gave Naughton & Co. the contract. Immediately the necessary consents were obtained, and work started in. But in awarding the contract to the Tammany firm the Third Avenue had signed its death-warrant. In less than a year Tammany had milked the treasury dry. Naughton & Co. undertook the contract on a commission basis; they received, as their own compensation, 15 per cent. of the cost of the labor and 10 per cent. of the cost of the tools, and virtually required that the Third Avenue road should not supervise its work or audit its bills. Manifestly Naughton & Co. had every interest in making the work cost as much as possible. They let loose upon the job about 6,000 men, most of them supplied by the district leaders of Tammany Hall, the Third Avenue road thus becoming the dumping-place for all loyal followers out of jobs. John D. Crimmins, who made a personal inspection, declared that only one man in ten was actually attempting to work. Whole gangs spent their time carrying rails across the street and then carrying them back. A dozen men would tug away at wooden ties which two could easily handle. After about a year's work, Naughton & Co. had cost the Third Avenue road $10,000,000 for work actually done, and announced that it would take $13,000,000 more to finish the job.

Under this pressure the Third Avenue Railroad broke down. By January, 1900, it had a floating indebtedness of $22,000,000 and practically no money in its treasury. By this time Henry Hart's affairs also had become deeply involved. He had 50,000 shares of Third Avenue stock, the larger part of which he had pledged for loans at usurious rates of interest. Many of them were coming due; and, in particular, Russell Sage, who had advanced a large amount at 36 per cent. interest, was pressing him hard. In despair, Mr. Lauterbach appealed to James R. Keene for help. Keene for years had been one of Wall Street's most daring operators on the bear side, making it his specialty to depress properties for the sake of stock-market profits. Mr. Lauterbach represented to Keene that, in the Third Avenue matter, he had an opportunity to make an entirely different reputation — to redeem from impending disaster a magnificent property, and to stand before the public, not as a destroyer, but as a builder-up. Evidently Keene's vanity was touched. He lent Hart $2,000,000 to tide him over his troubles, taking as security 20,000 shares of Third Avenue stock, with an understanding that Hart might redeem it at any time within a year. With an idea of putting more money into the Third Avenue, he placed a personal representative in its offices to study its condition. In two weeks the latter reported to Keene that the Third Avenue had been mercilessly looted and was hopelessly bankrupt. Keene went into one of those paroxysms of rage for which he is famous. He immediately threw poor Hart's 20,000 shares on the market, sold them at a tremendous sacrifice, "went short" of the stock many thousands of shares, and began a terrific stock-market campaign against the company.

Ryan Gets Hart's 20,000 Shares

When Keene offered Hart's 20,000 shares for sale, they found a ready purchaser. That purchaser was Thomas F. Ryan. Ryan did the thing so noiselessly, he concealed himself behind such a complicated array of dummies, that not a soul suspected him. Even the Third Avenue officers, through whose hands the stock certificates passed, did not detect his presence. Ryan, Whitney, and Widener, however, months before the public had an inkling of the truth, thoroughly understood the Third Avenue situation. They had immediate connection with most of the banks and trust companies from which Hart and his railroad had borrowed money, and their political affiliations kept them informed of what was going on under the Naughton contract. In the systematic destruction of the property they saw the opportunity they had awaited for years. They foresaw that, with inevitable bankruptcy and a receivership, Third Avenue stock would go begging, and decided to enter the open market and purchase control. They went at it even more eagerly when Keene became involved. For years one of

Keene's favorite pastimes had been assaulting stocks in which Whitney and Ryan were especially interested. Only a few months before he had led a furious raid upon Consolidated Gas, General Electric, and other Whitney and Ryan stocks. Thus in the Third Avenue operation they discovered the means of accomplishing two long-desired ends — of capturing that system, and of evening up matters with an ancient enemy. Their satisfaction was not diminished when Keene himself, by "pounding" Third Avenue stock, played directly into their hands.

Ryan insisted that, if he was to have anything to do with the operation, he should have complete control, and would not let even Whitney interfere with his plans. As a preliminary move, Herbert H. Vreeland, president of the Metropolitan, issued an elaborate public statement. Inevitably the newspapers were filled with rumors that the Metropolitan would profit by its rival's difficulties and take it in. Mr. Vreeland, in great detail, explained why the Metropolitan would never purchase the Third Avenue road. "We do not purchase roads," said Mr. Vreeland, "the net earnings of which are not sufficient to pay the interest on their debt; nor have we ever bought a property that gave no prospect of development." He declared that the Third Avenue debt was $30,000,000, which was $8,000,000 more than any one else had figured it. Ryan departed sufficiently from his usual reticence to declare that "neither the Metropolitan nor any one connected with the control or management of that property" had any idea of taking over the Third Avenue. In response to these statements, the Third Avenue stock tumbled several points. Events now rapidly played into Ryan's hands. The Third Avenue management appealed to several banking-houses to finance its floating debt and reorganize the company, but, one after another, they declined. Meanwhile creditors began to attach the property; in three days mechanics' liens amounting to $6,000,000 were filed against it. In the latter part of February the inevitable happened: the once magnificent Third Avenue Railroad went into a receiver's hands. With each successive misfortune Third Avenue stock went down, and, as it went down, Ryan bought it in. On February 27th it sold for $45¼ a share; just one year before it had sold at $242. Every speculator on the floor, every little trader on the curb, now took a hand. The bears confidently declared that the stock would touch 25, and hundreds "sold short" on that expectation. At their head stood James R. Keene, who, with a recklessness and bravado unusual even in him, "went short" thousands of shares.

In order to comprehend Ryan's campaign the reader must fully understand what short selling is.

The every-day merchant makes money by purchasing his wares at a certain price and selling them at one higher. The "short" operator in the stock-market makes his money by selling his commodities at a certain price and purchasing them at one considerably lower. In ordinary business, that is, you buy your merchandise before you sell it; in the stock-market, if you are operating on the short side, you sell your merchandise before you purchase it. This procedure is made possible by the custom, long prevalent in Wall Street, of "borrowing" stock. You believe, for example, that a certain stock, now selling at $125, is likely to decline, perhaps reaching a level of $100 a share. You therefore borrow 100 shares and sell them at $125, or $12,500 for the block. The gentleman from whom you have borrowed these 100 shares has the privilege of demanding them back at any time. If, when he demands their return, the stock is selling at $100 a share, you can buy in your 100 shares for $10,000 and return them to him, making a clean profit on the transaction of $2,500. Manifestly, after borrowing your 100 shares and selling them for $12,500, your advantage lies in having the price go down, for the lower it goes the more money you make. On the other hand, if the price advances beyond that which prevailed when you borrowed the stock, you are that much out of pocket. It frequently happens that the lender is a speculator himself, and, after lending thousands of shares, he quietly buys in the outstanding supply and corners the market. Then he demands that the shorts return the stock they have borrowed, that they make good their "short contracts." The lender, thus controlling the supply, can make the shorts pay unheard-of prices for their stock. When things reach this pass the two parties usually get together and have a private settlement — mutually arranging the amount of money the borrower shall pay in lieu of returning the stock. This price is gaged, naturally, by the magnitude of the operations and the bank account of the "short" seller.

Ryan's Manipulations in Third Avenue

In purchasing control of the Third Avenue road Ryan incidentally acquired practically all its outstanding stock. In fact, it was an easy stock to corner. Only about 160,000 shares were in existence. Large blocks were held by old estates, and could not legally be sold. Ryan had got the 20,000 shares which Hart had left with Keene. Hart had pledged many

thousand shares in banks and trust companies as security for loans, and defaulted; in all probability, Ryan had purchased these. Hundreds of small holders had sold out in a panic; Ryan had taken their shares. His brokers had secret orders to purchase all the stock offered, and did so. He was thus well prepared for Keene's campaign. Thus, when Keene needed to borrow stock for his "short sales," there was only one source from which he could get it. Thomas F. Ryan lent him the necessary shares. Of course, Keene never suspected the fact, for Ryan operated through a large number of dummies and brokerage houses. Whenever Keene needed a thousand shares or so for a short sale, Ryan, through his brokers, doled them out to him. When Keene sold those shares, Ryan would buy them back. One can imagine Ryan's grim satisfaction as, day after day, he thus furnished his grizzled adversary the means for his own destruction. According to old observers, Wall Street had not known such manipulation since the days of Jay Gould.

This went on for about three weeks, when Ryan changed his tactics. Having obtained a controlling interest in the Third and cornered its stock, he began to advance its price. Since the appointment of the receiver the stock had hovered about 50; on March 10th, however, it went up to 56, and from that time on it steadily advanced a few points every day. Wall Street perceived that some wonderfully skilful hand had checked the bear movement, and that the "shorts," especially Keene, had been badly caught. On March 22d the inevitable panic came. A wild, inhuman crowd of agonized "shorts" surged around the Third Avenue post all day, attempting to get enough Third Avenue stock to cover their contracts or at least cut down their inevitable losses. As the closing hours drew near, Black Friday was again enacted. Men howled and wept, shook their fists in each other's faces, climbed on each other's backs in their eagerness to get near the scene of operations. In the face of it all, Ryan relentlessly put up quotations. When the closing gong sounded, Third Avenue had reached 102.

Whitney and Ryan Announce their Purchase of Third Avenue

Then Whitney and Ryan quietly announced that they had acquired a majority interest in the Third Avenue Railroad. Naturally, the whole town was amazed. Even hardened Wall Street had taken in good faith their repeated statements that they could not purchase this property. It is doubtful whether Ryan was more delighted at getting the road or humiliating Keene. The latter had borrowed thousands of shares from Ryan; and Ryan promptly called upon Keene to return them. As Ryan controlled most of the outstanding stock himself, of course Keene could not deliver, and a money "settlement" was consequently demanded. Ryan, it is said, wished to take practically the whole of Keene's fortune, as legally he could have done; Whitney, however, interfered and counseled moderation. Just how much money he took from Keene outsiders do not know, Wall Street estimates ranging anywhere from one to five millions.

Hundreds of smaller stock-holders, who sold when the stock went down, were ruined. Henry Hart, the greatest sufferer, died in a few months, in his ninety-first year. He was game to the end. Whitney, taking compassion on the old man, reëlected him to his old office of vice-president, when the Third Avenue was reorganized. Hart, however, was never again seen at the Third Avenue offices. When the Metropolitan was moved into the "depot," they found, carefully stored in the attic, the remains of Hart's old pawnshop. It had lain there, gathering dust, for nearly half a century. It filled seventy-nine wooden boxes and took ten large furniture-vans to move away. Hart would sell nothing that he had once owned, and would no more part with his pawnshop than with the Third Avenue Railroad. As a result of the Third Avenue collapse his fortune had dropped from about $10,000,000 to $300,000.

The new purchasers turned over their Third Avenue stock to the Metropolitan road. Thus Whitney, Ryan, Widener, and Elkins — William H. Kemble had died several years before, and his place in the syndicate had been taken by Thomas Dolan — completed the work they began in 1884. They had overwhelmed every possible rival, from Jacob Sharp to Henry Hart. By the acquisition of Sharp's properties they had gained possession of Broadway, the great artery of travel in the center and on the West Side of the city. By the purchase of Henry Hart's Third Avenue they had obtained the Bowery, Third Avenue, the great, teeming East Side, the whole Borough of the Bronx, and a large section of Westchester County. They had obtained possession of the greatest transit monopoly in the world — a street-railway system which now annually transports 500,000,000 passengers, and collects, in nickel fares, $21,000,000 a year. What they have done with this property, what have been the results of this ownership upon themselves, their stockholders, and the public, will be described in the next article.

THE MEAGRE LIFE

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "VROUW GROBELAAR AND HER LEADING CASES," "THE WEAVER'S SON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HATHERELL, R. I.

IV

MARY'S laugh rang clear and frank; the comedy of the situation was irresistible to her. Watson laughed in sheer sympathy, and broke off to pull out his watch under a yellow street-light.

"It's ten minutes after midnight," he announced.

Mary stared up and down the bleak road before answering.

"I haven't been out so late for months," she said. "What does one do now?"

"One walks," answered Watson. "And, in the ordinary way, one keeps on walking all night. But I don't think we'll do that. Have you any money?"

"Very little." She brought out her purse. "I can get more in the morning, but now I've got — let me see — one shilling and sevenpence."

Watson whistled. "I'm like you," he said. "I can get more in the morning, but at this moment I have two shillings exactly. But it should serve, if it isn't far."

"If what isn't far?"

"The house of any of your relations," he answered. "That's where you'll sleep, of course."

He had an idea she would resist the project, but she merely laughed.

"The nearest lives in Brighton," she said; "so I needn't bother. How lucky that it's a fine night."

"H'm." Watson was at a loss. "We'd better walk for a bit," he said. "One thing I can tell you, though. I'm going to get you under a roof for the night somehow."

"It's like the Arabian Nights," she declared.

They walked out of the Salem Road and turned west towards Clapton. The naked tramlines gleamed ahead; the shops were veiled. The street, a thoroughfare of the lesser commerce, was hushed under the night, and in its quiet, unbroken from one corner to another, it wore a dark and suggestive dignity. London after midnight is a city of cloisters, wherein the rare footfall intrudes like a profanity. It lulled them to undertones and rare speech. The stalking policeman, searching doorways and areas with his lantern, came up and passed like a figure in a masque; the lamplight, weak and confined, dotted the place with islands of the light of dreams. On both of them the time had its effect, so that presently Watson spoke almost in a whisper.

"One could never walk all night," he said.

Mary's hand touched his arm, and she sighed. He started; he had been dreaming, and had forgotten the matter in hand.

"There's a sort of hotel further on," he said. "It's not much of a place, but we ought to be able to get you a bed there for a couple of shillings."

"But what of yourself?" she asked gently.

"I'll manage," he answered. "Our odd shilling will provide for me."

They came to it soon, two houses knocked into one and labelled "Temperance Hotel." Every window in its front was lighted, and within some man was singing in the high, reedy voice of emotional drunkenness. Watson frowned as he paused before the door, but would none the less have entered had not Mary restrained him.

"No, please," she begged. "Not there. I couldn't; I daren't. I'm frightened. Oh, please don't leave me there!"

Her voice was unsteady with tears.

"I won't leave you," said Watson. "Not here, at any rate." The drunken voice within broke acutely on a high note, in a grating screech, and he set off again, Mary at his side.

"But I'll have you in some house or another," he said a minute later.

Mary shivered; he felt it.

"I want to say I'm sorry," she said hum-

bly. "The whole thing is silly, and it's my fault."

Watson shook his head doggedly. "I'm not concerned with your faults," he answered. "I haven't seen any. Whatever you do is good enough for me. It's merely my business to stand by you and help you."

He stopped where they were and faced her. The road was void of any presence but theirs. He looked into her face, where the full mouth drooped and the eyes were valiant in defeat.

"Everything's all right," he said. "There's no harm done at all, so long as you're brave and cheerful. Do you think you can trust me to look after you?"

She nodded gravely.

"Well, then, I will. So help me God, I will. I never had anybody dependent on me until now, and, I tell you, it makes me feel ten feet high and five feet broad. Come along and choose a house to stay the night in."

She considered him in wonder. He spoke with a sort of confident elation that was impressive; as he bade her choose a house, he swept his hand towards the dark habitations around with the authentic gesture of potency.

"There are better houses further along," he said. "In Upper Clapton there are big ones. I'll bet that I can get one of them open."

"How?" she asked.

He laughed quietly. "How should I know?" he answered. "But you must choose one with lights in it; I bargain for that. See, there are trees ahead. The Common is beyond, and all that we want. Come along. Are you tired?"

"A little," she said. She smiled at his quick anxiety. "I wonder what crazy thing you are going to do. Do you know any people who live about here?"

"Not yet," he said. "You talked about the Arabian Nights a little time ago. It gave me an idea; I'm going to serve you with a taste of them. But I admit that I'm counting on the belief that no man is in his sober senses between midnight and sunrise. I forget where I read that."

"You know," she said doubtfully, "that we make a very queer appearance."

He grinned. "That's as it should be," he answered. "We'll give somebody the surprise of his life, anyhow. All I want you to do is to be yourself. You can't improve on that."

The road had broadened already, and was edged with gardens standing in front of worthy houses. There was a scent of leaves, for the Common was near at hand, where the Georgian houses look at each other staidly over the grass.

"I'm keen," said Mary. "I want to see what you will do. Will this house do?"

She paused at the gate of a considerable mansion, whence gleamed a single light.

Watson regarded it thoughtfully, and shook his head.

"That light doesn't count," he decided. "You see, it's only the hall-light, while all the windows are dark. The master of the house has gone to bed; he probably went at ten. That light is there for the convenience of his son, who must be a racketty youth, with a latch-key in constant use. That's no house for you, I'm afraid."

"You're coming out," commented Mary mockingly. "There's another further on. See, it's simply blazing. How are you going to get past this?"

"Easily," answered Watson lightly. "That isn't lighted — it's illuminated. Progressive whist and a champagne supper. They'd give us in charge. And we'd look like fools, besides."

"That's true," agreed Mary. "I shouldn't like that. 'Let us die, but do not let us be ridiculous.' But how about this house?"

It was a house of moderate size, with a fenced garden at its feet and a broad gate opening on the pavement. At each side of the front door was a single window, both lighted behind drawn blinds. Watson looked it over carefully.

"It'll do," he pronounced. "See, the basement windows are dark; the servants are in bed. We shall have to do with either a young man or an old."

"Or perhaps a woman?" suggested Mary.

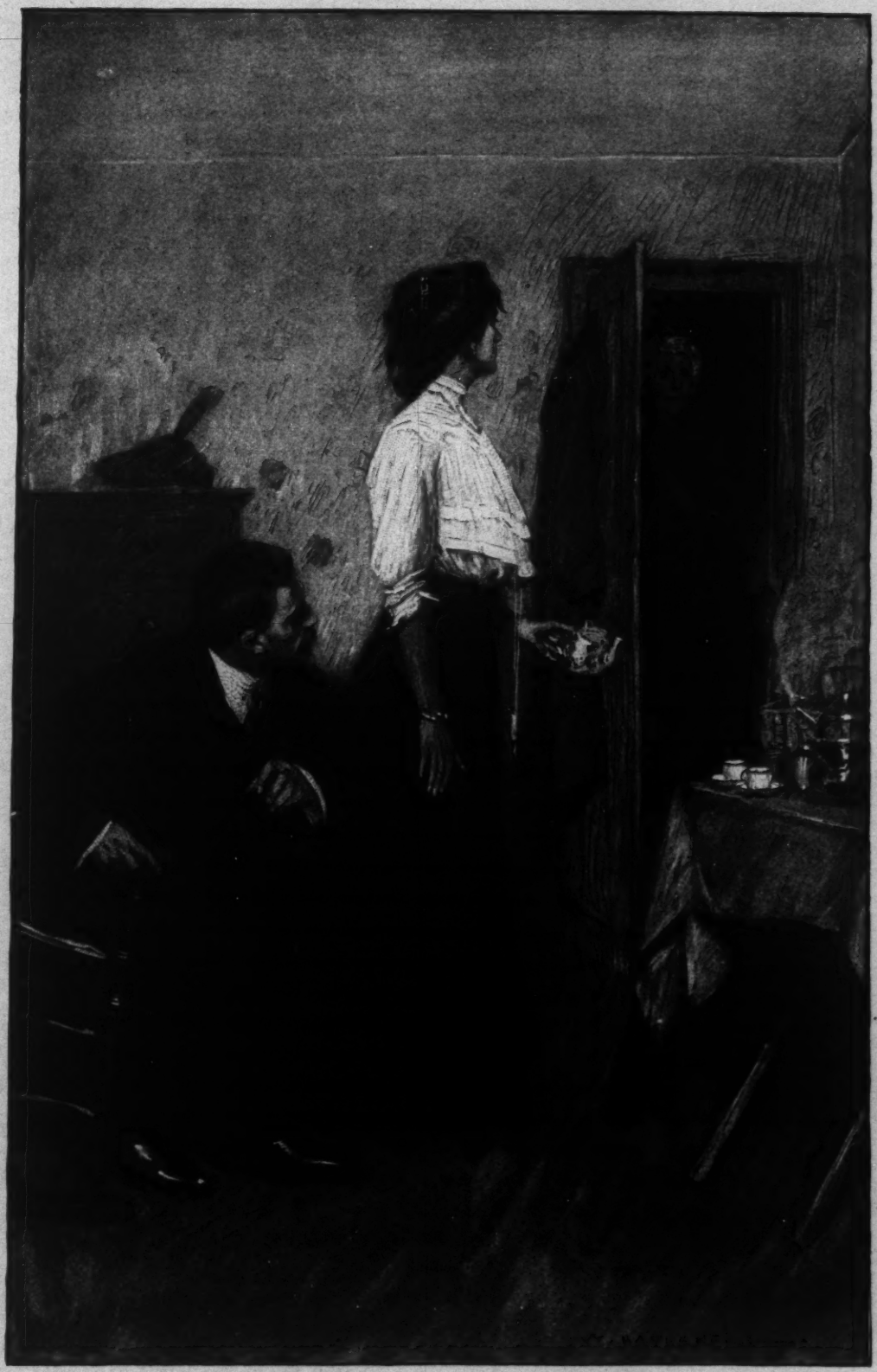
"Women don't open the doors of houses after midnight to an unfamiliar knock," said Watson confidently. "A young man or an old; I must be prepared for either. We'll try it."

But when he opened the gate to enter, Mary's courage ebbed, and she hung back.

"Coward," said Watson, "coward! You can face Mrs. Godam, and yet you funk a defenceless householder with a bed in his spare-room waiting for you."

"Boo." Mary advanced slowly. "I'm not afraid. But when we're kicked out, just remember I foretold it. Lead on, my fond friend. I'll follow."

Watson walked up to the door and knocked with discrimination; not a clamant, aggressive summons, the knock of a roisterer or a sturdy beggar, nor the single, humble tap of the forlorn or beseeching, but a just mean, a sober and decorative combination of three longs and two shorts. Then he waited, while Mary retreated to the foot of the steps in preparation for a retreat.



"AT THAT MOMENT MRS. GODAM, IN A BLACK DRESSING-GOWN, PUSHED THE DOOR OPEN AND GLIDED IN WITH THE SOUR FACE OF DOOM"

"He's coming," reported Watson. "Seems to have one slipper on, by the step. Don't run; you'll be wanted."

The bolts within were withdrawn noisily; the chain was unlatched and fell jangling; and the door was opened by a tall young man in his shirt-sleeves, with a briar pipe held between his teeth. He slouched a little at the shoulders as he peered out at his visitor.

"Excuse me," said Watson. "Are you bored?"

"Yes," said the other. "Did you come to find that out? Because I think a row would amuse me as much as anything else, just now."

"Badly bored, then," said Watson. "I don't care about the row, but I would like to suggest something else."

The tall young man leaned easily against the edge of the half-open door and sucked at his pipe.

"Go ahead," he said briefly.

Watson took a deep breath. He could not achieve the sublime, and the trivial manner began to be exhausting; but he did his best.

"Look here," he said. "It's been a beastly day, and to-morrow will be like any other. You'll work and eat and smoke, and do whatever else you are accustomed to do. Try a change between the lights. You'll never again get such a chance to do what every man dreams that he does in his idle times, but seldom comes across. It isn't the hour to be discreet. Here's midnight past and gone and cockcrow three hours off; if you've got any blood in your body, you'll jump at it."

The tall young man wagged his pipe. "Cut the cackle," he urged, "and come to the 'osses."

"I'm here to ask you to give shelter for the night to a lady in misfortune," said Watson. He was beginning to sweat freely under the strain of the negotiations. "She is young, and she finds herself houseless for this night. She is of your own grade in life, and, confound you, you ought to be grateful for the chance."

"Young?" queried the other imperturbably. "How young? Where is she?"

"She is waiting down there while I try to make you see your opportunity," answered Watson.

The other displayed interest. "Let's have a look at her," he suggested.

"Steady," urged Watson. "Haven't you any decency? She's not here for you to admit or turn away, as you choose, upon her good looks or her want of them. Can't you compass that fact? You seem to me to be badly brought up."

The tall young man stood upright and took his pipe from his mouth. "Do you do this kind of thing often?" he asked. "For, upon my soul, you do it devilish well. I'm glad you called; I shall wonder to-morrow why I let you get so far. I shall, indeed."

"There, you've hit it," cried Watson eagerly. "I thought the idea would filter into your head before long. To-morrow the thing will be an adventure, an impossibility. You'll grin over it, or you'll thrill, according to the kind of man you are. But now you can do a decent thing regardless of its appearance. Do it, man; you'll never get another chance like this."

"By Jove!" The tall young man was moved to admiration.

Watson cursed under his breath. "You'll discourage me in a moment," he said warningly.

"I wouldn't discourage you for worlds," declared the other fervently. "I was only thinking. You see, my people are away. Is this young lady above the chaperonage of the cook? I'm bound to ask, because my mother comes back to-morrow, and you mustn't let me in for anything unpleasant."

"God bless you," gulped Watson. "Go and root your cook out, and I'll turn the lady over to her and clear out."

"Well, call her in," said the other. "My name is Stewart; you might introduce me."

So Mary, very serene and chilly in manner, was summoned, and the introduction was rendered in form. Stewart turned them into the untidy room in which he had been sitting and went to shatter the slumbers of the cook.

As the door closed behind him, Watson sank into a chair with a sigh of heartfelt relief.

"I believe he writes novels," he said wearily. "He took the whole thing altogether too coolly."

"You poor boy!" Mary's fingers touched his forehead for a moment. "I couldn't hear all you said, but I simply hated myself for bringing you into such a position."

"Pooh." He waved her regrets aside. "You make too much of it. It's a triumph. And good practice, too. If I could talk to managers like that, I should make a fortune."

She stood before him, looking down with eyes that were bright and tender.

"Do you value my good opinion at all?" she asked.

He made no sound, but his answer was plain to see in the flush that dyed his face.

"I think you are a splendid friend," she said slowly, nodding to him to emphasise her words. "I trust you and I thank you and I — I like you."

He took her fingers in his hand.

"Some day," he said, "I'll tell *you* something."

"THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY A TALL YOUNG MAN IN HIS SHIRT-SLEEVES"

"Yes," she breathed, "you must."

He released her hand as Stewart returned with the dazed cook, a perturbed bundle of dishabille, who became acute and critical forthwith at sight of Mary.

"I'm so sorry to wake you up, cook," said Mary pleasantly. In her tone was just the necessary formality. "I needn't keep you a minute. Good night, Mr. Watson. Good night, Mr. Stewart. Very many thanks for your goodness. Now, cook, if you please, I'm quite ready."

"Yes, miss," deferred the cook, conquered and conciliated.

As they left the room, Watson took his hat and held out his hand to Stewart.

"I'll get out now," he said. "You're a decent fellow, and I can't thank you half enough for what you have done."

Stewart threw himself in a chair in the manner of one abused by circumstance.

"Yes, go," he said with bitterness. "I've roused the cook and played the fool and laid up what-all of trouble for myself when my mother comes back, and now you clear out and leave me. Go on, then; nobody loves me and I wish I was dead!"

Watson hesitated.

"I can't offer you a bed," pursued Stewart. "I don't think it would be proper; and, besides, there isn't one. There's mine, of course, but if I gave you that I should be alone just the same. But there's whiskey here, and tobacco, and I swear I'd like to hear you talk some more. I feel I'm coming out of a trance when you don't."

Watson sat down again.

"Give me a cigarette," he said, "and I'll tell you the whole story."

Mr. Stewart passed a box and a bottle. "Sheathe the sword, Scotland," he observed. "Are we downhearted? No."

V

It was not surprising that Watson should come to his affairs on the following morning in some uncertainty of mind. It was hard to join the events of the feverish evening, hectic with untempered impulse and all manner of fervency, to the drab and ordinary day; and somehow, when he beat about for his bearings, it was the City streets, the office, and the sad, unimportant work which looked and tasted unreal. The night's adventure was plain; his memory of it stood foursquare on reason and fitness; his sense was that it had been a lucid interval in a round of crazy years.

He did not consult Mary as to a new lodging, but took her into his confidence as to his plans while they travelled up to the office.

"It will do no good for you to go to Mrs. Godam's," he said. They had to lean together and speak low to avoid the audience of the crowded tram, and he talked with his eyes on the curve of her cheek and his lips near to her ear. "So I will go, and you must trust me to pack your things. Then I'll find a couple of rooms in as good a place as I can, and fetch you from the office at six o'clock this evening."

She nodded. "Can't I help?" she asked.

"I think," he said, "that you had better work. We can't afford to be idle, both at the same time. Don't you think so?"

She agreed, and thus the matter was arranged. At the office, when they arrived, things passed as usual, save that Mr. Bates had an air of more than ordinary importance and was attired with some effort at magnificence. He greeted the pair with an urbanity in which dignity was a chief constituent, and stared curiously at Watson. As soon as the lists were distributed — Mary was deputed to exploit Houndsditch — Watson departed to fulfill his arrangements.

It was a gloomy Mrs. Godam who opened the door to him, a Godam softened, it seemed, by grief and tempered by sorrow. She admitted him with sighs and surveyed him with an embarrassing solicitousness.

"I've come for my things — and Miss Lyall's," he announced.

It was not that he had lost his fear of Mrs. Godam; that stood rooted, and with it an involuntary and constitutional respect for her notions: but he had prepared himself to cut short any attack she might make on Mary, and, between nervousness and determination, his manner savoured of a snappy and irritable quality which had its effect on Mrs. Godam.

"Ah, Mr. Watson," she mourned, "it's not you I'm blamin' so much."

"And the bill," he said. "I'll pay it now."

Mrs. Godam shook her head. "You can't but 'ave sympathy with me," she said. "I wouldn't believe you if you said you 'adn't. I couldn't, not if I tried. And 'ere's me, keeping a respectable 'ouse ——"

"Bosh," said Watson. "Bosh! I'll go up and get the things out of the rooms, and I'll pay you as I come down."

He moved to mount the stairs, but Mrs. Godam stood in the way.

"You needn't be afraid I'm goin' to say a word about 'er," she assured him. "That's done with, Mr. Watson. And I'm a mother meself. I got a gal o' me own, if she's alive now, which I couldn't say for sure."

"Did you throw her on the streets at midnight?" asked Watson.

"Mr. Watson, I did not. She was going to be married to a workin' jeweller, Mr. Watson, and it unsettled 'er mind."

Watson shuffled with impatience. "I want my things, Mrs. Godam, and then I'll pay you and be quit of you. And I've no time to waste over this talk."

Mrs. Godam moved slowly aside to let him pass.

"Ah, you've no time," she commented cunningly. "Is she waitin' for yer, then? I suppose you'll tell me you're a-goin' to get married to 'er, next."

Watson paused, two stairs up, and turned upon her. She faced him, the sere and squalid woman in whose age was no dignity, in whose wisdom was no worthiness, and he looked down on her with authority.

"Yes," he answered, "I'm going to be married to her — God willing!"

Even as he turned away to mount to his room he saw the change upon her countenance, and as he ran up, deigning no further look, the shuffle of her mounting footsteps followed hm. In his room, that little tent of brick and mortar on the crown of the house, he had little to do — merely a few scattered things to cram into his one tin trunk. He was fumbling at its capricious lock to close it, when Mrs. Godam, trembling with the ascent and mixed emotions, entered almost impulsively.

She was fluttered; he saw her with amazement. Something unguessed had come to the surface of her. One could have sworn that the atrophied remains of tenderness were putting up a last stand. There was moisture in her eyes, uncertain eagerness on her lips.

She tottered through the door, and her old, worn, labour-moulded hands stretched forward as though in an appeal. Kneeling by his battered trunk, Watson met her with a stare.

She choked, but got her words clear. "A weddin'?" she gasped. "A weddin'?"

Then, as though overcome with a flood of realisation, she caught her breath on a sob and fought passionately for speech.

"If I'd knowed," she cried, her old face working in stress,—"if you'd ha' only ha' told me! Oh, Mr. Watson, why didn't you say? I'd ha' cut my hand off before I'd ha' thought of shuttin' the door on you."

Tears were running down her cheeks, and she sat on his bed and wept undisguisedly. She talked incoherently at intervals. "The lamb," she mourned, "the pore lamb! Mr. Watson," — she looked up at him,—"did you get shelter for her that night? You did? Gawd bless you for that."

Watson was wholly mystified. His new strength, the fruit of thirty-six hours or so of poignant living, would have sufficed him had he to deal with a slanderer in Mrs. Godam, an enemy and maligner of Mary. But here was earnestness, plain and past doubt. He had anticipated foul strokes, stabs in the dark of elaborate innuendo. He was armed against villainy, and found himself ambushed by honesty.

"I — I don't understand," he began, but Mrs. Godam would not let him speak.

"You was courtin' 'er?" she asked. "It won't do you no 'arm to tell me, Mr. Watson. You was courtin', and you 'adn't nowhere else to go to do it?" She waited with pathetic eagerness for his answer. "It can't 'urt you to tell me just a thing or two. I been courted meself — honest. Near forty years ago, it was; and now there's this — and I never knew, I never knew.

"Tell me just this," she coaxed finally. "Do you love 'er?"

"Yes," said Watson; and, so spoken, it was an ample answer.

"Ah." Mrs. Godam bowed her head. "It's good hearing," she said after a pause. "I ain't heard that in nearly forty years. But you didn't think to tell me nothing about it. I was the missus, wasn't I? Weekly bills and strict rules — that was me. A respectable 'ouse I keep; you didn't think I was flesh and blood, did you? No, you didn't — neither of you."

She rose from her seat on his bed. "Come along o' me," she bade him. "I got something to show you."

She led him to her own dismal apartment on a lower floor.

"That was 'im," she said simply, pointing to a portrait on the littered mantel-shelf. "We was both of us young." She was fumbling in a deep drawer, laying aside folded clothing. "I got it 'ere, somewhere; I ain't 'ardly seen it for a year, about. Ah, 'ere it is."

She came to the bed with it in her arms, a folded white dress, and spread it out with infinite care, patting it to smoothness.

"My weddin' dress," she explained, with a quiet pride. "I was married in white, I was. I'll be buried in it. Nice, ain't it?"

"Beautiful," said Watson warmly, "beautiful."

Mrs. Godam began to fold the dress up again. "Ah, *she'd* say so," she remarked dejectedly. "But I don't suppose she'll ever see it, now."

"I'll ask her," said Watson.

"Ah, do," she begged. "She ain't likely to

"'TO YOUR GOOD FORTUNE, WHATEVER IT IS,' SHE TOASTED, AND DRANK CEREMONIALLY"

come, and I've deserved it. But if she only would!"

Watson got his things and Mary's removed at last. Mrs. Godam reverted to the manner of commerce just long enough to receive the rent due, and saw him off in the unwonted state of a four-wheeler. He had no trouble in finding other lodgings, where, in reply to certain tentative questionings, a brusque landlady told him that there was a parlour and what more did he want?

He was back in the office at three in the afternoon. His idea was to get his portfolio and put in three hours' work before he met Mary. The elderly clerk met him with unwonted briskness.

"There's been an awful cry after you," he said. "Bates has come back from that Stores as mad as he can be, and the guv'nor's been sending out everywhere to look for you. You are to go in to him as soon as you get back."

Watson accordingly went into the publisher's comfortable office, where that gentleman was sitting taking counsel with Mr. Bates. The latter wore all the appearance of a very angry man.

"Ah, here he is," cried the publisher, as Watson entered. "We've been hunting everywhere for you, Mr. Watson. It's about that contract."

"We want to know," put in Bates, "exactly what happened when you went up there last."

"Quite so," agreed the publisher.

Watson took deliberate stock of Bates. "Who is 'we'?" he demanded.

Bates was prepared to answer explicitly and with warmth, but Slade, the publisher, had a certain adroitness.

"Very true," he intervened. "Ve-ry true. That was a slip, Mr. Bates — a slip, sir. Mr. Watson, you are right; it is to me you should address yourself."

He preened himself as he sat, and shook his head judicially at the purple Bates.

"All right," said Watson. "Is that contract signed?"

Slade shook his head. "To come to the point without circumlocution, it is not," he replied.

"Why?" asked Watson.

"You may well ask why," answered Slade. "It is the question I have also been asking. Mr. Bates relates a strange story. It appears that the secretary of the company admitted him to his office or sanctum, and, having read the contract, said to him, 'Who are you?' Mr. Bates explained his identity and proffered his card, whereupon the secretary evinced a scarcely sane aversion to deal with him in any manner. 'Where's Watson?' he demanded, and added that he was not going to be made a fool of. Then — er — you remonstrated, I think, Mr. Bates?"

"Remonstrated!" repeated Mr. Bates. "Remonstrated!"

"Exactly," agreed the publisher hastily. "The secretary's reception of these remonstrances was unchristian, not to say unsatisfactory, and Mr. Bates was obliged to leave."

"Obliged to leave!" bellowed Bates. "To hear you talk, anybody'd think I'd refused to stop. Obliged to leave! It's time you knew, Mr. Slade, there isn't any man can talk me out of his office. If he hadn't rung for the porter to put me out, I'd be there yet and still talking."

"Well," said Watson, "I suppose you want me to go up with the contract, after all?"

The publisher beamed on him, beamed massively. There is no other word for it.

"Intuition," he said, "intuition. He knew at once. It's a wonderful gift. You are exactly right, Mr. Watson. I should never have arrested you in your career of success. I made a mistake, sir, the mistake of underestimating you. I hear their advertising appropriation is six thousand a year."

"Nearer twelve," said Watson. "And that brings me to something I wanted to ask. What do I get out of it?"

The publisher ceased to smile, but nodded several times as though he had expected the question.

"Businesslike," he remarked. "The real thing. It's an admirable quality. But I am willing, Mr. Watson, to put this on a higher and nobler footing altogether. Supposing you leave this to me. Supposing you put faith in my generosity. Am I a grasping man? Am I a cheese-parer or a hair-splitter? No, never."

"Quite so," agreed Watson, while Bates grinned sourly. "If I go ahead as a canvasser, you'll have to pay me four thousand a year while you hold the contract, and it's not worth a quarter of that to you. Thirty-three and a third per cent. is my commission, you know."

The publisher was beating the air with his hands.

"On the other hand," said Watson, "you can agree to pay me a lump sum if I bring the contract to you. What was Bates to get?"

"A hundred," responded Bates promptly.

Slade pulled himself together and leaned back in his chair.

"But Mr. Bates is an expert," he argued. "He stands at the head of his profession. He is paid accordingly."

"I see," said Watson. "But he didn't get the contract, Mr. Slade. It seems to me that you won't get it at all unless I choose to bring

it to you. Now, you had better take a pen and write me an obligation to pay me two hundred and fifty pounds if I bring it to you. You've no time to waste, if I'm to see the secretary to-day."

He stood up and took his hat. "Well, what is it to be?"

"Prompt," said the publisher admiringly. "As prompt as the clock. It's an endearing trait." He took up his pen and wrote deliberately. "How will this suit you, Mr. Watson?" he asked, passing over the result.

Watson read it and stowed it in his pocket.

"Don't count too much on that contract," he warned them. "I'll let you know about it as soon as possible."

And off he went to placate the secretary.

VI

Watson was a full half-hour late for his appointment with Mary at the office. He found her leaning on the bare table, with her head propped on her hands.

"Tired?" he asked her.

She leaned back in her chair with an attempt to smile.

"I never was so tired," she said. He remarked the flat tone in her voice, the note of overstrain. "It isn't only the walking from door to door; it's the"— she hesitated a moment, and then went on with something of vehemence —"it's the defeat and the perpetual failure. My people to-day seemed to be all Jews. They weren't nasty or purposely unkind, but each of them seemed to look on my request for an advertisement as a challenge to a debate; and every one of them defeated me easily. At last I could hardly bring myself to go into a shop or office; I never felt so done up and futile and insignificant in my life."

"Did you get any orders?" asked Watson.

"Not one," she answered, and laughed shortly.

Watson rested a hand on her shoulder. "I know how it feels," he said. "But it's normal; it's the usual thing in this trade. But, look here, let's go and feed. I want to talk to you."

She rose without enthusiasm. "If I were alone, I should probably cry," she said. "You're awfully good to me. But I can't manage to be joyful over tea and buns to-night."

"Oh, it's like that, is it?" said Watson.

She nodded. "I'm starving for the decencies," she said. "I can live without enough to eat, but I long for lights, and the blink of silver things on the table, and all that. My heart, how I long for it and all the trifles that go with it!"

"It's opportune," said Watson. "I'm not homesick for those things, because I never had them; but I want to try them to-night. Can you believe an absolutely unbelievable thing? Well, then, I'm in luck."

"That's not unbelievable," she answered. "But I'm glad. What is it?"

"There's no time to tell you now," he replied. "All I want you to do for the present is congratulate me and help me celebrate. Don't look doubtful, please. You shall hear all about it in an hour. But let's get along to dinner somewhere, and you shall show me how a man of wealth ought to dine. I know one begins by calling a hansom, but I don't know where to drive. Will you come?"

"You bet," answered Mary gracefully.

They chose the Trocadero, because it does not demand evening dress. The huge room in the basement was filling up when they arrived. They walked in to a froth of talk and a twang of music from the orchestra. Here were napery and silver, a filigree of hospitable brightness punctured by groups of vivacious people, lamps and the evening glamour, and all the pleasant fuss of unconfined leisure.

"Get a table far back," directed Mary, "where we can sit and see the people."

"You are in command," Watson insisted. "I'm an alien here, and you're a friendly native. Be my guard and guide. Here comes a well-fed waiter with a menu. For goodness' sake, choose the things."

Mary sketched out a dinner with gusto, a dinner of originality, to minister to two needs. It was adequate to the demand she made for a meal of distinction — a globe-trotter of a dinner, with a piquant French soup, a sober Scotch fish, and suchlike irreconcilables circling about a central item of Turkish kabobs. And it was also a dinner to satisfy their hunger. The well-fed waiter jotted down the order with sympathy; he approved of the technique of this young artist. Then he laid the wine-list beside Watson's plate paternally.

"Champagne?" asked Watson timidly, and Mary nodded. He was careful to order it by its number; the name had perils.

"What did you order?" asked Mary, when the waiter had departed. "Why didn't you let me choose for you?"

"He seemed to give it to me so pointedly," explained Watson. "You can't take risks with waiters. And as I don't know one champagne from another, I chose the dearest."

It was a successful dinner. Mary came to it with the zest of one returning to familiar scenes.

Her weariness was lulled by the scene and the occasion; the champagne drove back the colour to her cheeks. She manifested the strongest interest in the other diners near them, and told Watson wonderful tales which she alleged to be veracious histories of them. She was in the middle of an account of how the tall, one-armed man at a neighbouring table had gambled away his ancestral estates one by one and was now staking his limbs one by one, when the quiet of Watson seized her notice.

"What a feather-brained little beast I am!" she cried remorsefully. "Here am I playing the fool, while the story of your good fortune is corroding your inside, and I haven't asked you a word about it. Why don't you call me a pig?"

"I can't; I'm like George Washington," answered Watson. "And my little story can quite well wait."

Mary picked up her glass. "To your good fortune, whatever it is," she toasted, and drank ceremonially. "Now, tell me."

Watson flushed. "It doesn't seem much, when I come to talk of it," he said doubtfully. "It's simply that I'm done with canvassing. The Manhattan Stores have taken me on as advertising man. That's all."

Mary frowned thoughtfully. "You know, that doesn't tell me much," she said; "and I'm so keen to know. First, is it promotion?"

"Yes," said Watson. "It's very distinctly promotion."

She nodded. "And second," she went on, "are you glad? That seems to me to be the chief thing."

He looked rapidly round. The groups of diners were thinning, and there were none immediately next to them.

"I'm glad of a chance," he said. "Up to now, I only look on it as a chance to enlarge my life. There are things I want, and if this helps me to get them, then I am glad indeed. But if it doesn't, I don't know that I set enough store by eating and drinking and so on to bother about changing."

"They are paying you well?" demanded Mary abruptly.

"Five hundred a year," he answered briefly.

She leaned back in her place and looked at him. Some premonition of his desire touched her, and for the moment she was nervous, apprehensive of the big thing looming up in both their lives. The tremour passed.

"Surely," she said, "that is splendid. Does n't it prove to you that you can get things? I can't tell you how happy I am, or how strongly I believe that you are advancing towards your deserts. I can't understand how a man like you can dare to be a canvasser for long. That is what I understand by blasphemy. That is the real sacrilege — to turn one's self to base and barren uses. Oh, I am so glad of this!"

"Wait," said Watson. "Wait."

There was an interval of silence, while he tried to marshal words for his purpose, and failed. When at length he began, it was with no set phrase.

He leaned towards her across the little table.

"For God's sake," he said, "don't leave me! I want this thing fiercely, but don't try to make me go apart from you. That would be to beggar me. I was forlorn enough before you came. I had no generous thoughts; I clubbed my impulses to dumbness; I lived on from bedtime to bedtime like a weed. It was bad enough then, empty, dreary, a monotone of uselessness. But now, if you go from me, if I am to see you no more, you leave me poorer than you found me. *Then*, at least, the future might hold anything; but if you go it will hold nothing. Don't leave me, Mary; don't leave me."

There was the shape of a smile on her lips, and some while passed ere she answered.

"You want me so much," she said gently. "And — and have you nothing to offer me, John?"

He caught his breath; revelation stunned him for the moment.

"Yes," he answered, and people turned to see who had spoken. He governed himself to a lower tone. "Mary," he breathed, "I love you; I love you."

She nodded to him, leaning forward with lips parted, like a child.

"I know," she murmured. "I have known all along. And I love you."

He stared at her, astonished. Recovering, he called to the well-fed waiter for the bill.

"Let's get into a cab," he whispered to Mary. "I want to kiss you and tell you what is in my heart."

"Yes, let's," agreed Mary.

CRIMINAL GOVERNMENT AND THE PRIVATE CITIZEN

A STUDY OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY GEORGE KENNAN

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHT FOR REFORM IN SAN FRANCISCO," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

IT would be hard to find, in the history of American municipalities, a more striking and instructive illustration of the ruinous influence of dishonest government than that recently furnished by the city of San Francisco. Other American cities have elected or supported dishonest officials, and in other cities people have lived, for years, under what may be called graft conditions; but in no other municipality has the corruption of the administration exercised so direct an influence on the life of the private citizen or made itself so generally felt by every member of the community.

The provisions of the San Francisco municipal charter and the election of 1905 gave the boss and the mayor of the city practically unlimited power, and enabled them not only to control the Board of Supervisors, but to put venal and subservient men into the Board of Public Works, the Board of Health, the Board of Education, the Police Commission, and every other important branch of the municipal administration.* The entire government of the city, therefore, fell into the hands of blackmailers, extortioners, and thieves; and the corruption affected the whole body of citizens simply because the whole body of citizens was brought directly into contact with it. Under the rule of Schmitz and Ruef, men were forced to pay for protection and privileges which they ought to have had without payment; the work of the city was badly done or wholly neglected; and professional law-breakers could buy the right to commit almost any crime short of burglary, highway robbery, and murder.

In consequence of this exercise of unlimited power for selfish purposes by an unscrupulous municipal bureaucracy, the credit of the city was impaired; vice and crime, in their most dangerous forms, were encouraged or protected; thousands of boys and girls were tempted into evil courses; life and property became insecure; and the moral standards of the whole community were gradually lowered and debased.

Ruef, Schmitz, and their confederates not only robbed San Francisco: they debauched it as well, because they made graft, bribery, and vice so common and so familiar that they seemed almost to be normal features of business and social life. In order to support these statements, and to show the influence of graft conditions at their worst, I purpose to consider the municipal dishonesty of San Francisco in its relation, first, to commercial morality; second, to administrative economy and efficiency; and, third, to the prevalence of vice and crime.

The Business of Corrupt Government

In the field of business, nothing, perhaps, is more obstructive, and in its results more demoralizing, than the form of official robbery colloquially known in America as "hold-up" and in China as "squeeze." Under the provisions of the municipal charter of San Francisco, thousands of corporations, firms, and individual business men are required to have franchises, licenses, or permits. In the granting of these privileges the city officials have more or less discretionary power; and if the mayor and the municipal boards are thieves, they can easily find reasons for throwing obstacles in the way of an applicant when he asks for permission to do business. It is not necessary for them to say, in so many words, "We won't give you a franchise, or a license, unless you bribe us." All that they have to do is to postpone action, from time to time, on an application, or to deny it

* An exception to this general statement must be made in the case of the tax assessor, Washington Dodge, who is a man of high character and integrity. Exceptions may also be made, perhaps, in favor of two or three other elected officials of minor importance.

altogether upon the alleged ground that the applicant has failed to comply with certain rules, regulations, or conditions which they themselves have adopted or prescribed. The man who wishes to do business then understands that he is being "held up," and he soon learns — if he does not already know — that the quickest and easiest way of extricating himself from such a situation is to bribe the officials who are subjecting him to pressure.

Under the provisions of the municipal charter of San Francisco, twenty-seven different kinds of business require licenses or permits. Among them are auctioneering, banking, assaying, stock-broking, insurance-adjusting, warehousing, debt-collecting, dyeing, carpet-cleaning, dealing in real estate, fortune-telling, and the keeping of bath-houses, billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, cycleries, intelligence offices, mercantile agencies, railroad agencies, livery-stables, and saloons. The number of corporations, firms, and individuals engaged in these occupations is approximately five thousand four hundred. Not all of these men, of course, were held up for money; but hundreds of them were, and hundreds more gave political aid and support to the administration in lieu of license fees which they were not required to pay.

The Andrews Grand Jury, in searching the files of the tax-collector, found hundreds of license notices bearing such indorsements as "O. K. Many thanks"; "Let go"; "Don't press"; "This is my friend"; "O. K."; "Don't bother"; and many of the instructions so indorsed were signed by the mayor's secretary. More than thirteen hundred corporations, firms, and business men were exempted from payment of license fees altogether, and through such improper and illegal exemptions the city lost $200,000 a year. This sum must be regarded, of course, as a part of the corruption fund of the Ruef-Schmitz administration.

When Ruef and the mayor acquired control of the administrative boards, in the early part of 1904, they were able, by means of the hold-up system, to extort money from contractors who wished to do paving or street-cleaning; from butchers, milkmen, and produce-dealers whose merchandise was liable to inspection; from managers of athletic associations who desired to arrange boxing contests; from purveyors of amusement who wanted to open theaters or music-halls; from manufacturers and warehousemen who needed spur tracks; from public-utility corporations that sought to obtain franchises or to increase their rates; from business men of all classes who desired to erect or alter buildings; and from more than three thousand liquor-dealers who had to have licenses for their saloons or bars. In many important lines of business it was practically impossible to succeed, or even to exist, without paying money to some official. Bribery, however, made everything safe and easy. Men who employed Mr. Ruef as counsel, and divided profits with the administration, were allowed, not only to carry on their business in peace, but to violate, with impunity, the regulations of the boards, the ordinances of the supervisors, and the clearest and most mandatory provisions of the municipal charter.

In many cases, apparently, the executive boards adopted vexatious, harassing, or impossible regulations for the sole purpose of bringing pressure to bear upon business men who refused or neglected to pay. The Board of Health, for example, held up milk-dealers by insisting upon the observance of wholly impracticable and almost fantastic rules with regard to cleanliness; but when the milkmen formed an association, engaged E. F. Moran, a lawyer of Mr. Ruef's selection, as their counsel, and began to pay regular tribute, they were allowed to conduct their business as they chose, without reference to the rules of the board or the health of the public.

A similar policy was pursued in dealing with owners of theaters and proprietors of music-halls, except that, in this case, the hold-up was made by means of building regulations and fire ordinances. Men who gave Mr. Ruef thirty-three per cent. of their net profits, or one third of their capital stock, were permitted to disregard all the regulations for the safeguarding of morals and all the laws for the protection of life; but men who refused or neglected to pay such tribute soon got into trouble with the Police Commissioner or the Board of Public Works. All the theaters and music-halls in the city, except one, violated the fire ordinances, and more than half of them either paid blackmail or shared their profits with the officials who gave them protection. Mr. Ruef, for example, received one third of the profits of the disreputable music-hall on O'Farrell Street known as the "Belvedere," and he and the mayor owned forty-five per cent. of the stock of the Baldwin Theater, which they held in the names of office messengers and clerks. They or their confederates also had an interest in the music-hall known as the "Haymarket," on Mason Street; in Leonhardt's "Oriental Grotto," a notorious dance-hall on the corner of Market Street and Golden Gate Avenue; and in many other public resorts in the San Francisco Tenderloin. The managers of these places of amusement were allowed to disregard the fire ordinances and the building laws, and most of

them violated the regulations of the Police Commission as well.

The Deneen Building Company

The administrative board which was most profitable, perhaps, to the extortioners and thieves who controlled it was the Board of Public Works. Through its power to let contracts, to approve or disapprove the bills of contractors, to grant or withhold building permits, and to supervise all city work, it was able to "squeeze" business men by the thousand; and in the hands of Schmitz and Ruef it became a most potent instrument of discrimination, oppression, and fraud. When the mayor obtained control of this board, in the early part of 1904, he immediately appointed his brother, Herbert L. Schmitz, president of it. He then entered into a secret-partnership agreement with the Deneen Building Company, and proceeded to throw business into its hands by directing the Board of Works to hold up the plans of other contractors whenever it could be made to appear that they were not in conformity with the fire ordinances or the building regulations.

In 1904 Charles Weston, a theatrical manager, employed an attorney named Nagle to assist him in getting permission to erect and open a theater on Market Street. Nagle went to see the mayor about it, and was assured that there would be no trouble in obtaining the necessary permit. Weston thereupon took a lease of a desirable site for five years, engaged a contractor, and submitted his plans to the Board of Public Works. The board objected to them on the alleged ground that they did not conform to the fire ordinances. When Weston appealed to the mayor, the latter said that the burning of the Iroquois Theater in Chicago had made the board extremely cautious in granting permits for places of amusement, and suggested that Weston consult the Deneen Building Company, which was familiar with the requirements of the law and had had much experience in the kind of work that Weston wanted to have done. Acting upon this suggestion, Weston went to the office of the Deneen Company, where he was informed that his plans would require a good deal of modification, and that the necessary changes would largely increase the estimates of his contractor. Having a five-year lease of a building-site on his hands, and finding that he could not obtain a permit without employing the mayor's company, he finally accepted the terms of the latter, and paid six or eight thousand dollars more for his theater than he would have paid had he been allowed to give the work to his own contractor. The Deneen Company then divided the profits of the transaction with the mayor, who, by "squeezing" the builder, had thrown the job into its hands.

A similar attempt was made to extort money from E. A. Fischer, another theatrical manager, who applied for a permit to erect a theater on the corner of Geary and Webster streets. Fischer, however, would not yield to official pressure, and, finding it impossible to do business in San Francisco without bribery, he finally went to Los Angeles.

In another case, a business man who wished to add two stories to the building that he occupied was held up by the Board of Public Works in the same way, and was led, by official suggestion, to open negotiations with the mayor's company. "Jerry" Deneen offered to get the necessary permit and to do the work for a certain specified sum.

"But," objected the owner, "that's a lot more than other contractors ask, and if you can get the permit, why can't I?"

"If you think that you can," replied "Jerry," "all right; go ahead."

The owner, however, found the Board of Works intractable, and, after wasting a good deal of time in fruitless negotiations, he finally gave up the struggle and allowed himself to be robbed of three or four thousand dollars, which the mayor and the Deneen Company shared.

Sometimes a builder who wanted a permit went directly to the political boss. A well-known business man of San Francisco, whose name I am not at liberty to use, pursued this course, and was informed that Mr. Ruef's fee for acting as his counsel would be one thousand dollars.

"If I give you this thousand dollars," said the builder, "what assurance have I that you'll deliver the goods?"

"My dear sir," replied the boss suavely, "I have no goods to deliver; I merely act as your counsel."

"How do I know, then, that you'll succeed in my case?" inquired the builder.

"If I don't succeed," said Mr. Ruef, "I'll return your thousand dollars."

The builder paid the money; the lawyer made the necessary suggestion in the proper quarter; and the permit was forthcoming.

Through its force of inspectors, the Board of Public Works kept close watch of all buildings in course of erection, and made every technical error or accidental violation of law a pretext for a hold-up. In constructing the Luxor apartment-house on Sutter Street, after the fire, the contractor inadvertently, through an error in measurement, set the front wall eight inches too far forward. An inspector soon dis-

covered this encroachment upon the street, and, when the house was more than half done, the owner and contractor were notified that the wall must be taken down and set back. In order to avoid the expense and delay that would be involved in correction of the error, the owner went to Mr. Ruef, engaged him as counsel, and paid him five thousand dollars to exert his "influence" with the Board of Public Works. The bribe had the desired effect. The board at once reversed its action, and the wall was allowed to stand, eight inches outside the building-line, on ground belonging to the city.

The Business Man's Excuse

The worst result of this organized system of robbery was not the direct pecuniary loss of the persons robbed, but, rather, the indirect and incidental undermining of commercial morality. The payment of money under compulsion, by men who were "squeezed," gradually led to the voluntary payment of money by men who could not plead the excuse of such pressure. Everybody soon became aware that, to use an expressive colloquialism, the municipal authorities were not in office "for their health," and every business man who wanted to evade a legal obligation, to violate a city ordinance, or to get an unfair advantage over his competitors, resorted to bribery. At first the number of voluntary bribers was small; but, as it gradually became apparent that bribery was not only profitable but safe, thousands of men were tempted into it. Many if not most of them quieted their consciences by saying: "All of our competitors are paying money for what they want, and if we don't do it we shall be at a great disadvantage. It would be wrong, of course, to corrupt honest officials, but these men are highwaymen who are holding up the whole community, and it isn't a crime to make a compromise with a footpad when he covers you with a pistol. We can't put these bandits out of office, and if our business competitors make deals with them, we must do the same."

There was a certain amount of plausibility in this reasoning, and it satisfied hundreds of business men who, under other conditions and in other circumstances, would probably have remained honest. But from bribery with excuse to bribery without excuse there is only a short step; and as the payment of money to officials became more and more common, men began to buy protection or sanction for schemes and activities that were distinctly prejudicial to the public welfare.

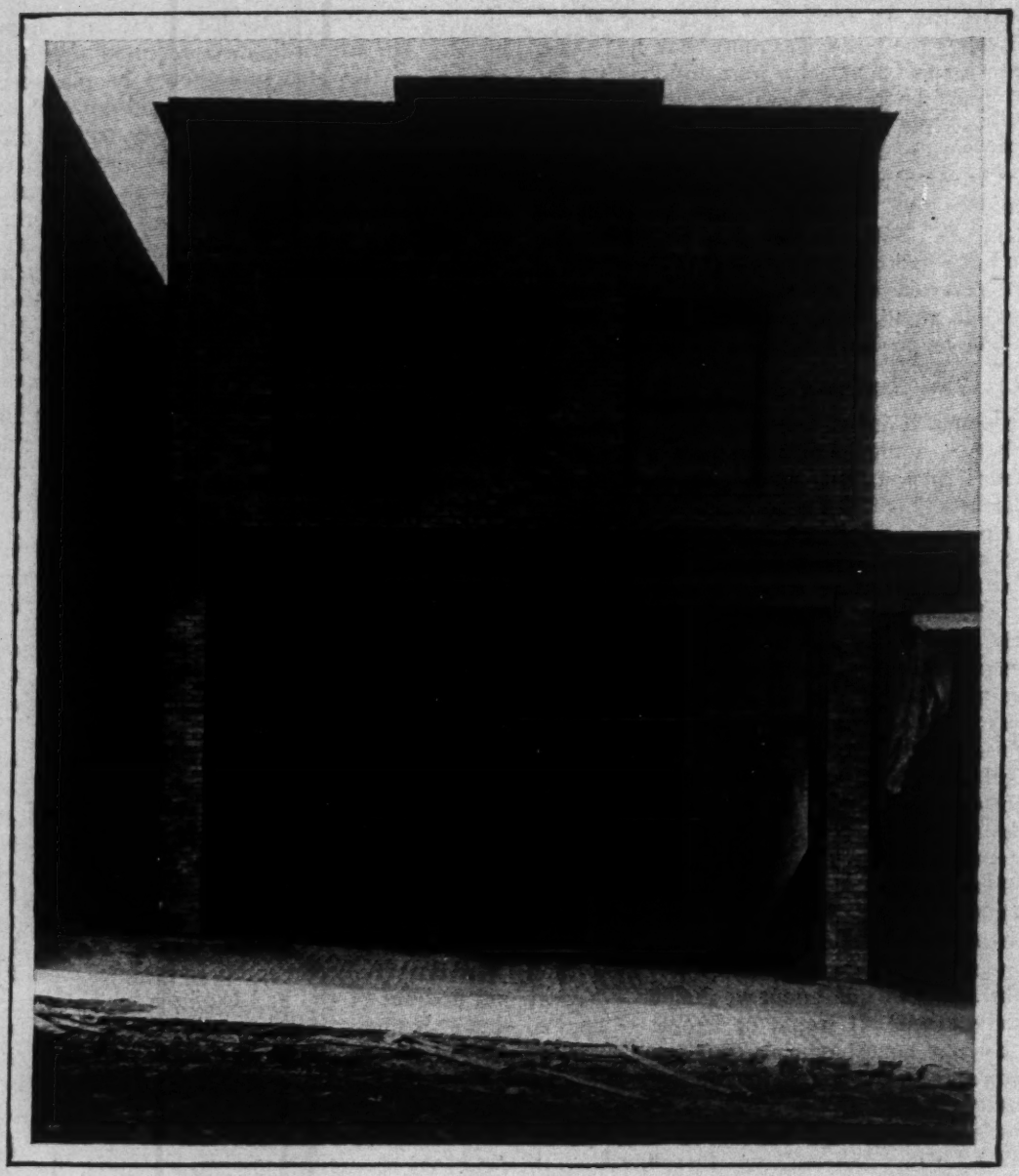
After the earthquake of 1906, for example, a reputable merchant of San Francisco obtained a permit for the erection of a "Class C" wooden building, which he intended to use as a storehouse. The fire ordinances required that the interior of this structure should be plastered throughout; but, as the owner did not care to have his walls protected in that way, and did not want to pay the thirty-five hundred dollars which such protection would cost, he offered E. A. Aigeltinger, of the Board of Public Works, six hundred dollars to release him from the plaster requirement. A bargain was made, and the wooden walls were left uncovered. Unfortunately for the builder, the mayor suspected that Aigeltinger was taking bribes that he did not divide, and, a few days later, an inspector came to make an examination of the building and asked the owner why it had not been plastered in accordance with law. As the owner could not explain without confessing that he had bribed a member of the Board of Public Works, he was forced to shuffle and equivocate and to put the inspector off as best he could. However, he went at once to Aigeltinger and said: "How's this? You promised that I shouldn't have to do that plastering, and now around comes an inspector and makes a kick."

"Don't you worry," replied Aigeltinger; "I'll fix it."

Aigeltinger, however, was not able to "fix it" without admitting to the mayor that he had taken a bribe which he had not shared; and, as he was unwilling to do this, the owner was finally compelled to plaster his walls, at an expense of thirty-five hundred dollars, after he had paid six hundred dollars for exemption.

It is obvious, of course, that bribery of this kind is not only corrupting to business morality on account of the bad example which it sets, but it is highly injurious to the material interests of the city on account of the increased risk of fire which it causes; and yet, hundreds of business men in San Francisco paid in this way for the privilege of erecting dangerous buildings, and then excused themselves by saying that the practice was common, and that, under the circumstances, violation of the fire ordinances was necessary, if not inevitable.

A large share of the responsibility for the undermining of commercial morality in San Francisco may justly be laid upon the officers, directors, and stock-holders of the public-utility corporations. A comparatively obscure and socially insignificant trader or saloon-keeper may pay blackmail to a city official without affecting materially the moral standards of the community; but when men of wealth, prominence, and high social position buy the services of a political boss, or purchase the votes of corrupt supervisors, they not only give direct encouragement to dishonesty, but make



THE "MUNICIPAL CRIB"

it seem almost respectable by lending to it the support of their great personal and social influence.

The Franchise Market

When it became known that the supervisors elected in 1905 were purchasable, and that Ruef and the mayor could control them, the great corporations of the city began to negotiate for franchises or competitive advantages. The street-car company known as the United Railroads paid Ruef $200,000 for the right to use the comparatively cheap overhead-trolley system; the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company paid $20,000 for an ordinance authorizing it to charge eighty-five instead of seventy-five cents a thousand feet for gas; the Parkside Realty Company paid $30,000 for the right to construct a street railway to its suburban property; the Home Telephone Company paid $120,000 for a franchise which would enable it to compete with the Pacific States Telephone Company; and the Pacific States Telephone Company gave the supervisors from $5,000 to $10,000 each for voting against the admission of any rival to the San Francisco field. In some cases the money

was paid to Mr. Ruef as special "counsel," and was shared by him with the mayor and the supervisors, while in others the bribes were given directly to the supervisors.

The officers, directors, and attorneys of the bribing corporations were among the wealthiest and best-known residents of the city. Patrick Calhoun, the president of the United Railroads, is a son of John C. Calhoun and a great-grand-nephew of Patrick Henry; Tirey L. Ford, the chief legal adviser of the same corporation, was formerly attorney-general of California; Judge Walter Cope, who began the negotiations with Ruef in behalf of the Parkside Realty Company, is president of the San Francisco Bar Association; and among the managers, attorneys, or prominent stock-holders of the various companies were such men as Thornwell Mullaly, A. K. Detweiler, Louis Glass, T. V. Halsey, Eugene de Sabla, William M. Abbott, Frank G. Drum, William H. Crocker, William I. Brobeck, and Charles E. Green.*

Some of these men are millionaires or multi-millionaires, and all are prominent and influential in the business or social life of the Pacific coast. Such men, through their connections and business relations, fix or control, to a great extent, the moral standards of the city in which they live; and when they resort to bribery, or even fail to expose and prevent bribery of which they have knowledge, they tempt or encourage thousands of other men to follow their example, and gradually create a public opinion which will tolerate almost any corrupt practice that seems to be profitable and safe.

Willing Victims of Hold-ups

Friends of the bribing corporations now attempt to excuse the latter by saying that they were "held up"; but this plea will not bear a moment's consideration. There was nothing to prevent the United Railroads from entrapping Ruef, Schmitz, and the supervisors by giving them marked money in the presence of concealed witnesses; and if this course had been pursued, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Mullaly would have been in a position to "hold up" the city government. The fact that no attempt was ever made to do this shows that the company resorted to corruption, not because it was forced to bribe in self-defense, but because bribery was more profitable than prosecution.

This, however, is not the only bar to the weak plea of compulsion. When a man who has been held up and robbed by a highwayman gets an opportunity to lay his case before a police officer, he does not hesitate to make complaint, and to aid the officer, as far as possible, in capturing and punishing the criminal. None of the corporations said to have been "held up" by Schmitz and Ruef showed a disposition to do this. Spreckels, Heney, and Burns, in the fall of 1906, begged for information which would enable them to indict, convict, and punish the corrupt officials of the city government; but not a single business man would then admit that he had been "held up," or that he knew anything about the compulsion which is now made an excuse for the bribery. Some of the alleged victims of the compulsion refused to testify, even when they were dragged before the Oliver Grand Jury by means of subpoenas. They had been "held up" and robbed, but they were not willing to give evidence that would convict the robbers. This, in itself, is sufficient to show that the alleged "hold-up" was not real. The bribing corporations pursued the course dictated by selfish expediency, and in sacrificing principle to profit they set an example which thousands of business men followed, and which finally made graft, bribery, and petty dishonesty so common and familiar that strict integrity, rather than moral delinquency, attracted attention and excited comment.

In an editorial entitled, "Is the Average Man a Thief?" the San Francisco *Bulletin*, a few months ago, called attention to the fact that, after the earthquake and fire of 1906, the Germania National Bank, which had lost all its books, asked its customers to state the amounts which they had on deposit. The officers of the bank knew precisely the amount that they owed in the aggregate, but they did not know exactly how the indebtedness was distributed. The sums specified by the depositors exceeded the known deposits of the bank by more than $75,000. The discrepancy showed, of course, that hundreds of depositors were taking advantage of the situation by overstating the amounts due them; but, rather than question the honesty of its customers, the bank charged the $75,000 to profit and loss and paid all demands in full.

In the light of all the facts that have thus far been ascertained, it seems to be fairly clear that the dishonest administration which was elected and supported by the Labor-Union party in San Francisco gradually weakened commercial morality, and created an atmosphere of selfishness and greed in which bribery and graft flourished while all the civic virtues faded. The newspapers of the city always stood for honesty, and in their efforts to overthrow the corrupt Ruef-Schmitz administration they had the support and coöperation of many brave, earnest,

*Calhoun, Mullaly, Ford, Abbott, Glass, Halsey, Detweiler, de Sabla, Green, and Brobeck have already been indicted by the Oliver Grand Jury for bribery.

and upright men; but the community as a whole was not unselfish enough to resist the temptations offered by a municipal government which aimed only to enrich itself, and which was ready to sell anything and everything that it possessed or controlled. The fire which followed the earthquake of 1906 was a great calamity, but it may well be doubted whether San Francisco suffered more from the sudden loss of half its capital than from the gradual loss of half its integrity and more than half of its capacity for honest, united, and public-spirited action.

Government by Thieves and Incompetents

Now, concerning graft conditions in their relation to governmental economy and efficiency:

In a municipal government, as in a railway corporation, economy and efficiency can be secured only by putting able, honest, and experienced men into executive positions; and, when the charter of San Francisco was adopted, it was expected, of course, that the mayor, who was invested with the appointing power, would select such men for the municipal boards. Under the Labor-Union régime, however, the mayor and the political boss with whom he formed an alliance happened to be thieves; and, instead of picking out subordinates who were qualified by character and experience to render economical and efficient service, they packed the boards with men who had no fitness whatever for their positions, but who were willing to coöperate in the work of robbing and blackmailing the people. Such was conspicuously the case in one of the most important departments of the municipal administration, namely, the Board of Public Works. It was made up wholly of disreputable ward politicians, and the Andrews Grand Jury reported, in 1905, that it did not contain a single man who had even so much as a smattering of the technical knowledge absolutely essential to the proper performance of his duties. But the members of this board were not supposed to perform their duties: they were expected only to hold up builders and contractors while Schmitz and Ruef extorted money from them.

I have already shown how they "squeezed" business men by refusing, on one pretext or another, to issue permits; but this was not the only way in which they helped their superiors to rob the people: they found a still more productive field of illegal gain in contracts for city work. By attaching difficult or impossible conditions to proposals for such work, they could shut out honest competition, and throw all the most profitable jobs into the hands of preferred bidders who had agreed to divide the spoils. When they had thus given contracts to their own partners, they would not only release the latter from observance of the conditions of the awards, but would even approve bills for work that had not been done.*

For example, a man who wished to get a contract for paving or sweeping streets would go to Mr. Ruef for "legal advice," and receive a verbal assurance that the Board of Works would allow him to do half the specified amount of work and then put in a bill for the whole of it. Relying upon this secret understanding, he would underbid all honest competitors, and then rob the city by taking full pay for partial performance. By methods and "deals" of this kind, dishonest contractors and a still more dishonest administration were able to pocket, every year, tens of thousands of dollars for which the city received no equivalent.*

Some Ingenious Grafting Schemes

Great ingenuity was sometimes shown by the administration in disguising the real nature of its fraudulent transactions. In one case that came to my knowledge, Mr. D——, the representative of a well-known asphalt street-paving company, went to Mr. Ruef to see if he could not get a share of a large amount of paving that the city was about to have done. Mr. Ruef said that it might possibly be arranged if Mr. D——'s company would agree to buy, at a very high price, the business of a rival concern. The plan of the boss, in this case, was to get company No. 1 to purchase the plant of company No. 2 at twice its real value, and then to hold up company No. 2 for a share of the proceeds. He would doubtless have given company No. 1 an opportunity to get its money back by robbing the city, but Mr. D—— regarded the proposed transaction as too uncertain and risky, and declined to go into it.

After the election of 1905 Ruef and the mayor organized a municipal bureau which they called the "Commissary Department," and gave it authority to purchase supplies for hospitals, almshouses, and jails. This bureau consisted of six persons, three of whom were brothers of supervisors, and it cost the city, in salaries alone, nearly $10,000 a year. It was created without any warrant or sanction of law, and its only purpose was to give places to friends of the administration and to facilitate graft in

* In the second term of Mayor Schmitz' administration, for example, the Board of Public Works approved a street-paving bill of F. M. Yorke & Co. for $6,224.20. When the finance committee of the Board of Supervisors, which at that time was honest, held up this bill as certainly excessive and probably fraudulent, Yorke & Co. were glad to escape investigation by agreeing to accept $3,600 in full payment for the work actually done. There were scores of cases of this kind, but only a few of them were ever brought to light.

the making of purchases. About the same time there was established another buying and selling agency known as the "City Commercial Company." It had no place of business, kept no books, and owned no stock of merchandise; but it billed to the city, at exorbitant prices, from two to ten thousand dollars' worth of sundries every month. The municipal charter provides that whenever it becomes necessary to purchase goods to the value of one thousand dollars or more, the city shall invite competitive proposals and shall buy from the lowest bidder. This legal requirement was evaded by making large purchases in small, nominally separate lots. If twelve hundred dollars' worth of stationery were needed, the total quantity was divided into halves or thirds, and then these fractional parts were bought from the City Commercial Company, Snook & Company, or some other fictitious or fraudulent concern which shared its profits with the administration.

Profiting by a City's Misfortune

After the earthquake and fire of 1906 a new and profitable field of exploitation was opened to Ruef, Schmitz, and the Board of Public Works in the rental of rooms and houses for municipal offices and the courts. No attempt was made to repair the city's public buildings, many of which might easily have been put in condition for occupancy; but rooms and houses were rented, here and there, in the western part of the city, at rates which would have paid five per cent. interest on an investment of $2,000,000. Much of this money went to friends of the administration, or to men who were willing to share profits.

Fire Commissioner Wreden — the same man whose beer the saloons of the city had been forced to take on penalty of losing their licenses — let the basement of his house to the city for three times its rental value; Morris L. Asher got $7,200 a year in rent for a building on Sacramento Street that might have been bought outright for $12,000; and Morris Levy, a friend of Ruef, leased a wooden building for $100 a month and then sublet it to the city for $500 a month.

At the end of the first year after the earthquake and fire most of the private buildings of the city, including the Merchants' Exchange, the Flood Building, the offices of the *Call* and the *Chronicle*, the Mutual Savings Bank, the Fairmount Hotel, and dozens of other important structures, had been partially or completely repaired or rebuilt, and many of them were occupied; but not a stroke of work had been done on any of the public buildings, and the city was paying $98,654 a year for temporary offices in private houses, wooden shacks, Jewish synagogues, and Salvation Army halls.

In the winter of 1906 Mayor Schmitz, personally, decided to erect a temporary wooden building for the accommodation of the Board of Supervisors. He might have had this building put up on ground belonging to the city, or he might have accepted a very desirable site, near the corner of Eighth and Market streets, which was offered to him, without rent, by a wealthy and public-spirited citizen named Andrew McCreary; but there would have been no opportunity to make money out of a building-site that cost nothing, so he leased a vacant lot near the corner of Mason and Eddy streets, belonging to Mrs. Ernestine Krelling, for a term of two years, at an annual rental of $24,000. Police Commissioner Leahy acted as Mrs. Krelling's agent in the transaction, while the mayor looked after the interests of the city. Having thus paid $48,000 for two years' occupancy of a bare, unimproved site, the mayor engaged the Deneen Company (his own partner) to erect the building on it, and then allowed George F. Duffey, president of the Board of Public Works, to put in the plumbing. How much graft there was in this so-called "Hall of Justice" it is impossible, as yet, to determine; but, with a police commissioner to make the deal for the land, the mayor's company to erect the building, and the president of the Board of Works to do the plumbing, it is not likely that any profitable opportunities were overlooked.

Lost — A Great City's Opportunity

If the municipal authorities of San Francisco had managed the business of the city with reasonable efficiency, their failure to govern with economy might, perhaps, be tolerated; but the Ruef-Schmitz administration was as weak and incapable as it was wasteful and corrupt. When the business quarter was totally destroyed by fire, in April, 1906, hundreds of men said hopefully: "We will make good use of the calamity. We'll widen our old streets, open new ones, and build upon the ashes a fire-proof city protected by an earthquake-proof water system." But these visions of hope were never realized. The public buildings were not reconstructed; the streets were not widened; the water-supply was not increased; the new buildings were not made fire-proof; and the plans of D. H. Burnham for the improvement of the city were not acted upon. No serious attempt was made to clean up the streets in the "burned district," or even to put them in such condition that they might safely be used. In January, 1907, nine months after the fire,

George Renner, president of the Draymen's Association, said to the members of that body: "Unless immediate steps are taken to repair the streets of San Francisco, the transportation of freight will come to a stop. The city has set apart $621,000 a year for street improvement. President George F. Duffey, of the Board of Public Works, tells me that the fund is exhausted; but I am willing that any man of the administration should take me anywhere in the burned district and show me where one nickel has been spent in repairs. There is not a street north, south, east, or west of East Street, in the burned district, that is passable. Our horses are dying fast, and, if something is not done, it will soon be impossible for us to work our teams." Matthew McCurrie, secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, reported that the horses of the city were dying at the rate of three hundred a month, as the result of overwork, due, chiefly, to the bad condition of the streets.

Citizens Turn Out to Clean the Streets

The state of affairs, in this respect, finally became so intolerable that the Merchants' Association undertook, at its own expense, to repair Montgomery Street; the business men south of Market took in hand the cleaning and lighting of Mission Street from Twentieth to Army; the produce and commission dealers formed an association for the repair and improvement of Sacramento, Clay, Jackson, and Washington streets; and some of the best-known and most influential business firms in the city organized a general "Street Repair Association." These attempts of public-spirited citizens to do the work which the municipal authorities neglected were resented, at once, by the thieves of the Ruef-Schmitz administration, and at a meeting of the Board of Supervisors held on January 21, 1907, the grafter Boxton said: "I don't believe that the merchants should be allowed to interfere in the work of repairing the streets of San Francisco at all. This board is able to do the work."* On March 3, 1907, twenty thousand citizen volunteers, under the direction of the Street Repair Association, turned out, *en masse*, to clean up the long-neglected city; and this body of volunteer workers accomplished more in ten hours than had been accomplished by the city government in ten months.

*Supervisor Boxton would prevent the citizens of San Francisco from making their streets passable, but it is interesting to know that there are certain things which nothing would tempt him to do. He confesses, on the witness-stand, that he is a perjurer and a bribe-taker; but, in a newspaper interview, he denies indignantly that he would "eat the paint off a house," and declares, with emotion, that never, in the whole course of his life, did he "take a bunch of beer-checks for a prize-fight permit." These, he says, are calumnies set afloat by Ruef.

The Risk of Another Conflagration

One of the most serious difficulties that confronted San Francisco after the earthquake and fire of 1906 was that of obtaining an adequate water-supply. The large increase in the number of inflammable wooden buildings added greatly to the fire risk, and the water furnished by the Spring Valley Company was not sufficient in quantity to afford the city proper protection. It was manifestly the duty of the Board of Supervisors to give this problem immediate consideration, and to increase the supply of water by the best and quickest means available. Instead of doing this, they agreed to accept a bribe of $1,000,000 from the Bay Cities Water Company, and then passed an ordinance authorizing the issue of bonds, to the amount of $10,500,000, for the purchase of certain water rights which the Bay Cities Company owned and for which it had paid about $400,000. In other words, Ruef, Schmitz, and the supervisors, in consideration of a bribe of $1,000,000, agreed to saddle the city with a debt of $10,500,000 for a water-supply which had cost its owners less than one tenth of that sum.

Fortunately, the proposed issue of bonds had to be submitted to the voters of the municipality at a special election, and before this election could be held, Spreckels, Heney, and Burns began the prosecution of the grafters, and the scheme was defeated. The supervisors then refused or neglected to give the question of water-supply any further attention, and on January 16, 1907, the Board of Fire Underwriters gave notice of an increase of thirty-three and one third per cent. in the rates of insurance on all except "Class A" buildings within the limits of the "burned district." They assigned, as their reasons for such action, the inadequate supply of water and the difficulty of taking fire-engines through the almost impassable streets. In December, 1906, it was estimated that the property-owners of the city had paid for fire-insurance, in the preceding eight months, $3,500,000 more than they paid in the last eight months before the earthquake. And this was only a part of the cost of corrupt and inefficient government.

In commenting on the situation, the *Examiner* said: "It is nearly eight months since the great fire, and not one project for the improvement of the city has been placed before the voters. None of the proposed street plans have been adopted. Not even has a single step been taken to get water for fire-fighting out of the inexhaustible supplies in the bay and ocean. Three fourths of the value of the city has been burned up for the want of such a supply. The

new business section is paying from five to ten per cent. for insurance, and over a great part of the Western Addition not another dollar of insurance can be placed at any price. Yet the city government has not made the slightest preparation to guard against another conflagration. Whatever any one may think about the charge that the men who are running the city are thieves, nobody can doubt that they are wholly incompetent."

At a later date the *Chronicle* said: "Are not our insurance rates high enough now? Does any one wish to see his rate doubled, or, possibly, his policies canceled? Do not our people know that without a reliable water-supply, at a good pressure, insurance will be impossible at any price? Are they willing to take their chances of another conflagration without water to stop it? Are we all clean gone daft? Can there not be effective action even to protect our homes and our business from destruction? What sort of a city is San Francisco?"

To the last of these questions an answer may easily be made. San Francisco is a city existing under graft conditions, and the people responsible for such conditions are the tens of thousands of selfish business men and working-men who, with their eyes wide open, deliberately voted, in 1905, for a mayor who was known to be a grafter.

The Capitalization of Sin

And now, last but far from least, concerning graft conditions in their relation to vice and crime:

In every large city, the enterprises that yield the largest returns for the money invested are those that minister to the weaknesses and vices of the population. Most of these enterprises are illegal, and, for that reason, their promoters are always ready to divide profits with any one who is willing and able to give them protection. Ruef and Schmitz were well acquainted with the "wide-open" side of San Francisco, and, as soon as they obtained control of the Police Commission, they proceeded to capitalize the sin of the city in such a way that it would pay dividends to its protectors as well as to its promoters. They turned their attention first to houses of ill fame.

In 1904 Joseph Michel, Joseph Alexander, and George Maxwell (at one time secretary of the Fire Department) conceived the idea of opening a big house of prostitution in Chinatown and running it under the secret protection, if not under the auspices, of the municipal administration. After making a partnership arrangement with Schmitz and Ruef, they purchased an old three-story Chinese opium-joint on Jackson Street which was known to frequenters of the Barbary Coast as the "Palace Hotel." As the building was not adapted to their purposes, and as it would cost a good deal to tear it down, they had it condemned by the Board of Health as "unsanitary," and then got the Board of Public Works to demolish and remove it at the city's expense. Upon the site thus obtained they erected, at a cost of $100,000, a large brick building containing one hundred and forty-four two-room apartments colloquially known as "cribs." They then filled these cribs with dissolute women; provided the establishment with a restaurant and bar for the entertainment of prospective patrons; and opened a house of prostitution which eventually became known as the "Municipal Crib" — a name given to it on account of the interest taken in it and the protection given to it by the municipal authorities.

While the building was in course of construction, P. Fitzsimons, an honest inspector of the Board of Public Works, made an examination of it, and reported that it was clearly intended for illegal purposes, and that it violated the building regulations and the fire ordinances; but Herbert L. Schmitz, the mayor's brother, who was then president of the Board of Works, reprimanded the inspector for his officious zeal, and pigeonholed or destroyed his report. The Police Commission shortly afterward allowed the house to open its doors for business, and issued a liquor license for its bar. The place was largely patronized from the very first. On one occasion, when the place was watched, six hundred and fifty-eight men were seen to enter the front door in a single hour. The women who occupied the cribs paid rent at the rate of thirty-five dollars a week for each apartment, and the gross receipts of the house, including the earnings of its inmates, were probably not less than $500,000 a year.

This gigantic brothel was protected by direct order of the mayor, and he and Ruef had a share of its profits. The Andrews Grand Jury made a determined effort to close it by arresting more than a hundred of its inmates, and by posting constables outside its doors to prevent any one from going in; but Judge Hebbard of the Superior Court issued an injunction forbidding the Grand Jury, the police, or the sheriff to interfere with it in any way whatever. An attempt was then made to close, by similar methods, eight houses of prostitution on Belden Place, which were paying $9,600 a year for protection. The administration again came to the relief of the sufferers, and Judge Hebbard granted another injunction, on the alleged ground that the places attacked by the Grand Jury were innocent lodging-houses.

The Chief Executive's Peculiar Right

In some cases the mayor gave vicious resorts his direct and personal protection. He guaranteed the lease of a Mrs. Berlin, who kept a brothel at 554 Geary Street, and when the Andrews Grand Jury asked him for an explanation of this transaction, he assumed an air of virtuous indignation and said: "For God's sake, gentlemen, don't begin throwing mud in this way. That lady is as pure a woman as my wife, or any one of your wives. I guaranteed her lease simply because she was an old friend." Some of the members of the jury were really persuaded that they had done the mayor an injustice by even suspecting him of improper motives in this transaction; but, a few nights later, Mr. Andrews sent a man to Mrs. Berlin's house and obtained absolutely conclusive evidence of its vicious character. Mrs. Berlin herself was subsequently arrested in a women's pool-room, where she was betting on the races; but as soon as she made it clear to the police that she was a personal friend of the mayor, she was allowed to escape.

The charge that Schmitz protected houses of prostitution and shared in their profits was directly made in an open letter written to him by Thomas Reagan, a police commissioner with whom he had had a quarrel. In this letter Mr. Reagan said: "The number of houses of ill fame in this city is in your possession. The list is a formidable one. Knowing that it is a part of your duty to make regulations for the same, I do not blame you for being angry if any person or clique should attempt to rob the chief executive of his peculiar right to regulate the Magdalens of this city. I have not now, nor in the past, nor will I in the future, covet, take, or carry one dollar belonging to an unfortunate. I would never think of defrauding your Honor." To this letter Schmitz made no reply.

The "Lawyers' Fund"

But it was not only social vice that received aid, encouragement, and protection from the mayor and his subordinates. In all parts of the city, proprietors of faro-banks, crap games, pool-rooms, and lotteries divided their profits with the administration, and were guaranteed immunity from prosecution or interference. The managers of pool-rooms were assessed from fifteen to seventy-five dollars a week, and the money thus raised went into what was known as the "lawyers' fund." During the racing season the contributions to this fund amounted, in the aggregate, to more than $20,000 a month. Gambling-houses paid all sorts of sums, from seventy-five dollars a week to one third of their gross receipts. One well-known gambler abandoned San Francisco as a place of business altogether because, as he afterward said to a friend in Los Angeles, the city authorities "wanted it all." The friend repeated this statement to another gambler in San Francisco, and said that he thought it must be exaggerated. "Exaggerated!" exclaimed the latter. "They made me give them one third of my receipts and pay a doorkeeper of their selection five dollars a night. Wouldn't that make you sit up?"

The Andrews Grand Jury, in summing up its investigations in this field, said: "We find that faro-bank, craps, pool-rooms, and other gambling games are operating openly and notoriously in various parts of the city; that the managers of the games are the political friends of the administration; that they boast of their ability to 'fix things' for others who desire to engage in similar lines of unlawful business and are willing to pay for such protection as they receive; and the fact that they are permitted to operate, and are aided and protected by the officials charged with the enforcement of law and order and the preservation of public morals, convinces us that they speak understandingly and act advisedly. Such places are not only permitted by the municipal authorities to exist, but are protected by every safeguard that official cupidity and legal ingenuity can devise."

Nurseries of Vice

The result of the protection thus given gamblers, pool-sellers, brothel-keepers, and prostitutes was an extraordinary growth and development of vice; and if half the population of San Francisco did not go to ruin in the last two years of Mayor Schmitz' administration, it was not for lack of temptations and facilities. Protection and encouragement were given even to agencies for the corruption of boys and girls. On Fillmore Street, and in various other parts of the city, there were established cheap places of amusement known as "nickelodeons" and "penny arcades." These wide-open resorts were filled with automatic machines which ground out music or exhibited moving pictures when a nickel or a penny was dropped into the slot. It would be impossible to describe the pictures in words that are printable; the sale of such photographs constitutes a criminal offense. If these places were intended only for such grown men as frequent the Tenderloin, the Red Light District, and the Barbary Coast, they would be bad enough; but they are meant to attract children; and as admittance is free, and it costs only a penny to see a picture, thousands of boys and girls patronize them. Probation officers of the Juvenile Court, who have watched these resorts,

say that young people of both sexes make assignations there, with the assistance of the attendants, and that they have often seen boys going directly from the picture slot-machines to houses of ill fame. Attempts were made, last year, to close some of these places; but it was found that, like the gambling-dens and the brothels, they were protected by the municipal administration.

It is worth while, perhaps, to call particular attention to the fact that this Ruef-Schmitz-Dinan administration, which collected blackmail from thieves, gamblers, and prostitutes; which went into partnership with looters and dealers in stolen junk; which issued liquor licenses to houses of assignation; which allowed hundreds of saloons to maintain illegal side entrances for women; which protected brothels by means of injunctions; which shared the earnings of courtezans in the Municipal Crib; which permitted penny arcades and nickelodeons to corrupt young boys and girls by showing them suggestive and indecent pictures — this administration, which was stained with almost every crime and soaked in almost every loathsome vice, excluded ninety-three Japanese scholars from the white public schools on the alleged ground that their standard of morality was lower than ours, and then appealed to the country for sympathy and support in its effort to protect the people — and especially the children — of San Francisco from the contaminating influence of the Orient!

The Height of a City's Demoralization

The demoralization of the city reached its height, perhaps, just before the earthquake and fire of 1906. At that time, according to Police Captain Mooney,* the area of the Tenderloin had greatly increased; the saloons, generally, had thrown off all restraints of law; brothels, gambling-dens, and assignation-houses multiplied and flourished under administrative protection; women lured men to "dives" and "deadfalls" and assisted in the work of drugging and robbing them; charges brought against law-breakers were dismissed, or indefinitely postponed, by the Police Commission and the police-courts; honest officers who tried to enforce the laws were transferred to quiet and unimportant residence districts; nickelodeons, disreputable theaters, and penny arcades corrupted the young; street-walking prostitutes intercepted even men who were on their way to church and gave them cards;† drunkenness, immorality, and dissipation in every form became common; all-night drug-stores sold opium, morphine, and chloral without regulation or restraint; and the number of "drug fiends" in the city increased to about eight thousand.‡

With the increase in vice which was the direct result of administrative encouragement and protection, there came, naturally, a great increase in the number of crimes, and especially crimes of violence. In the last year of Mayor Schmitz' administration there were fifty-one murders; three hundred and seventy-three murderous assaults; four hundred and forty-six burglaries and robberies; twenty-eight hundred and forty-nine disturbances of the peace; and twenty-seven thousand and thirteen arrests. This aggregate of crime was due partly to wide-open conditions in saloons and vicious resorts, and partly to an influx of criminals attracted to San Francisco from other cities and States by reports of administrative laxity and opportunities for making "easy money."

In this imperfect attempt to show the influence of graft conditions upon commercial morality, governmental efficiency, and the prevalence of vice and crime, there is no intention of proving, or attempting to prove, that San Francisco is worse than New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Minneapolis, or St. Louis. Human nature is everywhere the same, and corrupt government produces everywhere the same demoralizing results. There is particular need, however, for setting forth and emphasizing these results in the case of San Francisco, because many of its citizens show a disposition to extenuate the evils of dishonesty; to apologize for violations of law; to excuse bribers whose energy and business capacity have helped to make the city great; and to lay stress upon material achievement and business prosperity rather than upon civic virtue and moral integrity. But what shall it profit a city if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul? San Francisco has undoubtedly been successful and prosperous, in spite of graft, immorality, earthquake, and fire; but has it preserved its soul alive? Will it be able to burn its abundant harvest of wild oats, eradicate the weeds and tares from its fertile soil, and plant afresh the seeds of honesty, decency, and civic righteousness?

* Captain Mooney has since been dismissed by the Police Commission on the charge of insubordination. In an interview, after his removal, he said: "I am proud of being dismissed by such a commission. I shall be wearing a star when the police commissioners are wearing stripes, and I will help to put the stripes on them."

† On Fulton Street, between Webster and Fillmore, there is an Episcopal church known as St. Stephen's. A number of prostitutes from Pacific and Commercial streets rented, from a reputable business man and a church-member, a house on Webster Street, just back of St. Stephen's, and opened it as a brothel. They then began street-walking and solicitation, and even made a practice of offering their cards to men who went to and from church on Sunday. The rector, the Rev. Cecil Marrack, called personally on Chief of Police Dinan, made formal complaint, and asked that the house be closed or, at least, that the street-walking and solicitation be stopped, but failed to accomplish anything.

‡ This is the estimate of an experienced and well-informed captain of police whose district included the Tenderloin.

THE BRUTE

A PIECE OF INVECTIVE

BY

JOSEPH CONRAD

AUTHOR OF "ROMANCE," "FALK," "YOUTH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

ON dodging in from the rain-swept street, I exchanged a smile and a glance with Miss Blank in the bar of the Three Crows. This exchange was effected with extreme propriety. It's a shock to think that, if still alive, Miss Blank must be something over sixty now. How the time flies!

Noticing my gaze directed inquiringly at the partition of glass and varnished wood, Miss Blank was good enough to say encouragingly:

"Only Mr. Jermyn and Mr. Stone in the parlor, with a gentleman I've never seen before."

I moved toward the parlor door. A voice discoursing on the other side (it was but a match-board partition) rose so loudly that the concluding words became quite plain in all their atrocity:

"That fellow Wilmot fairly dashed her brains out, and a good job, too!"

This inhuman sentiment, since there was nothing profane or improper in it, failed to so much as check the slight yawn Miss Blank was achieving behind her hand. And she remained gazing fixedly at the window-panes, which streamed with rain.

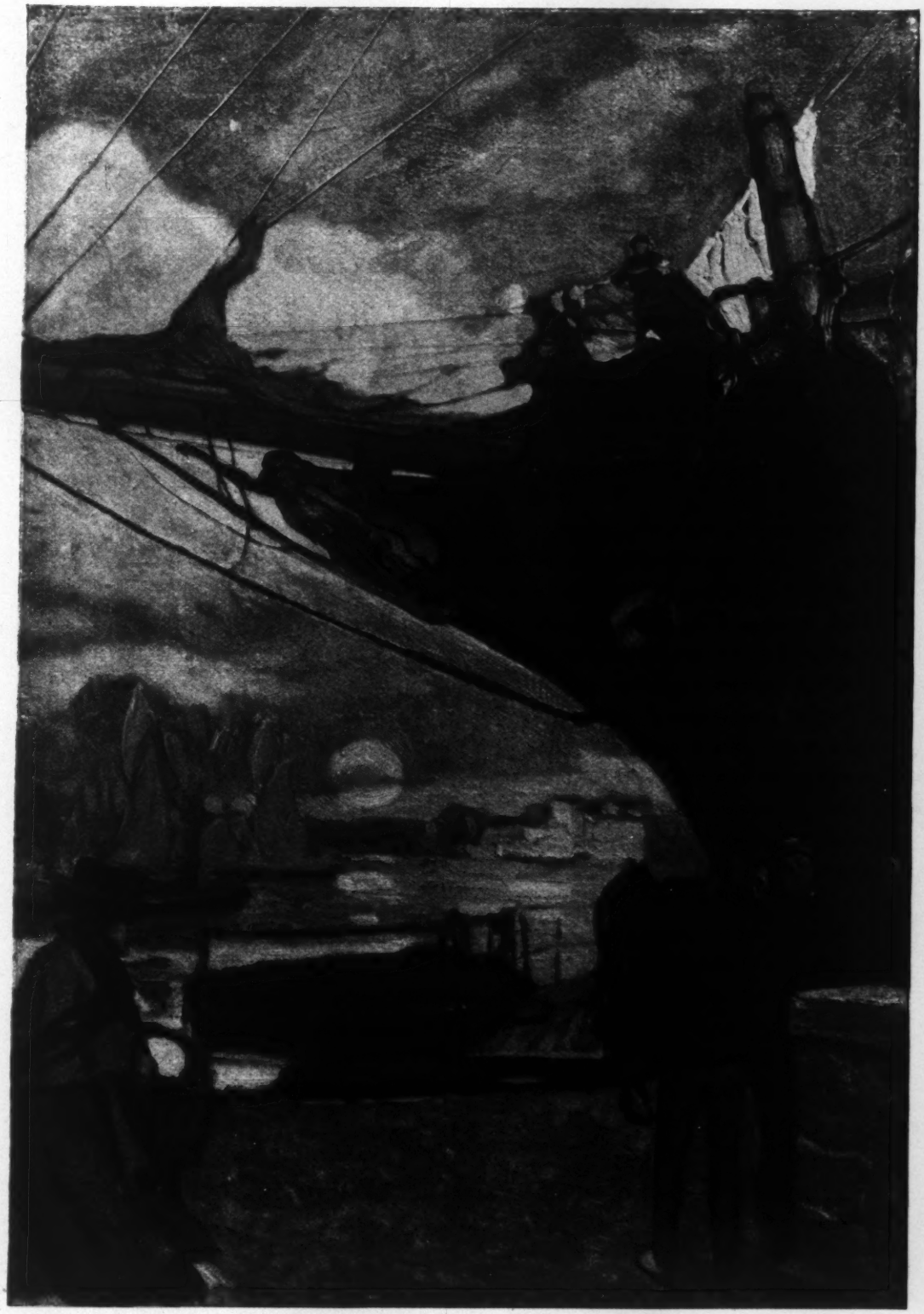
As I opened the parlor door the same voice went on in the same cruel strain:

"I was glad when I heard she got the knock from somebody at last. Sorry enough for poor Wilmot, though. That man and I used to be chums at one time. Of course, that was the end of him. A clear case, if there ever was one. No way out of it — none at all."

The voice belonged to the gentleman Miss Blank had never seen before. He straddled his long legs on the hearth-rug. Jermyn, leaning forward, held his pocket handkerchief spread out before the grate. He looked back dismally over his shoulder, and as I slipped behind one of the little wooden tables I nodded to him. On the other side of the fire, imposingly calm and large, sat Mr. Stone, jammed tight into a capacious Windsor armchair. There was nothing small about him but his short white side-whiskers. Yards and yards of extra superfine pilot-cloth (made up into an overcoat) lay piled up on a chair by his side. And he must just have brought some liner from sea, because another chair was smothered under his black waterproof, made of threefold oiled silk, double-stitched throughout. A man's hand-bag of the usual size reposing on the floor was dwarfed to a child's toy by the striking proportions of his boots.

I did not nod to him. He was too big to be nodded to in that parlor. He was a senior Trinity pilot, and condescended to take his turn in the cutter only during the summer months. He had been many times in charge of royal yachts, in and out of Port Victoria. Besides, it's no use nodding to a monument. And he was like one. He didn't speak, he didn't blink, he didn't budge. He just sat there, holding his handsome old head up, immovable and almost bigger than life. It was extremely fine. Mr. Stone's presence reduced poor old Jermyn to a mere shabby wisp of a man, and made the talkative stranger in tweeds on the hearth-rug look absurdly boyish. This last must have been a few years over thirty, and was certainly not the sort of individual that gets abashed at the sound of his own voice, because, gathering me in, as it were, by a friendly glance, he kept it going without a check.

"I was glad of it," he repeated emphatically. "You may be surprised at it, but then, you haven't gone through the experience I've had of her. I can tell you, it was something to remember. Of course, I got off scot-free,— as you can see,— though she did her best to break up my pluck for me. She jolly near drove as



"'I WOULDN'T SIGN IN HER — NOT FOR JO, I WOULDN'T'"

fine a fellow as ever lived into a madhouse. What do you say to that — eh?"

Not an eyelid twitched in Mr. Stone's enormous face. Monumental! The speaker looked straight into my eyes.

"It used to make me sick to think of her going about the world murdering people."

Old Jermyn approached the handkerchief a little nearer to the grate and groaned. It was simply a habit he had.

"I've seen her once," he declared with mournful indifference. "She had a house —"

The stranger in tweeds turned to stare down at him, surprised.

"She had three houses," he corrected, authoritatively. But old Jermyn was not to be contradicted.

"She had a house, I say," he repeated, with dismal obstinacy,—"a great — big — ugly — white thing. You could see it from miles away — sticking up."

"So you could," assented the other readily. "It was old Colchester's notion, though he was always threatening to give her up. He couldn't stand her any more; he declared it was too much of a good thing for him; he would wash his hands of her, if he never got another — and so on. I dare say he would have chucked her, only — it may surprise you — his missus wouldn't hear of it. Funny, eh? But, with women, you never know how they will take a thing. Mrs. Colchester, with her mustaches and big eyebrows, set up for being strong-minded. She used to walk about dressed in brown silk, with a great gold cable flopping about her bosom. You should have heard her snap out 'Rubbish!' or 'Stuff and nonsense!' I dare say she knew when she was well off. They had no children and had never set up a home anywhere. When in England, Mrs. Colchester stayed with some of her relations or just made shift to hang out anyhow in some cheap hotel or boarding-house. I dare say she liked to get back to the comforts she was used to. She knew very well she couldn't gain by a change. And, moreover, Colchester, though a first-rate man, was not what you may call in his first youth, and perhaps she may have thought that he wouldn't be able to get another (as he used to say) so easily. Anyhow, for one reason or another, it was 'Rubbish' and 'Stuff and nonsense' for the good lady. I once overheard Mr. Lucian Apse himself say to her confidentially, 'I assure you, Mrs. Colchester, I am beginning to feel quite unhappy about the name she's getting for herself.' 'Oh!' she said, with her deep little horse-laugh, 'if one took notice of all the silly talk!' And she showed Apse all her ugly false teeth at once. 'It would take more than that to make me lose my confidence in her, I assure you,' she says."

At this point, without any change of facial expression, Mr. Stone emitted a short, sardonic laugh. It was very impressive, but I didn't see the joke. I looked from one to the other. The stranger on the hearth-rug had an ugly smile.

"And Mr. Lucian Apse shook both Mrs. Colchester's hands, he was so pleased to hear a good word said for their favorite. All these Apses, young and old, you know, were perfectly infatuated with that abominable, dangerous . . ."

"I beg your pardon," I interrupted, exasperated, for he seemed to be addressing himself exclusively to me, "but who on earth have you been talking about?"

"The Apse family," he answered courteously.

Miss Blank put her head in and said that the cab was at the door, if Mr. Stone wanted to catch the eleven-three up.

At once the senior pilot rose in his mighty bulk and began to struggle into his coat with awe-inspiring upheavals. The stranger and I hurried impulsively to his assistance, and directly we laid our hands on him he became perfectly quiescent. We had to raise our arms very high and to make efforts. It was like caparisoning a gentle elephant. With a loud "Thanks, gentlemen!" Mr. Stone dived under and squeezed himself through the door in a great hurry.

We smiled at each other in a friendly way.

"I wonder how he gets up a ship's side-ladder," said the man in tweeds; and poor Jermyn, who was a mere North Sea pilot without official status or recognition of any sort, pilot only by courtesy, groaned:

"He makes eight hundred a year."

"Are you a sailor?" I asked the stranger, who had come back to his position on the rug.

"I used to be till a couple of years ago, when I got married. I even went to sea first in that very ship we were speaking of when you came in."

"What ship?" I asked, puzzled. "I never heard you mention a ship."

"I've just told you her name, my dear sir," he replied. "The *Apse Family*. Surely you've heard of the great firm of Apse & Sons, shipowners. They had a pretty big fleet. There was the *Lucy Apse* and the *Harold Apse*, and *Anne, John, Malcolm, Clara, Juliet*, and so on — no end of *Apses*. Every brother, sister, aunt, cousin, wife — and grandmother, too, for all I know — of the firm had a ship named after them. Good, solid, old-fashioned lot they were, too, built to carry and to last. None of your newfangled labor-saving appliances in them, but plenty of men and plenty of good salt beef

"ITS GREAT ROUGH IRON ARM CAUGHT HER ROUND THE WAIST"

and hardtack put aboard — and off you go to fight your way out and home again."

Old Jermyn made a sound of approval which sounded like a groan of pain. Those were the ships for him. He pointed out in doleful tones that you couldn't say to labor-saving appliances, "Jump lively now, my hearties." No labor-saving appliance would go aloft on a dirty night, with the sands under your lee.

"No," assented the stranger, with a wink at me. "The Apses didn't believe in them, either, apparently. They treated their people well — as people don't get treated nowadays — and they were awfully proud of their ships. Nothing ever happened to them. This last one, the *Apse Family*, was to be like the others, only she was to be still stronger, still safer, still more roomy and comfortable. I believe they meant her to last forever. They had her built composite — iron, teak-wood, and greenheart, and her scantling was something fabulous. If ever an order was given for a ship in a spirit of pride! Everything of the best. The commodore-captain of the employ was to command her, and they planned the accommodation for him like a house on shore under a big tall poop that went nearly to the mainmast. No wonder Mrs. Colchester wouldn't let the old man give her up. Why, it was the best home she ever had in all her married days. Ah! she had nerve, that woman.

"The fuss that was made while the ship was building! 'Let's have this a little stronger, and that a little heavier, and hadn't that other thing better be changed for something a little thicker?' The builders entered into the spirit of the thing, and there she was, growing into the clumsiest, heaviest ship of her size, right before all their eyes, without anybody getting aware of it, somehow. She was to be 2,000 tons register, or a little over; no less on any account. But see what happens. When they came to measure her, she turned out 1,999 tons and a fraction, and no more. General consternation! And they say old Mr. Apse was so annoyed that he took to his bed and died. The old gentleman had retired from active business twenty-five years before, and was ninety-six at the time, if a day, so his death wasn't perhaps so surprising. Still, Mr. Lucian Apse was convinced that his father would have lived to a hundred. So we may put him at the head of the list. Next comes the poor devil of a shipwright that brute caught and squashed as she went off the ways. They called it the launch of a ship, but I've heard people say that, from the wailing and yelling and scrambling out of the way, it was more like letting a devil loose upon the river. She snapped all the checks like pack-thread, and went for her own tugs in attendance like a fury. Before anybody could see what she was up to, she sent one to the bottom and laid up another for three months' repairs. One of her cables parted, of course, and then suddenly — you couldn't tell why — she let herself be brought up with the other as quiet as a lamb.

"That's how she was. You could never be sure what she would be up to next. There are ships difficult to handle, but generally you can depend on them behaving rationally. But with that ship, whatever you did with her, you never knew how it would end. Ah! she was a wicked beast. . . . Or perhaps she was only just insane."

He uttered this supposition in so earnest a tone that I could not refrain from smiling. He left off biting his lower lip to apostrophize me.

"Eh! Why not? Why couldn't there be something in her build, in her lines, corresponding to . . . What's madness? Only something just a tiny bit wrong in the make of your brain. Why shouldn't there be a mad ship? — I mean mad in a shiplike way, so that under no circumstances could you be sure she would do what any other sensible ship would naturally do for you. There are ships that steer wildly, and ships that can't be quite trusted always to stay, others that want careful watching when running in a gale, and again there may be a ship that will lie to badly and make heavy weather of it in every little blow. But then you expect her to be always so. You take it as part of her character, as a ship, just as you take account of a man's peculiarities of temper when you deal with him. But with her you couldn't. She was unaccountable. If she wasn't mad, then she was the most evil-minded, underhand savage brute that ever went afloat. I've seen her run beautifully in a heavy gale for two days, and, on the third, broach to twice in the same afternoon. The first time she flung the helmsman clean over the wheel, but, as she didn't quite manage to kill him, she had another try about three hours afterwards. She swamped herself fore and aft, burst all the canvas she had set, scared all hands pretty nearly into a panic, and even frightened Mrs. Colchester down there in those beautiful stern cabins that she was so proud of. When we mustered the crew, there was one man missing. Swept overboard, of course, without being either seen or heard, poor devil; and I only wonder more of us didn't go. Another voyage, one day — there was a little wind, but no sea to speak of — the mate hauls down the outer jib and sends some hands to stow it. That brute had been going along steady as a church all the morning. Directly the first two men got out on

the boom, without any warning, she takes a confounded dive and snaps the spar short off by the cap. All in a minute, there she was up in the wind, with all the head-gear under her port bow, and only an old cloth cap tangled up in the wreckage left of the two men. Gone! Never had one single glimpse of either of them. Always something like that — always. I heard an old mate tell Captain Colchester once that it had come to this with him — that he was afraid to open his mouth to give any sort of order. She was as much of a terror in harbor as at sea. You could never be certain what would hold her. On the slightest provocation, she would start snapping ropes, cables, wire hawsers like carrots. She was heavy, clumsy, unhandy — but that does not quite explain that power for mischief she had. Not to me, anyhow. And I knew her well. You know, somehow, when I think of her, I can't help remembering what we hear of uncontrollable lunatics breaking loose."

He looked at me inquisitively.

"In the ports where she was known," he went on, "they dreaded the sight of her. She thought nothing of knocking away twenty feet or so of solid stone facing off a quay or wiping off the end of a wooden wharf. She must have lost miles of chain and hundreds of tons of anchors, in her time. When she fell aboard some poor unoffending ship, it was the very devil of a job to haul her off again. And she never got hurt herself — just a few scratches or so, perhaps. Of course, they had wanted to have her strong, and she was. Strong enough to ram polar ice with. And as she began, so she went on. From the day she was launched she never let a year pass without murdering somebody. I think the owners got very worried about it. But they were a stiff-necked generation, all those Apses. They wouldn't admit there could be anything wrong with the *Apse Family*. They wouldn't even change her name. 'Stuff and nonsense,' as Mrs. Colchester said. They ought at least to have shut her up for life in some dry-dock or other away up the river, and never let her smell salt water again. I assure you, my dear sir, that she invariably did kill some one every voyage she made. It was perfectly well known. She got a name for it far and wide."

I expressed my surprise that a ship with such a reputation could ever get a crew.

"Then you don't know sailors, my dear sir. Let me just show you by an instance. One day in dock at home, while loafing on the forecastle-head, I noticed two respectable salts coming along, one a middle-aged, competent, steady man evidently, the other a smart youngish chap. They read the name on the bows, and stopped, looking at her. Says the elder man: '*Apse Family*. That's the sanguinary female dog [I'm putting it in that way] of a ship, Jack, that kills a man every voyage. I wouldn't sign in her — not for Jo, I wouldn't.' And the other says: 'If she were mine, I'd have her towed on the mud and set on fire, blame if I wouldn't.' Then the first man chimes in: 'Much do they care. Men are cheap, God knows!' The younger one spat in the water alongside. 'They won't have me — not for double wages.' They hung about for some time, and then walked up the dock. Half an hour later I saw them both on our deck, looking round for the mate and apparently very anxious to be taken on. And they were."

"How do you account for this?" I asked.

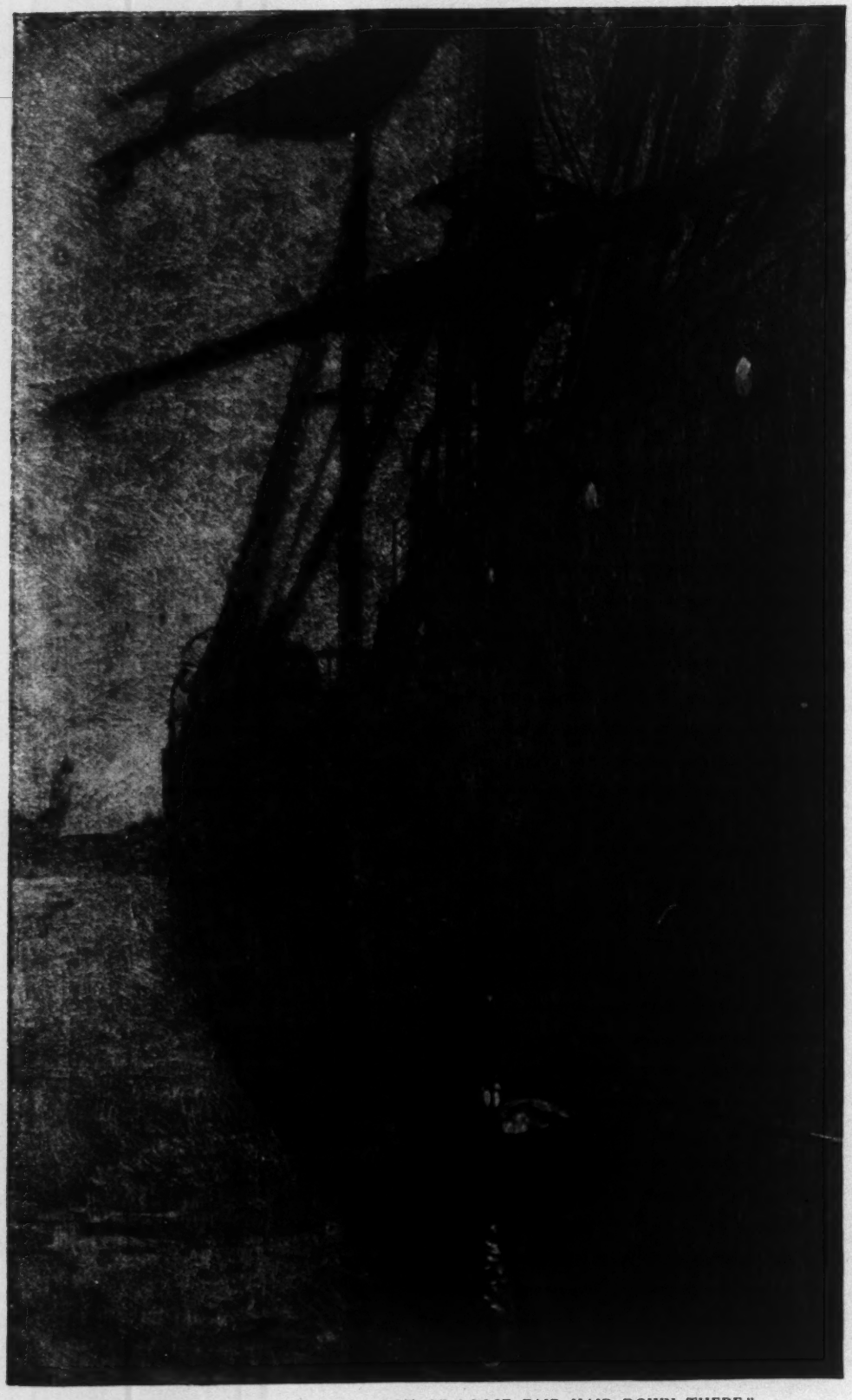
"What would you say?" he retorted. "Recklessness? The vanity of boasting in the evening to all their chums: 'We've just got shipped in that there *Apse Family*. Blow her! She ain't going to scare us.' Sheer sailorlike perversity? A sort of curiosity? Well — a little of all that, no doubt. I put the question to them in the course of the voyage. The answer of the elderly chap was:

"'A man can die but once.' The younger assured me in a mocking tone that he wanted to see 'how she would do it this time.' But I tell you what: there was a sort of fascination about that brute."

Jermyn, who seemed to have seen every ship in the world, broke in sulkily:

"I saw her once out of this very window, towing up the river. A great, black, ugly thing, going along like a big hearse."

"Something sinister about her looks, wasn't there?" said the man in tweeds, looking down at old Jermyn with a friendly eye. "I always had a sort of horror of her. She gave me a beastly shock when I was no more than fourteen, the very first day — nay, hour — I joined her. Father came up to see me off, and was to go down to Gravesend with us. I was his second boy to go to sea. My big brother was already an officer then. We got on board about eleven in the morning, and found the ship ready to drop out of the basin, stern first. Ten minutes afterwards the voyage began. She had not gone three times her own length when, at a little pluck the tug gave her to enter the dock-gates, she made one of her rampaging starts, and put such a weight on the check-rope — a new six-inch hawser — that forward there they had no chance to ease it round in time and it parted. I saw the broken end fly up high in the air. Next moment she came against the pier-head with a jar that staggered everybody about her decks. She didn't hurt



"'SHIP AHOY!' . . . I SAW A LOT OF LOOSE FAIR HAIR DOWN THERE"

herself — not she. But one of her boys the mate had sent aloft on the mizzen to do something came down on the poop-deck — thump! right in front of me. He was not much older than myself. We had been grinning at each other only a few minutes before. He must have been handling himself carelessly, not expecting to get such a jerk. I heard his startled cry, 'Oh!' in a high treble, as he felt himself going, and looked up in time to see him go limp all over as he fell. Ough! Poor father was remarkably white about the gills when we shook hands in Gravesend. 'Are you all right?' he says, looking hard at me. 'Yes, Father.' 'Quite sure?' 'Yes, Father.' 'Well, then, good-by, my boy.' He told me afterwards that at half a word from me he would have carried me off home with him there and then. . . . I am the baby of the family, you know," added the man in tweeds, stroking his mustache, with an ingenuous smile.

"This might have utterly spoiled a chap's nerve for going aloft, you know, utterly. He fell within two feet of me, cracking his head on a mooring-bitt. Never moved. Stone-dead. Nice-looking little fellow, he was. I had just been thinking we would be great chums. . . . However, that wasn't yet the worst that brute of a ship could do. I served in her three years of my time, and then I got transferred to the *Lucy Apse* for a year. The sailmaker we had in the *Apse Family* turned up there too, and I remember him saying to me, one evening after we had been a week at sea: 'Isn't she a meek little ship?' No wonder we thought the *Lucy Apse* a dear, meek little ship after getting clear of that big, rampaging, savage brute. It was like heaven. Her officers seemed to me the restfulest lot of men on earth. To me, who had known no other ship but the *Apse Family*, the *Lucy* was like a sort of magic craft that did what you wanted her to do of her own accord. One evening we got caught aback pretty sharply from right ahead. In about ten minutes we had her full again and going along easy, sheets aft, tacks down, decks cleared, and the officer of the watch leaning against the weather-rail peacefully. It seemed simply marvelous to me. The other, most likely, would have stuck in irons for half an hour, rolling her decks full, knocking the men about — spars cracking, braces snapping, yards taking charge, and a confounded scare going on aft about her beastly rudder, which she had a way of flapping about fit to raise your hair on end. I couldn't get over my wonder for days.

"Well, I finished my last year of apprenticeship in that jolly little ship (she wasn't so little, either, but after that other heavy devil she seemed but a plaything to handle) — I finished my time and passed my exam for second mate; and then, just as I was thinking of having three weeks of good time on shore, I got at breakfast a letter from the firm asking me the earliest day I could be ready to join the *Apse Family* as third officer. I gave my plate a shove that shot it into the middle of the table. Dad looked up over his paper; mother raised her hands in astonishment; and I went out bareheaded into our bit of garden, where I walked round and round for an hour.

"When I came in, mother was out of the dining-room and dad had shifted berth into his big armchair by the fire. The letter was lying on the mantelpiece.

" 'It's very creditable to you and very kind of them,' he said. 'And I see also that Charles has been appointed chief mate of that ship for one voyage.'

"There was a P.S. overleaf in Mr. Apse's own handwriting which I had overlooked. Charley was my big brother.

" 'I don't like very much to have two of my boys in the same ship,' father goes on in his deliberate, solemn way; 'and I may tell you that I would not mind writing Mr. Apse a letter to that effect.'

"Dear old chap! He was a wonderful father. What would you have done? The mere notion of going back (and as an officer, too) to be worried and bothered and kept on the jump night and day by that brute made me feel sick. But she wasn't a ship you could afford to be shy of openly. Besides, the most genuine excuse could not be given without mortally offending Apse & Sons. The firm, and I believe the whole family down to the old unmarried sisters in Lancashire, had grown desperately touchy about that accursed ship's character. This was a case for answering 'Ready now' from your very deathbed if you wished to die in their good graces. And that's precisely what I did answer — by wire.

"The prospect of being with my big brother cheered me up considerably, though it made me a bit anxious, too. Ever since I remember myself as a little chap he had been very good to me, and I looked upon him as the finest fellow in the world. And so he was. No better officer ever walked the deck of a merchant-ship, and that's a fact. He was a fine, strong, upstanding, sun-tanned young fellow, with his brown hair curling a little, and an eye like a hawk. He was just splendid. We hadn't seen each other for many years, and even this time, though he had been in England three weeks already, he hadn't showed up at home yet, but had spent his spare time in Surrey somewhere, making up to Maggie Col-

"THEY SNEAKED OVER THE RAIL, TAKING CARE NOT TO BANG THEIR SEA-CHESTS"

chester, old Captain Colchester's niece. Her father, a great friend of my dad, was in the sugar-broking business, and Charley made a sort of second home of their house. I wondered what my big brother would think of me. There was a sort of sternness about Charley's face which never left it, not even when he was larking in his rather wild fashion.

"He received me with a great shout of laughter. He seemed to think my joining as an officer the funniest thing in the world. There were eleven years between our ages, and I suppose he remembered me best in pinafores. I was just four when he first went to sea. It surprised me to find how boisterous he could be.

"'Now we shall see what you are made of,' he cried. And he held me off by the shoulders and punched my ribs and hustled me into his berth. 'Sit down, Ned. I am glad of the chance of having you with me. I'll put the finishing touch to you, my young officer, providing you're worth the trouble. And, first of all, get it well into your head that we are not going to let this brute kill anybody this voyage. We'll stop her racket.'

"I perceived he was in dead earnest about it. He talked grimly of the ship, and how we must be careful and allow no carelessness of any sort: take no chances, and look after the men as if they were five-year-old kids. And we must never allow this ugly beast to catch us napping with any of her damned tricks.

"He gave me a regular lecture on special seamanship for the use of the *Apse Family*; then, changing his tone, he began to talk at large, rattling off the wildest, funniest nonsense, till my sides ached with laughing. I could see very well he was a bit above himself with high spirits. It couldn't be because of my coming — not to that extent. But, of course, I wouldn't have dreamt of asking what was the matter. I had a proper respect for my big brother, I can tell you. But it was all made plain enough a day or two afterwards when I heard that Miss Maggie Colchester was coming for the voyage. Uncle was giving her a sea trip for her health.

"I don't know what could have been wrong with her health. She had a beautiful color and a deuce of a lot of fair hair. She didn't care a rap for wind or rain, or spray, or sun, or green seas, or anything. She was a jolly girl of the very best sort, but the way she cheeked my big brother used to frighten me. I always expected it to end in an awful row. However, nothing decisive happened till after we had been in Sydney for a week. One day, in the men's dinner-hour, Charley put his head into my cabin. I was stretched out on my back on the settee, smoking in peace.

"'Come along ashore with me, Ned,' he says in his curt way.

"I jumped up, of course, and away after him down the gangway and up George Street. He strode along like a giant, and I at his elbow, panting. It was confoundedly hot. 'Where on earth are you rushing me to, Charley?' I made bold to ask.

"'Here,' he says.

"It was a jeweler's. I couldn't imagine what he could want there. It seemed a sort of mad freak. He thrust under my nose three rings which looked very tiny on his big brown palm, growling out:

"'For Maggie. . . . Which?'

"I got a kind of scare at this. I couldn't make a sound, but I pointed at the one that sparkled white and blue. He put it in his waistcoat pocket, paid for it, and bolted out. When we got back on board I was quite out of breath. 'Shake hands, old chap!' I gasped out. He gave me a thump on the back. 'Give what orders you like to the boatswain when the hands turn to,' says he. 'I am off duty this afternoon.'

"Then he vanished from the deck for a while; but presently he came out of the cabin with Maggie, and those two went over the gangway publicly, before all hands, going for a walk together on that awful blazing hot day with clouds of dust flying about. They came back after a few hours, looking very staid, but didn't seem to have the slightest idea where they had been. Anyway, that's the answer they both made to Mrs. Colchester's question at tea-time.

"And didn't she turn upon Charley with her voice like an old night cabman's: 'Rubbish! Don't know where you've been! Stuff and nonsense! You've walked the girl off her legs. Don't do it again.'

"It's surprising how meek Charley could be with that old woman. Only on one occasion he whispered to me, 'I'm jolly glad she isn't Maggie's aunt, except by marriage. That's no sort of relationship.' But I think he let Maggie have too much of her own way. She was hopping all over that ship, in her yachting-skirt and a red tam-o'-shanter, like a bright bird on a dead black tree. The old salts used to grin when they saw her coming along, and offered to teach her knots and splices. I believe she liked the men, for Charley's sake, I suppose.

"As you may imagine, the diabolic propensities of that cursed ship were never spoken of on board of her — not in her cabin, at any rate. Only once, on the homeward passage, Charley incautiously said something about bringing all her crew home this time. Old Colchester began

to look uncomfortable at once, and that silly, hard-bitten old woman flew out at Charley as though he had said something indecent. I was quite confounded myself; as to Maggie, she sat completely mystified, opening her dark eyes very wide. Of course, before she was a day older she wormed it all out of me. She was a very difficult person to lie to.

"'How awful!' she said, quite solemn. 'So many poor fellows! I am glad the voyage is nearly over. I won't have a moment's peace about Charley now.'

"I assured her Charley was all right: it took more than that ship knew to get over a seaman like Charley; and she agreed with me.

"Next day we got the tug off Dungeness; and when the tow-rope was fast, Charley rubbed his hands and said to me in an undertone:

"'We've baffled her, Neddy.'

"'Looks like it,' I said, with a grin at him. It was beautiful weather and the sea as smooth as a mill-pond. We went up the river without a shadow of trouble except once, when, off Hole Heaven, she took a sudden sheer and nearly had a barge anchored just clear of the fairway. But I was aft, and she did not catch me napping that time. Charley came up on the poop looking very concerned. 'Close shave,' says he.

"'Never mind, Charley,' I answered cheerily. 'You've tamed her.'

"We were to tow right up. The river pilot boarded us well down, and the first words I heard him say were: 'You may just as well take your port anchor inboard at once, Mr. Mate.'

"This had been done when I went forward and saw Maggie on the forecastle-head enjoying the bustle. I begged her to go aft, but she took no notice of me, of course. Then Charley, who was very busy, caught sight of her, and shouted in his biggest voice: 'Get off the forecastle-head, Maggie. You're in the way here.' For all answer she made a funny face at him, and I saw poor Charley turn away, hiding a smile. She was flushed with the excitement of getting home again, and her eyes seemed to snap live sparks as she looked at the river. A collier-brig had gone round just ahead of us, and our tug had to stop her engines in a hurry to avoid running slap bang into her.

"In a moment, as is usually the case, all the shipping in the reach seemed to get into a hopeless tangle. A schooner and a ketch got up a small collision all to themselves right in the middle of the river. It was very exciting to watch. Meantime our tug remained stopped. Any other ship than that brute could have been coaxed to keep straight for a couple of minutes. But not she! Her head fell off at once; she swung athwart the stream and began to drift down, taking her tug along with her, too, at that. I noticed a cluster of coasters at anchor, within a quarter of a mile of us, and I thought I had better speak to the pilot. 'If you let this brute get amongst that lot,' I said quietly, 'she will stop there for hours, grinding some of them to bits before we get her out again.'

"'Don't I know her!' cries he, stamping his foot in a perfect fury. And he out with his whistle to make that bothered tug get the ship's head up-stream again as quick as possible. He blew like mad, waving his arm to port, and presently we could see that the tug's engines had been set going ahead. Her paddles churned the water, but it was as if she had been trying to tow a rock — she couldn't get an inch out of that ship. Again the pilot blew his whistle and waved his arm to port. We could see the tug's paddles turning faster and faster, away broad on our bow.

"For a moment tug and ship seemed to hang motionless in a crowd of moving shipping, and then the terrific strain that evil, stony-hearted brute would always put on everything tore the towing-chock clean out of her. The tow-rope surged over, snapping the iron stanchions of the head-rail, one after another, as if they had been sticks of sealing-wax. It was only then I noticed that, in order to have a better view over our heads, Maggie had stepped upon the port anchor as it lay flat on the forecastle-deck.

"It had been lowered properly into its hard-wood beds, but there had been no time to take a turn with it; anyway, it was quite secure as it was for going into dock; but I could see directly that the tow-rope would sweep under the fluke in another second. My heart flew up right into my throat, but not before I had the time to yell out, 'Jump clear of that anchor!' . . .

"But I hadn't time to shriek out her name. I don't suppose she heard me at all. The first touch of the rope against the fluke threw her down heavily; she was up on her feet again quick as lightning, but she was up on the wrong side. There came a horrid scraping sound, and then that anchor, tipping over, rose up like something alive; its great rough iron arm caught her round the waist, seemed to clasp her close with a dreadful hug, and flung itself with her downwards and over in a terrific clang of iron, followed by heavy ringing blows that shook the ship from stem to stern — because the ring-stopper held!"

"How horrible!" I said.

"I used to dream for years afterwards of live anchors catching hold of girls," said the man in tweeds, a little wildly. He shuddered.

"With a most pitiful howl, Charley was over

after her almost on the instant. But Lord! he didn't see as much as a gleam of her red tam-o'-shanter under the water. Nothing! Nothing whatever! In a moment there were half a dozen boats around us, and he got pulled into one. I, with the boatswain and the carpenter, let go the other anchor and brought the ship up somehow. The pilot had gone silly. He walked up and down the forecastle-head, wringing his hands and muttering to himself: 'Killing women now! Killing women now!' Not another word could you get out of him.

"Dusk fell, then a night black as pitch; and, peering upon the river, I heard a low, mournful hail, 'Ship ahoy!' Two boatmen came alongside. They had a lantern in their boat, and looked up the ship's side, holding on to the ladder without a word. I saw a lot of loose fair hair down there. Brrrr!"

He shuddered again.

"After the tide had turned, Maggie's body had floated clear of one of the mooring-buoys," he explained. "I crept aft, feeling half dead, and managed to send a rocket up — to let the other searchers know on the river. And then I slunk away forward like a cur, and spent the night sitting on the heel of the bowsprit, so as to be as far as possible out of Charley's way."

"Poor fellow!" I murmured.

"Yes; poor fellow!" he repeated musingly. "Ah! she wouldn't let him — not even him — baffle her of her prey. But he made her fast in dock next morning. He did. We hadn't exchanged a word — not a single look, for that matter. I didn't want to look at him. When the last rope was fast, he put his hands to his head and stood gazing down at his feet as if trying to remember something. The men waited on the main-deck for the word that ends the voyage. Perhaps that was what he was trying to remember. I gave it for him: 'That'll do, men.'

"I never saw a crew leave a ship so quietly. They sneaked over the rail one after another, taking care not to bang their sea-chests too heavily. They looked our way, but not a single one had the stomach to come up and offer to shake hands with the mate, as is usual.

"I followed him all over the empty ship to and fro, here and there, with no living soul about but the two of us, because the old ship-keeper, who had known him from a boy, had locked himself up in the galley — both doors. Suddenly poor Charley mutters in a sort of crazy voice, 'I'm done here,' and strides down the gangway, with me at his heels, up the dock, out at the gate, on towards Tower Hill. He used to take rooms with a decent old landlady in America Square, to be near his work.

"All at once he stops, turns short round, and comes straight at me. 'Ned,' says he, 'I am going home.' I had the good luck to sight a four-wheeler, and got him in. His legs were beginning to give way. In our hall he fell down on a chair, and I'll never forget father's and mother's amazed, perfectly still faces as they stood over him. They hadn't heard, and couldn't understand what had happened to him till I blubbered out, 'Maggie's drowned.'

"Mother let out a little cry. Father looks from him to me and from me to him as if comparing our faces — for, upon my soul, Charley did not resemble himself at all. Nobody moved; and the poor fellow raised his two big brown hands slowly to his throat and with one single tug rips everything open — collar, shirt, waistcoat, into rags — a perfect wreck and ruin of a man. Father and I got him up-stairs somehow, and mother pretty nearly killed herself nursing him through a brain-fever."

The man in tweeds nodded at me significantly.

"Ah! there was nothing that could be done with that brute. She had a devil in her."

"Where's your brother now?" I asked, expecting to hear he was dead. But he was commanding a ship on the China coast and had not been home for years.

Old Jermyn fetched a heavy sigh, and, the handkerchief being now sufficiently dry, put it up tenderly to his red and dejected nose.

"You understand now," the man in tweeds started again, "why I was glad to hear that lunatic Wilmot had managed to dash her brains out on some rocks in Spencer Gulf. She was a ravening beast. A ship may be given a certain latitude in her temper — but when it comes to killing women! . . . Old Colchester put his foot down and resigned; and — would you believe it? — Apse & Sons wrote to him asking whether he wouldn't reconsider his decision! Anything for the sake of the *Apse Family*! Old Colchester went to the office then and said that he would reconsider: he would take charge again, on condition of taking her out into the North Sea and scuttling her! He was nearly off his chump. He used to be iron-gray, but he had gone snow-white in a fortnight. And Mr. Lucian Apse (they had known each other as young men) pretended not to notice it. Eh! Here's infatuation, if you like. Here's pride for you.

"They jumped at the first man they could get to take her, for fear of the scandal of the *Apse Family* not being able to find a skipper. He was a festive soul, I believe, but he stuck to her grim and hard. Wilmot was second mate. A harum-scarum fellow and pretending to a great

scorn for all the girls. The fact is, he was really timid. But only let one of them do as much as lift her little finger in encouragement, and there was nothing that could hold him. As apprentice he deserted abroad after a petticoat, once, and would have gone to the dogs then if his skipper hadn't taken the trouble to find him and lug him by the ears out of some house of perdition or other.

"It was said that one of the firm had been heard to express a hope that she would be lost soon. I can hardly credit it, unless it might have been Mr. Alfred Apse, whom the family didn't think much of. They had him in the office, but he was considered a bad egg altogether, always flying off to race-meetings and coming home drunk. You would have thought that a ship so full of deadly tricks would run herself ashore some day out of sheer cussedness. But not she! She was going to last for ever. She had a nose to keep off the bottom."

Jermyn made a grunt of approval.

"A ship after a pilot's own heart," jeered the man in tweeds, "eh? Well, Wilmot managed it. He was the man for it, but even he, perhaps, couldn't have done the trick without that green-eyed governess or nurse or whatever she was to the children of Mr. and Mrs. Pamphilius.

"They were passengers in her from Port Adelaide to the Cape. Well, the ship went out and anchored outside for the day. The skipper — hospitable soul — had a lot of guests to a farewell lunch, as usual with him. It was five in the evening before the last boat-load left the side, and the weather looked ugly and dark in the gulf. There was no reason for him to get under way. However, as he had said he would go that day, he imagined it was proper to do so anyhow. But as he had no mind after all these festivities to tackle the straits in the dark with a scant wind, he gave orders at nine o'clock to keep her under the lower topsails and foresail as close as she would lie, dodging along the land till daylight. Then he sought his virtuous couch, I suppose. The mate was on deck having his face washed very clean with hard rain-squalls. Wilmot relieved him at midnight.

"The *Apse Family* had, as you observed, a house on her poop . . .".

"A big — white — thing — sticking up," Jermyn murmured sadly at the fire.

"That's it; a companionway for the cabin stairs and chart-room combined. The rain drove in gusts on the sleepy Wilmot. The ship was then surging slowly to the southward along the shore, close hauled, with the coast within three miles or so on her port side. There was nothing to look out for in that part of the gulf, and Wilmot went round to dodge the squalls under the lee of the chart-room, whose door on that side was open. The night was black like a barrel of coal-tar. And then he heard a woman's voice whispering to him.

"That confounded green-eyed girl of the Pamphilius people had put the kids to bed long time ago, of course, but it seems she couldn't sleep herself. She heard eight bells struck and the chief mate come below to turn in. She waited a bit, then got into her dressing-gown, and stole into the empty saloon and up the stairs into the chart-room. She sat on the settee near the open door to cool herself — perhaps. I couldn't make it out when Wilmot was telling me; he would break off to swear at every second word. We were standing on the quay, and he had an apron of sacking up to his chin and a big whip in his hand. Driver of a wool-wagon. Glad to do anything not to starve. That's what he had come to.

"I suppose it was as if somebody had struck a match in the fellow's brain. There he was with his head inside the door, on the girl's shoulder as likely as not — officer of the watch! and meantime the wind was hauling aft in gusts. The helmsman, when giving his evidence afterwards, said that he shouted several times that the binnacle-lamp had gone out. He couldn't use the compass-card, but it didn't matter to him, because his orders were to sail her close. 'I thought it funny,' he said, 'that the ship should keep on falling off in squalls like this, but I luffed her up every time as close as I was able. It was so dark I couldn't see my hand before my face, and the rain came in bucketfuls on my head.'

"It seems that at every squall the wind hauled aft a little, till gradually the ship came to be heading straight for the coast without a single soul in her being aware of it. Wilmot himself confessed that he had not been near the standard compass for an hour. He might well have confessed! The first thing he knew was the man on the lookout shouting blue murder forward there.

"He tore his neck free, he says, and yelled back at him: 'What do you say?'

"'I think I hear breakers ahead, sir,' howled the man, and came rushing aft with the rest of the watch in the 'awfulest blinding deluge that ever fell from the sky,' Wilmot says. He wasn't a good officer, but he had in him the making of a seaman. For a second or so he was so scared and bewildered that he could not remember on which side of the gulf the ship was. But he pulled himself together at once. His first orders were: 'Hard up. Shiver the main and mizzen topsails!'— which was perfectly right, and it seems that he heard the sails

actually fluttering. 'But she was too slow in going off,' Wilmot went on telling me, his dirty face twitching and the damned carter's whip shaking in his hand. 'She seemed to stick fast.' The flutter of the canvas above his head ceased. At this critical moment the wind hauled aft with a gust again, filling the sails, and sending the ship with a great way upon the rocks on her lee bow. She had been too slow and had overreached herself in her last little game. Her time had come — the hour, the man, the blind night, the gust of wind, the right woman to put an end to her. She deserved nothing better. Strange are the instruments of Providence! There's a sort of poetical justice, too. . . ."

The man in tweeds looked hard at me.

"The first ledge she went over stripped the false keel off her. Rip! The skipper, rushing out of his berth, found a crazy girl in a red dressing-gown flying round and round the saloon, screeching like a cockatoo — the next bump knocked her clean under the cabin table. It also started the stern-post and carried away the rudder. And then the brute ran up on to a shelving rocky shore, tearing her bottom out, till she stopped and the foremast dropped over the bows like a gangway.

"Anybody lost?" I asked.

"No — unless that fellow Wilmot, and that's rather worse than death," answered the gentleman unknown to Miss Blank, looking round for his cap. "They got ashore all right. She didn't begin to break up till next day. . . . Rain left off," he went on. "I must get on my bike. I live in Herne Bay — came out for a spin this morning."

He nodded at me in a friendly way and went out with a swagger.

"Do you know who he is, Jermyn?" I asked.

The North Sea pilot shook his head dismally. "I'm waiting for my ship to come down," he said in a lugubrious tone, again spreading his damp handkerchief like a curtain before the glowing grate.

On going out, I exchanged a glance and a smile (strictly proper) with the respectable Miss Blank, barmaid of the Three Crows.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE

BY

CARL SCHURZ

LINCOLN'S REËLECTION AND THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

THE leisure hours of camp life during the winter and spring of 1864 had permitted me to plod through several volumes of Herbert Spencer and to carry on a somewhat active correspondence with friends in Washington and various parts of the Northern States. The political intelligence brought by letters and newspapers was by no means cheering. To the army mind — that is, to those in the field looking at political happenings from afar and having nothing in view but to bring the struggle against the rebellion and for the restoration of the Union under the new conditions to a successful issue — the requirements of the situation appeared to be simple and clear. The one thing needed first of all seemed to be that the administration be supported in its efforts to rally the whole force of the Union sentiment of the country against the common enemy. But the criticism of the government — legitimate in itself, if it was designed only to enlighten the administration and to lead to a correction of its errors — had assumed a virulent temper and been turned into attempts to prevent the renomination of Mr. Lincoln.

Bitter Opposition to the President

The most alarming feature of this commotion was that many men were active in it whose patriotism was above question and whose character stood so high in public estimation that their example might exercise a wide influence. There was much impatience at the slow progress of the war for the Union, and the administration was largely held responsible for it. The most impetuous of the impatient urged that a President must be chosen who would carry on the war with more energy.

Not a few serious patriots, especially in the East, were displeased with Mr. Lincoln's somewhat loose ways of conducting the public business, with his rustic manners and the robust character of his humor, and concluded that the Republic must have a President more mindful of the dignity of his office. In some of the States fierce factional fights were raging among the Union men, and if Mr. Lincoln seemed to favor one faction the other faction would demand the election of another President.

It was publicly said, and believed by many, that Mr. Lincoln had only one steadfast friend in the lower house of Congress and a few more in the Senate, the disaffection being due partly to the fact that Mr. Lincoln had not been able to gratify the wishes of senators and congressmen as to appointments, partly to differences of opinion as to the reconstruction policy to be adopted. These various elements of discontent combined would possibly have constituted a formidable force, had they been able to unite upon an opposition candidate who would have satisfied the country that he was better fitted for the Presidency in this crisis than Mr. Lincoln. But the only statesman of high standing who in any degree appeared available for such a purpose was Mr. Chase, who, with all his great qualities, seemed unable to call forth any popular enthusiasm. Neither could the candidacy of General Frémont — brought forward by the radicals of Missouri, highly respectable and patriotic men who were embittered by the countenance given by Mr. Lincoln to the "conservative" faction in that State — command much general confidence and support.

These distracting movements inside the Union party could therefore serve only to encourage and strengthen the Democrats. With great skill and energy, they worked upon the desire for peace naturally existing and growing among the people as the war dragged on without any distinct prospect of its early termination, and hoped to ride into power on the strength of the peace cry and on the charge that the policy of the Republican administration had resulted in utter failure.

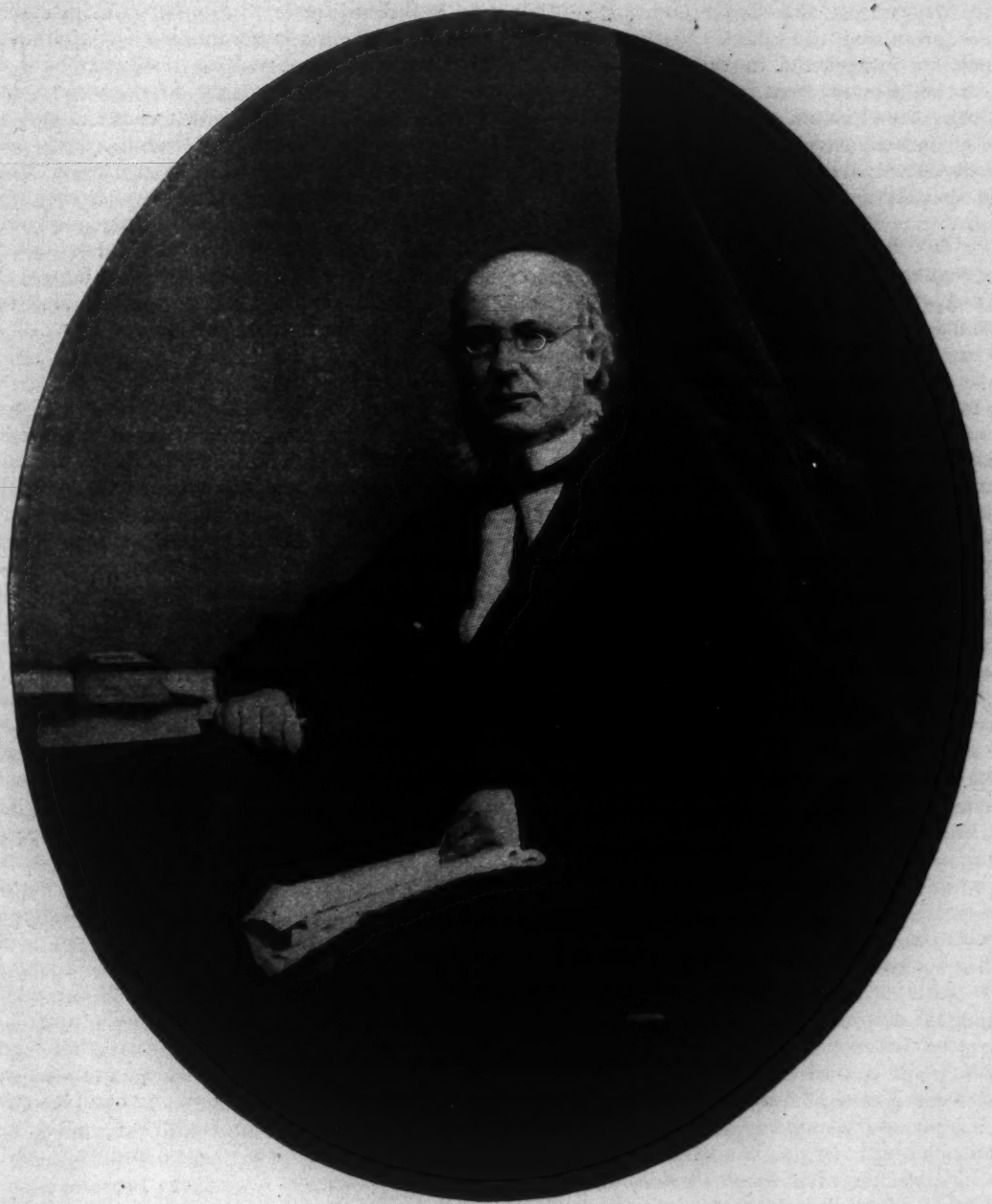
Would not the rejection of Mr. Lincoln by the Republican National Convention be tantamount to an open confession of such failure and thus put a terrible weapon in the hands of the opposition? Quite aside from his exceptional hold upon the esteem and affection of the masses of the people, was not Lincoln's renomination so natural — indeed, so necessary — that it was difficult to understand how any unprejudiced Union man could oppose it? That, in spite of all this, such opposition should find the support of estimable Union men was indeed an alarming symptom.

Schurz Urged to Campaign for Lincoln

This aspect of the situation disquieted me profoundly. I did not, indeed, seriously apprehend that Mr. Lincoln's nomination could be prevented; but the question was, whether the efforts made to prevent it would not have a demoralizing effect upon the party and put his success at the election in jeopardy. And in case of the government falling into the hands of the Democratic party, in whose councils such men as Vallandigham and Fernando Wood wielded much — perhaps decisive — influence, the probability was that either the dissolution of the Union would be acquiesced in, or the Union would be patched up again by means of a compromise involving the preservation of slavery.

In the troubled contemplation of this appalling possibility, it occurred to me that I might perhaps render better service by entering the political campaign as a speaker than by superintending the training of new troops in my camp near Nashville for the uncertain contingency of their ever firing a cartridge. I received various letters suggesting the same thing, among them a very urgent one from Mr. Elihu B. Washburne, a prominent member of Congress from Illinois, and another from Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, who painted to me in strong colors the dangers of the situation, and insisted that I must "go on the stump," as I had done in the campaign of 1860. Finally I concluded that I ought to do so. I wrote to Mr. Lincoln informing him of my purpose. In his reply he observed that if I did so it would be at the risk of my active employment in the army. I was willing to take the risk unconditionally, and asked, through the regular military channels, to be relieved from my present duties. This relief was granted, and I promptly gave up my command of the camp and journeyed to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where my family was at the time, and asked for permission to visit Washington — military officers being at that time forbidden to visit Washington without special permission from the War Department. I wished to confer with Mr. Lincoln on the political situation, and more particularly to get his view of the exigencies of the campaign. The official permit for a visit to Washington arrived promptly.

Although Lincoln, to the astonishment of his Republican opponents, who would not recognize any popular force behind him, was renominated with substantial unanimity by the National Convention, the hostile move-



HORACE GREELEY

ments in the Republican ranks did not cease. Senator Benjamin F. Wade from Ohio, one of the oldest, most courageous, and most highly respected of the antislavery champions, and Henry Winter Davis, a member of the national House of Representatives from Maryland, a man of high character and an orator of rare brilliancy, rose in open revolt against Lincoln's reconstruction ideas, and issued a formal manifesto in which, in language of startling vehemence, they assailed the integrity of his motives as those of a usurper carried away by lust of power; and then cries arose in the most unexpected quarters that Lincoln could not possibly be elected. Such men as Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed, usually hostile to one another in Republican factional fights, united in the gloomy prediction that Lincoln would most surely be defeated; and men of similar importance, severally and as members of committees, plied Lincoln himself with urgent entreaties that he should withdraw

from the contest and make room for another more promising candidate. Neither was there much encouragement in the popular temper as it manifested itself during the first two months after Lincoln's renomination. The people seemed to be utterly spiritless. They would hardly attend a mass-meeting, much less inspire the speaker with enthusiastic acclamations.

Lincoln's Answer to his Opponents

I called upon Mr. Lincoln on a hot afternoon late in July. He greeted me cordially, and asked me to wait in the office until he should be through with the current business of the day, and then to spend the evening with him at the cottage on the grounds of the Soldiers' Home which he occupied during the summer. In the carriage on the way thither, he made various inquiries concerning the attitude of this and that public man and this and that group of people, and we discussed the question whether it would be good policy to attempt an active campaign before the Democrats should have "shown their hand" in their National Convention, which would meet on the 29th of August. He argued that such an attempt would be unwise unless some unforeseen change in the situation called for it. Arrived at the cottage, he asked me to sit down with him on a lounge in a sort of parlor which was rather scantily furnished, and began to speak about the attacks made upon him by party friends and their efforts to force his withdrawal from the candidacy. The substance of what he said I can recount from a letter which I wrote at the time to an intimate friend.

He spoke as if he felt a pressing need to ease his heart by giving voice to the sorrowful thoughts distressing him. He would not complain of the fearful burden of care and responsibility put upon his shoulders. Nobody knew the weight of that burden save himself. But was it necessary, was it generous, was it right to impeach even the rectitude of his motives? "They urge me with almost virulent language," he said, "to withdraw from the contest, although I have been unanimously nominated, in order to make room for a better man. I wish I could. Perhaps some other man might do this business better than I. That is possible. I do not deny it. But I am here, and that better man is not here. And if I should step aside to make room for him, it is not at all sure — perhaps not even probable — that he would get here. It is much more likely that the factions opposed to me would fall to fighting among themselves, and that those who want me to make room for a better man would get a man whom most of them would not want in at all. My withdrawal therefore might, and probably would, bring on a confusion worse confounded. God knows, I have at least tried very hard to do my duty — to do right to everybody and wrong to nobody. And now to have it said by men who have been my friends, and who ought to know me better, that I have been seduced by what they call the lust of power, and that I have been doing this and that unscrupulous thing hurtful to the common cause, only to keep myself in office! Have they thought of that common cause when trying to break me down? I hope they have."

The Administration Vindicated

So he went on, as if speaking to himself, now pausing for a second, then uttering a sentence or two with vehement emphasis. Meanwhile the dusk of evening had set in, and when the room was lighted I thought I saw his sad eyes moist and his rugged features working strangely as if under a very strong and painful emotion. At last he stopped as if waiting for me to say something. Deeply touched as I was, I only expressed as well as I could my confident assurance that the people, undisturbed by the bickerings of his critics, believed in him and would faithfully stand by him. The conversation, then turning upon things to be done, became more cheerful, and in the course of the evening he explained to me various acts of the administration which in the campaign might be questioned and call for defense. As to his differences with members of Congress concerning reconstruction, he laid particular stress upon the fact that, looked at from a constitutional standpoint, the Executive could do many things, by virtue of the war power, which Congress could not do in the way of ordinary legislation. When I took my leave that night, he was in a calm mood; he indulged himself in a few humorous remarks, shook my hand heartily, and said: "Well, things might look better, and they might look worse. Go in, and let us all do the best we can."

The campaign did not become spirited until after the Democratic National Convention; but then it started in good earnest, and the prospects brightened at once. The Democrats, made over-confident by the apparent lethargy of the popular mind and the acrimonious wrangling inside of the Union party, had recklessly overshot the mark. They declared in their platform that the war against the rebellion was a failure, and that immediate efforts must be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of all the States for a peaceable settlement on the basis of reunion.

Considering the fact that the leaders of the

rebellion vociferously, defiantly insisted upon the independence of the Southern Confederacy as a condition *sine qua non* of any settlement, this proposition looked like a complete surrender. It was too much, not only for the malcontents within the Union party, but also for many Democrats. Even the candidate of their own party, General McClellan, who had been nominated for the purpose of conciliating the patriotic war spirit still alive in the Democratic ranks, found it necessary to repudiate that part of the platform — first, in justice to his own feelings, and, secondly, to save the last chance of success in the election. Then came the inspiring tidings of Sherman's victorious march into the heart of Georgia and the capture of Atlanta, kindling all over the North a blaze of jubilant enthusiasm and covering the declaration that the war was a failure with contemptuous derision. And finally, more potent perhaps than all else, the tender affection of the popular heart for Abraham Lincoln burst forth with all its warmth. This tender affection, cherished among the plain people of the land, among the soldiers in the field and their "folks at home," was a sentimental element of strength which Lincoln's critical opponents in the Union party had wholly ignored. Now they became aware of it, not without surprise. I believe that had the Democratic Convention been more prudent, and had no victories happened to cheer the masses, even then "Father Abraham's" personal popularity alone would have been sufficient to give him the victory in the election of 1864. Lincoln's victory was triumphantly assured before a vote was cast.

The Call for More Men

A few days after the election, I read in the papers the report of a speech delivered by Lincoln in response to a serenade, in which he offered the hand of friendship to those who had opposed him, in these words: "Now that the election is over, may not all, having a common interest, reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven, and will strive, to place no obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible of the high compliment of a reëlection, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be pained or disappointed by the result. May I ask those who were with me to join with me in the same spirit toward those who were against me?" When I read those noble words which so touchingly revealed the whole tender generosity of Lincoln's great soul, the haggard face I had seen that evening in the cottage at the Soldiers' Home rose up vividly in my memory.

The election over, I reported to the War Department for such duty as might be assigned to me. The ranks of Grant's army operating against Richmond having been fearfully thinned by loss in battle and by disease, the government tried various expedients to replenish them. Among others, a plan was conceived to organize a "Veteran Corps," to consist of old soldiers who, after having served out their three years' term of enlistment, had left the army, but were physically able and willing to reënlist for further service. This Veteran Corps was to be commanded by General Hancock, whose conspicuous gallantry in Grant's Virginia campaign had won him the repute of being the kind of commander under whom it was an honor to serve. I was ordered by the War Department to visit the governors of several States and the mayors of a number of cities, for the purpose of winning their coöperation in the execution of this scheme. This task kept me traveling a large part of the winter. From most of the officials to whom I applied I succeeded in obtaining very fair assurances of support, which, no doubt, were honestly meant, but were hardly borne out by the results of the promised coöperation.

When I personally made my report at the War Department, Secretary Stanton asked me to bear a confidential communication, not to be put on paper, to Mr. Lincoln, who had gone to City Point on the James River in order to have an easy and constant conference with General Grant. I found Mr. Lincoln in excellent spirits. He was confident that the fall of Richmond, and with it the total collapse of the rebellion, would come in the near future; and of the political situation, of which he spoke with great freedom, he took a hopeful view, much in contrast with the depression of mind which he had shown at our last meeting, during the Presidential campaign. He felt that his triumphant reëlection had given him a moral authority stronger than that which he had possessed before, and he trusted that this strengthened authority, used with discretion and in a friendly and magnanimous spirit, would secure to his opinions concerning the measures of reconstruction he thought it wise to adopt a friendlier consideration on the part of the leading Unionists in Congress and in the country. He did not say this in terms, but I gathered it from the tone of his utterances.

Lincoln's Tact

And here I may mention a story, thoroughly characteristic of Lincoln's ways, which I heard

in passing through Washington. Charles Sumner had formed a theory of State suicide which gave to the national government absolute liberty of action as to the status of the States in rebellion and their reconstruction after the return of peace. This theory stood in sharp contrast to Lincoln's ideas, but Sumner clung to it with his peculiar tenacity. The difference of opinion between the two men was so radical and outspoken that at the time of Lincoln's second inauguration an actual rupture of their personal relations was currently reported and widely believed. But, in spite of their disagreements and jarrings, Lincoln at heart esteemed Sumner very highly, and Sumner, although sometimes seriously disturbed by Lincoln's acts or failures to act, had implicit confidence in the rectitude of his character and the justness of his ultimate aims. Now, when Lincoln heard of the rumor speaking of his personal rupture with Sumner, he at once resolved to discredit it by an open demonstration. On the evening of the inauguration ball, he suddenly appeared in his carriage with Mrs. Lincoln and Mr. Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, at Mr. Sumner's house, and invited the senator to join them. Being asked by the President, he could not refuse. And then, arrived at the ball-room, the President further asked the senator to offer Mrs. Lincoln his arm and to take her in. The senator, with grave gallantry, complied, and appeared before all the assembled multitude, if not as a member of Lincoln's family, at least as one of his dearest and most honored friends. After this their difference of opinion continued, although much softened; but there was no more talk of a personal rupture between Lincoln and Sumner.

News of Lee's Surrender

Shortly after my return from City Point, I received an order from the War Department to report at once for duty to General Sherman at Goldsboro in North Carolina. I obeyed without delay. The concentration of troops at Goldsboro included, aside from Sherman's army proper, with which he had executed the famous march from Atlanta to the sea and from Savannah to North Carolina, the Twenty-third Corps, under General Schofield, and the Tenth Corps, under General Terry. These forces were now divided into three armies: the Army of the Tennessee, under General Howard; the Army of the Ohio, under General Schofield; and the Army of Georgia, under General Slocum. When I presented my order to General Sherman, he greeted me like an old friend, and ordered me to report to General Slocum for employment in the Army of Georgia. I found with General Slocum a pleasant reception, and as there was at the time no proper command vacant in the Army of Georgia, he appointed me temporarily as his chief of staff. From the very beginning our relations were hearty and confidential.

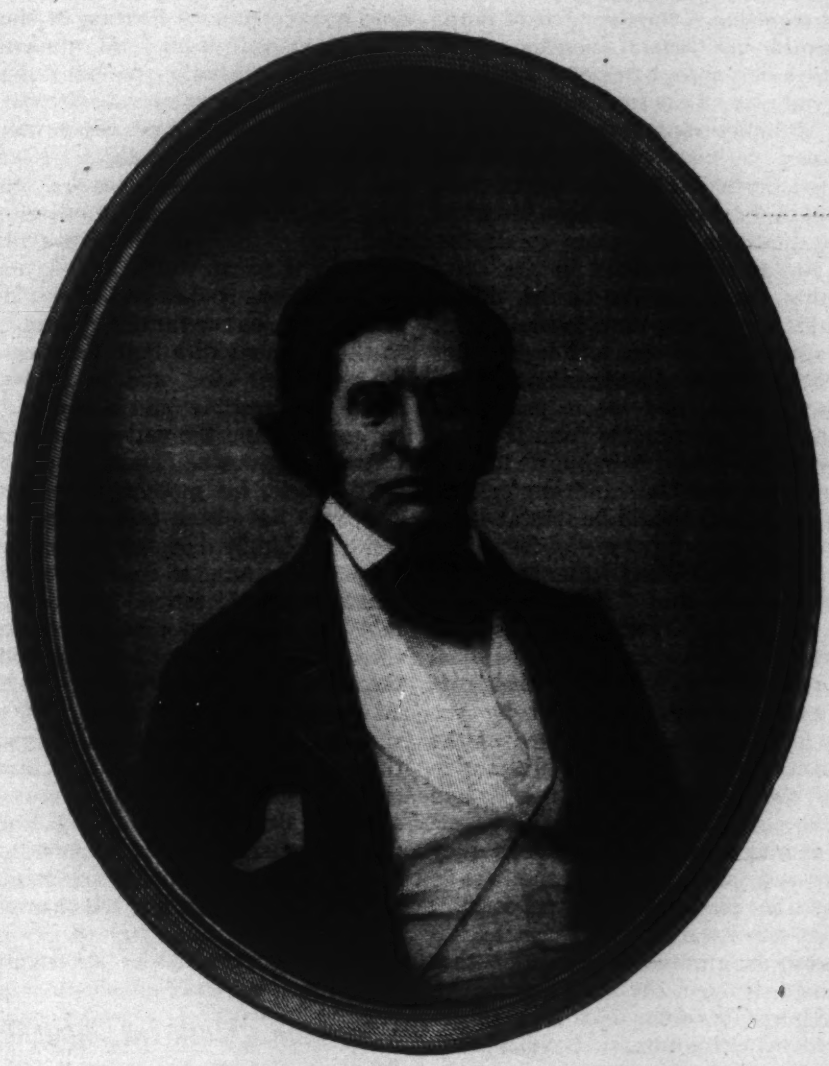
There was a general feeling that the final collapse of the Confederacy, and with it the end of the war, could not be far distant; but it was supposed that Sherman's command, after having put itself in communication with General Grant's forces, would still have the honor of participating in the capture of Richmond and of Lee's army. With that view, Sherman ordered his forces to be ready to move on the morning of April 11th; but that morning brought us the news that Richmond had fallen, and that General Lee was making an effort to effect a junction with General "Joe" Johnston's army, which was at some distance in our front. Thereupon General Sherman resolved to march directly upon Raleigh, hoping to strike Johnston at Smithfield. It was at the village of Smithfield that I heard rebel bullets whistle for the last time. It appeared that Johnston had left that place and marched to Raleigh, leaving a small rear-guard behind, with whom we had a very slight skirmish. On the 12th, while I was riding by General Slocum's side in the column of march, we observed a horseman galloping toward us, swinging his hat and shouting something to the troops, to which they responded with a wild hurrah. When he came near, we understood his shout to be: "Grant has captured Lee's army!"

Lincoln Assassinated

Now there could no longer be any doubt that the end of the war was actually at hand. Indeed, hardly one day had elapsed, after our arrival at Raleigh, when a flag of truce brought a message from General Johnston, asking for a suspension of hostilities and a meeting between him and General Sherman for the arrangement of terms of surrender. The meeting was fixed for April 17th, at a point intermediate between the two armies.

Just as he was leaving Raleigh on that morning, Sherman received a telegraphic message from Secretary Stanton containing the announcement of the assassination of President Lincoln. While Sherman was gone to confer with Johnston the terrible news was kept secret from our troops, to be revealed to them by a general order the next day. I well remember the effect the announcement had upon them. The camps, which for two days had been fairly resounding with jubilation over the advent of peace, suddenly fell into gloomy stillness. The

soldiers admired their great generals, and often saluted some of them with enthusiastic acclamations; but their President, their good "Father Abraham," they loved. Him they carried in their hearts as their personal friend and the friend of their homes and families. When the foul deed by which he had been taken off was made known, they did not vent their feelings in loud tones of anger and vengeance,-but they sat round their camp-fires, either silent or communicating their wrathful grief to one another in grim murmurs. But as I went among them and here and there caught their utterances, it occurred to me that now it was the highest time that war should cease. If it had continued, and if these men had once more been let loose upon the "enemy's country," there would have been danger of vengeance taken for Abraham Lincoln's blood that might have made the century shudder.



CHARLES SUMNER

His "State-suicide" theory almost caused a rupture in his personal relations with Lincoln

The people of the South themselves felt keenly that the murder of Lincoln was the

worst blow that could have fallen upon them. As General Sherman told us, Johnston and the generals of his army received the bloody news with utter consternation.

Sherman's Extraordinary Blunder

It was, indeed, high time that war should cease, but it did not cease without a by-play much to be regretted. On the 18th of April General Sherman met General Johnston again, and agreed with him upon a treaty of surrender intended to embrace all the Confederate armies in the field. Its provisions were astonishing to the last degree. It stipulated, subject to the approval of the President, that the Confederate armies should be "disbanded and conducted to their several State capitals, there to deposit their arms and public property in the State arsenals"; that the Executive of the United States should "recognize the several State governments on their officers and legislatures taking the oaths prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, and where conflicting State governments had resulted from the war, the legitimacy of all should be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States"; that "all the Federal courts should be reëstablished in the several States, with powers as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of the States respectively"; that "the people and inhabitants of all the States be guaranteed, as far as the Executive can, their political rights and privileges, as well as their rights of person and property as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of the States respectively"; that "the Executive authority of the Government of the United States should not disturb any of the people by reason of the late war, so long as they live in peace and quiet, and obey the laws in existence at the place of their residence"; in short, that the "war was to cease, and a general amnesty be granted on condition that the armies be disbanded, the arms distributed, and peaceful pursuits resumed."

It required no extraordinary political foresight to predict the prompt rejection of the Sherman-Johnston agreement by the government as well as by the public opinion of the country. I was very much distressed — not as if there could have been any doubt as to the final outcome of the matter, but on account of General Sherman. With all his companions in arms, I esteemed him very highly and cherished a genuine affection for him. And now, to think that, at the very close of his splendid career in the War for the Union, he should by one inconsiderate act bring upon himself the censure of the government and of the country was sad indeed. And this one inconsiderate act was so foreign to what had been, and were again to be, his natural tendencies! It was the same man who, in October, 1863, had written to the Secretary of the Treasury: "By the vicissitude of war I was again forced into the command of a Department. I almost shrink from a command that involves me in civil matters which I do not understand. Politics, or the means to influence a civil people, are mysteries which I do not comprehend." And in our intercourse of later years he often said to me: "I know nothing of politics, and don't want to have anything to do with politics. I leave all my politics to John" — his brother, the senator. And now, at the supreme moment of the final closing up of the Civil War, when all the people stood on tiptoe to watch and scrutinize every word that was spoken and every stroke of the pen by those on the theater of great events, that he should jump with both feet into politics of the weightiest kind, and in a manner which could not possibly find acceptance with his government and the vast majority of his countrymen — it was an almost tragic spectacle.

Of course, his motives were good. Whatever may have been said to the contrary, he was most kindly disposed toward the Southern people and wanted to treat them with the most generous consideration. Besides, he feared that the disbanded rebel armies might form themselves into guerrilla bands and so harass the country for an indefinite period of time, by an irregular sort of warfare, very difficult to suppress, and he hoped that he might induce them quietly to go home and become peaceable citizens at once by treating them very handsomely. But he forgot that Grant, receiving the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, had set him an example of handsome treatment, that this example had for him the character of a rule to be followed, and that to diverge from it would have been, under all circumstances, a dangerous venture.

Sherman's Outbreak Against Stanton

What was sure to follow followed swiftly. As soon as the Sherman-Johnston treaty came to the knowledge of the government, it was promptly disavowed; and as soon as it came to the knowledge of the public, the press broke into a storm of angry denunciation. It is probable that Stanton, who was somewhat given to blunt language, communicated to Sherman the disapproval of the government in more than ordinarily brusque terms, and that the telegraph did not mince matters in acquainting Sherman with what the papers said. At any rate, Sherman's excitable temper was

wrought up to the highest pitch of exasperation, and declared itself with the utmost freedom.

It was on the evening after the arrival of such telegraphic tidings from the North that I witnessed a scene which I shall never forget. At the so-called "Palace," the Governor's mansion in Raleigh, where, if I remember rightly, Sherman had his headquarters, about a dozen or so of generals were assembled in a large, bare room. They were all in a disturbed state of mind at the turn affairs had taken, and had come to get from Sherman the latest news. They sat or stood around in rather mute expectation. But Sherman was not mute. He paced up and down the room like a caged lion, and, without addressing anybody in particular, unbosomed himself with an eloquence of furious invective which for a while made us all stare. He lashed the Secretary of War as a mean, scheming, vindictive politician who made it his business to rob military men of the credit earned by exposing their lives in the service of their country. He berated the people who blamed him for what he had done as a mass of fools not worth fighting for, who did not know when a thing was well done. He railed at the press, which had altogether too much freedom; which had become an engine of vilification; which should be bridled by severe laws, so that the fellows who wielded too loose a pen might be put behind bars — and so on and so on. A foreigner unacquainted with the American character and American ways, hearing this wild outburst, might have believed that here was the beginning of a mutiny of a victorious general against his government. But we who knew Sherman to be one of the most loyal souls in America were troubled by it only because we feared that by a similar volcanic eruption in public he might seriously compromise his character before the people.

Grant as a Peacemaker

A day or two later, General Slocum entered my tent with a happy face. "It will all be well," said he. "Grant is here. He has come from Washington to set things right." Indeed, Grant had come to save his friend Sherman from himself. He showed Sherman that he, Grant, had been instructed by Lincoln himself strictly to abstain from all conferences or arguments of a political nature with the enemy, and how the capitulation at Appomattox had been framed accordingly. Sherman was appeased, except that he continued to bear a bitter grudge against Secretary Stanton, who, he thought, had wantonly insulted him. General Johnston surrendered his army on the 26th of April, on the same terms as those on which Lee had surrendered to Grant, and the surrender of other Southern forces soon followed. The war was ended.

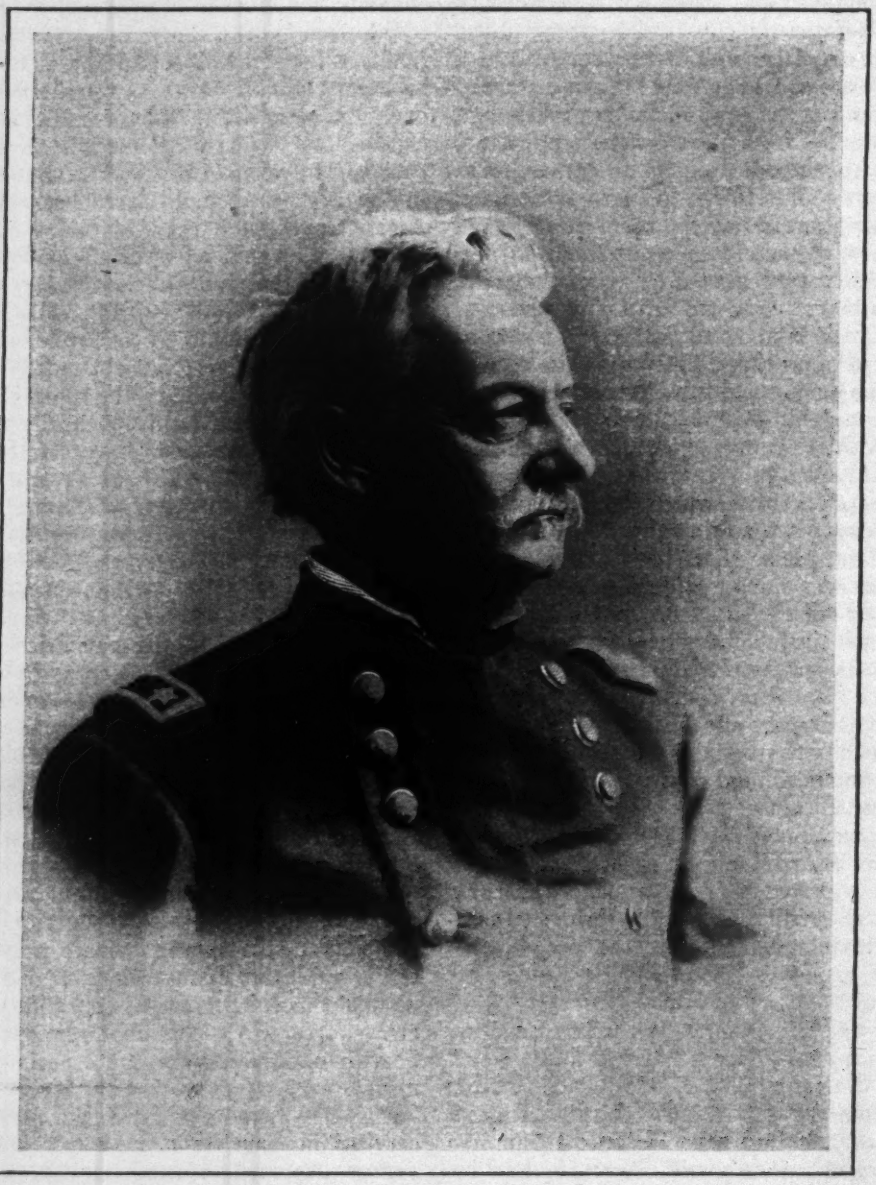
Schurz Resigns his Commission

As soon as General Johnston's surrender was officially announced, I promptly resigned my commission in the army and returned to my family, who were still sojourning at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania. Thus my military life was over. It was a life full of most interesting experiences. It inspired me with a very high esteem for the American volunteer soldier, who in the aggregate might have been called the American people in arms. Nothing could have been more magnificent than the patriotic ardor with which the youth of the country — native and foreign born alike — crowded around the flag of the Republic when President Lincoln called for defenders of the Union.

Among those who filled the ranks there were, no doubt, some adventurous spirits whom the prospect of a fight would have attracted under any circumstances. But it is equally true, doubtless, that the overwhelming majority consisted of men who simply obeyed the voice of duty, which called them as American citizens to abandon the daily pursuits of peace and to offer their lives as a sacrifice to their country on the field of war. And this patriotic enthusiasm at the beginning of the war was by no means a mere momentary, short-lived effervescence. It was a moral element of steadiness, supplying what the volunteer army lacked in discipline. There was no chasm of caste or fixed social class distinction between the different ranks, and the consciousness of this led to a forgetfulness of military formalities and sometimes to a decidedly unmilitary familiarity of tone between subordinate and superior. For instance, the rule that a private must give an officer a military salute whenever and wherever he might meet him proved very difficult of general enforcement. Two characteristic incidents bearing upon this point are especially vivid in my memory.

One day I had a visit from a major-general serving in another army-corps. When my visitor departed, I accompanied him to his horse, and noticed that the sentry guarding my tent did not present arms to him. Returning to my tent, I sternly asked the sentry: "Why did you not present arms to the general?" He answered with the utmost coolness (he was from a Western regiment): "Why, sir, the general was never introduced to me." There were also instances of superabundant civility. While our corps was stationed in Virginia, in the winter of 1862–63, a Connecticut regiment,

the Seventeenth, was attached to my division. It was quite fresh and was sent on outpost duty, mainly for the purpose of instruction. To see whether the thing was well done, I rode with some officers along the rear of the picket-line.



GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM

Commander of the Army of Georgia at the close of the war; General Schurz was his chief of staff.

The men were generally well posted, face to the enemy, and permitted me to pass behind them unnoticed. But one of them evidently thought that this was discourteous and would not do. He turned round, presented arms with one hand, took off his cap with the other, and made a profound bow. The spectacle was so comical that my companions broke out in loud laughter. I rode up to the man, corrected his position, and asked him why he had been so elaborately polite. He said that during the last Presidential campaign, that of 1860, he had heard me make a public speech which had impressed him very much, and he thought it no more than proper to give me, besides the military salute, a further mark of respect by uncovering his head and bowing.

American Army Discipline Amuses Bismarck

Some years later, when I visited Germany again and met the famous Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, as well as several generals of the Prussian army who had studied the history of our Civil War, they plied me with questions about the organization, the spirit, and the efficiency of our volunteer army. What I told them was substantially what I have put into these pages. It amused them immensely, but, accustomed as they were to judge everything by the high standards of professional instruction and discipline of the Prussian army, they seemed unable to understand how an army like ours could fight. How would it cope with any of the regular armies of European powers, arrayed against it on anything like equal terms in point of numbers? They listened with a polite smile when I expressed the opinion that no country had human material superior to ours as regards physical development, intelligence, and martial spirit; that, in the long run, our volunteers could outmarch any European troops and surpass them in the endurance of any sort of fatigue; that our volunteers would build roads and extemporize serviceable railway bridges and viaducts from pine-trees near at hand, with nothing but nails and tools such as axes and saws and hammers and picks and shovels, and a clever engineer to guide them, with incredible skill and rapidity. I had seen them do this; and I had seen them, many times, construct temporary intrenchments and defenses almost without tools. In my opinion, they would, in a conflict with a European army, suffer some reverses, perhaps, at the beginning of a campaign, on account of the superiority of European drill and discipline, but would soon become acquainted with the tactics of their adversaries and prove decidedly superior in the long run, especially if the contest were to be fought out on American soil.

As to the bravery of the American soldier, Northerner as well as Southerner, volunteer as well as regular, there can hardly be two opinions. He will not suffer, but rather profit, by comparison with any other. In his courage there is a peculiar element of national pride. But I must confess that my war experience has destroyed some youthful illusions as to the romantic aspect of bravery or heroism in battle. If I were to venture a definition, I should say that true bravery or heroism consists in conscious self-sacrifice for the benefit of others, or in the performance of duty; and the less expectation of reward or distinction there is connected with the act of self-sacrifice, the more genuine the bravery or heroism will be.

Sherman and Grant

I cannot close what I have to say about the army without recurring again to General Sherman.

In the opinion of many competent persons, Sherman was the ablest commander in the Union service. I remember a remarkable utterance of his when we were speaking of Grant's campaign. "There was a difference," Sherman said, "between Grant's way and mine of looking at things. Grant never cared a damn about what was going on behind the enemy's lines, but it often scared me like the devil." He admitted, and justly so, that some of Grant's successes were owing to this very fact, but also some of his most conspicuous failures. Grant believed in hammering, Sherman in manoeuvering. It had been the habit of the generals commanding the Army of the Potomac to cross the Rappahannock, to get their drubbing from Lee, and then promptly to retreat and recross the Rappahannock again. Grant crossed the Rappahannock, got his drubbing from Lee, but did not recross the Rappahannock again in retreat. He went sturdily on, hammering and hammering, and, with his vastly superior resources, finally hammered Lee's army to pieces, but with a most dreadful sacrifice of life on his own part. Now, comparing Grant's campaign for the taking of Richmond with Sherman's campaign for the taking of Atlanta,— without losing sight of any of the differences of their respective situations,— we may well arrive at the conclusion that Sherman was the superior strategist and the greater general.

I have already mentioned Sherman's letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, in which he expressed his own distrust in his faculty in dealing with civic affairs. Several years after the close of the Civil War, at a time when a Presidential election was approaching, some Republican newspapers suggested General Sherman's nomination as the Republican candidate. One day about this time I happened to meet the general on a ferry-boat between Jersey City and New York, and in the course of our conversation I referred to the Republican papers so using his name. Sherman at once burst out in his characteristic fashion. "What?" said he. "Do they think I am a damned fool? They know that I don't know anything about politics and am not fit for the Presidency. At least, I know it. No, I am not a damned fool. I am a happy man now. Look at Grant! Look at Grant! What wouldn't he give now if he had

never meddled with politics? No, they must let me alone. They can't bedevil me!" There was a treasure of the rare wisdom of self-knowledge in this rough speech, and it was thoroughly sincere.

Sherman's Story of the Golden Fleece

When he called himself a "happy man" there was a tone of just exultation in his words. He was indeed a happy man. He had won great renown as a soldier and an immense popularity all over the Northern country. This he knew, and he thoroughly relished it. All sorts of societies and public organizations had made him their honorary member, and he appeared among them as often as he could. Whenever he entered a theater, which he did very often, the orchestra would strike up "Marching through Georgia"; the whole audience would rise and clap their hands, sometimes even singing the tune, and his rugged face would fairly glow and beam with pleasure. Every social circle greeted him as a most welcome guest, and at receptions and evening parties and other gatherings the "pretty girls" would come up and kiss him — and how he did enjoy all this!

As he grew older his mind lost little, if anything, of its original vivacity. His conversation bubbled with quaint conceits and odd expressions poured forth in the utmost abundance with great freedom. There could be no more entertaining dinner companion. While he lived in New York he sometimes dined with me or I with him; but he was most interesting when he came uninvited and unexpected, "just to make a call," which he did now and then in the evening after dinner. Then he usually seemed to have something on his mind that he wanted to talk about. So I remember him one evening after nine o'clock suddenly bursting into my drawing-room, when, after having saluted my family, he at once precipitated upon us the subject then uppermost in his mind.

"Do you know," he said, "that ancient myth of Jason and the Golden Fleece is no mere myth at all? It is history. You know, those old Greeks were great pirates and filibusters. They heard somehow that in a foreign country not very far away there were rivers or creeks carrying gold sand, and that the natives managed to get that gold sand by putting sheepskins with the wool on into the river or creeks in which the gold sand, floating down-stream, would stick fast. Those sheepskins with the wool full of gold were the 'golden fleece,' don't you see? Then the Greek pirates sailed for those countries and stole the golden fleeces and occasionally took some native girls along home with them. That was the origin of the myth of Jason and Medea, but the whole thing is substantially as true as anything in history." Thus he would go on for a while, in the liveliest style, elucidating his story with all the joyousness of new discovery. This theme exhausted, he would jump up, thank us for the pleasant evening he had had, and leave as abruptly as he had come. He was indeed a happy man, largely owing to his wise abstinence from affairs for which he did not feel himself fitted; and, when he died, everybody who knew him regretted that he was not permitted to enjoy his happiness some years longer.

Vandalism in the Union Army

The Union army has been blamed for cruel acts of vandalism committed in the Southern country, especially during the latter part of the war. This charge, which has, indeed, been very much exaggerated as it went from mouth to mouth and from newspaper to newspaper, is not entirely groundless. In his report on our march from Chattanooga to Knoxville for the relief of Burnside, General Howard complained that acts of robbery and wanton destruction of property had been committed by some of the soldiers — in a country, too, in which a majority of the population were faithful Unionists. This complaint did not apply to his own troops, but to a corps of Sherman's army which preceded ours on the march. I myself saw evidences of this. I found several houses on the road completely stripped of everything that could be moved; I saw a field covered with feathers from a feather-bed that had been ripped open; I saw a cradle standing by the roadside a mile or more away from the nearest human habitation. Evidently, it was the mere lust of looting that had induced soldiers to carry away things so absolutely useless to them.

Later, in 1865, when I joined General Sherman's army at Goldsboro, North Carolina, after its great march through Georgia and the Carolinas, I saw some soldiers frying their bacon on silver platters, and in a general's tent I was treated to the finest Madeira wine poured from a large silver pitcher into silver goblets. When I asked where those things came from, the answer was that the army had been fairly stumbling over them in South Carolina, and there was a lot of such stuff still left there. I do not mean to be understood as saying that I observed many such instances, but I observed some, and I was told that when the army was foraging for its sustenance in Georgia, it was impossible to watch closely enough to make sure that nothing but necessary supplies were taken, and, further, that when the army

GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

marched through South Carolina, a feeling seized upon the soldiers that, as South Carolina had started the whole secession mischief, it was no more than right to make South Carolinians suffer for it.

Sherman's Two Hundred Gold Watches

Many years later I had a conversation with General Sherman on this subject. He frankly admitted that the necessity of "living on the country" by more or less systematic foraging had relaxed the discipline of the troops to a dangerous degree, and that the grudge of the soldiers against South Carolina as the original "secession hole" and the instigator of the rebellion had certainly existed and brought forth deplorable consequences. He denied emphatically, however, that the fire destroying the city of Columbia had been started by his troops, having made, as he affirmed, the fullest, most

careful and impartial investigation. "But," he said, "before we got out of that State the men had so accustomed themselves to destroying everything along the line of march that sometimes, when I had my headquarters in a house, that house began to burn before I was fairly out of it. The truth is," he added, "human nature is human nature. You take the best lot of young men,— all church members, if you please,— and put them into an army, and let them invade the enemy's country and live upon it for any length of time, and they will gradually lose all principle and self-restraint to a degree beyond the control of discipline. It always has been and always will be so. When a fair-minded man, who knows something about war, examines the conduct of my troops under the circumstances, he will not be surprised at what they did, but he will be surprised that it was no worse. At any rate, I was very glad when I had my army out of those States."

By the way, it is a curious fact that in the South General Sherman himself is still, to this day, held responsible for all the mischief connected with his famous march. The most ludicrously extravagant stories about his personal conduct are still current there. A Southern lady, a friend much cherished by my family for her character and intelligence, told me quite seriously that General Sherman had himself brought with him from the South over two hundred gold watches. I tried in vain to convince her that the story could not possibly be true. She simply insisted that she knew it was true, that it was very well known down South, and that the proof of it was in the State Department at Washington!

The sayings of such a man as General Sherman on the effects of war upon the morals of the soldiers themselves may be commended to the sober contemplation of those who so glibly speak of war as a great moral agency — how war kindles in the popular heart the noblest instincts and emotions of human nature; how it lifts a people above the mean "selfishness of daily life"; how it stops the growth of the "vile groveling materialism" which is too apt to develop into a dominant tendency in a long period of peace; how it turns the ambitions of men into channels of generous enthusiasm and lofty aspirations; and how it is simply a bath of fire from which human society issues cleansed of its dross of low propensities, refreshed in its best energies, and more ardent than ever in devoted pursuit of its highest ideals.

The Last March

Although I had resigned my commission and was no longer in the service, I could not abstain from going to Washington to witness the great parade of the two armies, the Eastern and the Western, previous to their final dissolution, and to press the hands of my old companions in arms once more. My experiences during the conflict, and sober reflections thereon, developed in me a profound abhorrence of war as such; but I must confess, when I saw those valiant hosts swinging in broad-fronted column down Pennsylvania Avenue, the Army of the Potomac one day, and the next day Sherman's army of bronzed veterans,— the men nothing but bone and muscle and skin,— their tattered battle-flags fluttering victoriously over their heads in the full pride of achievement, my heart leaped in the consciousness of having been one of them. It was a spectacle splendid and imposing beyond description. But was not that which followed a spectacle far grander and more splendid in its significance? — the sudden dispersion of these mighty hosts which looked and felt as if they might defy the world, but which, after four years of most bloody and destructive fighting, melted away all at once, as if they had never existed, every man that had wielded the sword or the musket, or served the cannon in terrible conflict, going quietly home to his plow or his anvil or his loom or his counting-room, as a peaceable citizen? That this transition from the conditions of war to those of peace, this transformation of a million soldiers into a million citizen workers, could be accomplished so suddenly, without the slightest disturbance, even without any apprehension of difficulty, was, in its way, a greater triumph of the American democracy than any victory won on the battle-field.

A HOLIDAY

BY

ADA MELVIN

AUTHOR OF "CARL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED (SEE FRONTISPIECE) BY A. I. KELLER

IN a memorable Saturday in October, in a city of the rainy northwest corner, Mrs. Dare paused, passed on, turned back presently, and entered a large hardware-store where her husband exchanged the main part of his life for an insufficient income. She was aware that there was inconvenience, even some foolishness of hysteria, in her wish for such an expedition on such a day; but she had gone on, balancing for and against, until she had yielded to it.

She was a woman in khaki, veiled in unattraction: a grave, thin woman, with dulled eyes and hardening mouth; pale, fatigued, middle-aged; dressed in one of the ready-made suits of cheapness that extinguish individuality like a domino; within, the additional extinguishment of knowing herself as she was known. Janet had no comforting delusions about herself. She knew that she was a visual nonentity, inevitably unreflected in the eyes that passed over her like so much colorless water. But to acquiesce in the justice of a conclusion is not therefore to abolish its sting. A poor, a very proud, a most unhappy woman, bitterly unresigned to her share of fate, was Mrs. Janet Dare, until she reached this modifying Saturday afternoon in her life when the angel stirred the pool.

In the railed office at the rear Robert sat, with the other accountants, buried alive in his hopeless reckoning of another man's profits. At an outer desk, too, of course — it was Robert's luck to have to flaunt his galley-slave subordination before everybody who entered the store. He might as well have been a salesman. The wife's cold, tired, dark-circled eyes showed no lightening as she drew near, because of the obvious fact that, so far as looks went, she need not wish him unseen, this slender, serious, gentlemanlike clerk with his refined hollowing of cheek and brow. The life that had shattered her had deepened in Robert his ascetic beauty — not that he had not earned his good looks fairly enough. If ever a man, by being himself a monument of self-denial, had tried to atone to a woman for winning nothing better for her than the kind of livelihood that is a mere abstention from death, Robert was that man.

On the writing arm of the oblivious man of figures Mrs. Dare laid a hand of whose roughness under its faded glove she was always conscious.

"Janet — you!" His surprised eyes, as he turned his head, were tired and dark-circled, too, but not cold. They beamed with their usual sweet look of welcome, the indescribable glance of unalterable, exclusive, bound affection that seemed a part of him. Robert never laid up any of her glooms and bitternesses across even a few hours of absence.

Yes, certainly, he was a good man — a good, loving man — none better. But, oh! — goodness is not all, nor the greater part of all. One cannot eat it, nor wear it, nor pay the dentist with it for saving the children's teeth before it is too late.

"Yes, don't you wonder at seeing me out of my orbit? I should think I would seem a portent." The noises of the store made a shield; their low voices were safely inaudible. "I've got a holiday, Robert, and am going to keep it for myself. It's an extra,— one of a kind,— like finding money in a horseshoe track. I don't feel as if I were robbing the children; it's not likely to happen again. I want to go out to Cedar Street Park for an hour or two, and try to get away from it all. Can't you get off, too, and come with me? Surely you might, for once."

Robert's gently fading smile finished, dying abruptly. Their latent red spark came out in his hazel eyes and his undertone sharpened amazingly. His temper was the good man's anachronism.

"Do you think you ought to ask me to,

Janet? You know how I hate asking favors. It's all I can do to stand these darn fools bossing me around, without giving them any chance at me that I can help. I'm trying to hold this place, you know, dear. You don't want me out of a job again, do you?"

The wife's eyes narrowed and turned away, her face moving with a smile that meant much that must always be unutterable — the eternal loneliness of despising the immaturity of one's own. How did women feel who had husbands they looked up to?

"Very well, Robert; I'll go alone — I need the change. Will you tell Maidie ——"

"I'll go anywhere, do anything, to-morrow, Janet. Don't you think you could manage to get away to-morrow?" His brief petulance flashed away, Robert was himself again, deprecating, troubled for Janet, to whom he owed and could not pay a happy life.

"It would do me no good to try. You know what Sunday is to me as well as I do. But don't fret yourself — I'll manage to interview the trees alone. If I'm not home before you are, please tell Maidie not to try to keep anything hot for me except coffee. She knows how it would vex me if I made her extra trouble. She has enough to do, poor child. Good-by."

But no sooner was her back turned than Robert could not bear it. It was too shameful. Her poor little holiday — three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, seven days in the week, eighteen hours or so in the twenty-four — and her three hours of holiday all alone! When before had she taken a breath of healing idleness?

"Jennie, wait! I'll see if I can go.

"In just a minute, dear," said Robert, as she came back, making delay out of arranging his desk while he mastered his irritation. He was sore at the prospective favor-asking, sore at Janet, sore at himself. His hopeless routine was so much better borne when it was unbroken.

Midway down the store loomed the offensively well-tailored figure of the younger partner — a man whom Janet hated, had no reason for hating, and went on hating more as the slow months brought Robert no good. It was on this man that she had pinned her last hope of a turn in their awful luck. A graduate of Robert's own college, this prosperous employer had loomed a brightness ahead when Robert came here to work three years ago — a bow of promise it must surely be to work for a man of like traditions, like perceptions, with one's self. And now that the glow had faded to an unrelated fact, by so much as the laws of probability had claimed him as a friend did she hate this employer more than she had hated other unnoticing employers of Robert's.

The great one seemed to be laying down the law about something to one of Robert's fellow-servitors — an acquiescent bower-down who looked the character. For the matter of that, they all looked the character (survival of the fittest, no doubt), all the underlings and sub-bosses in sight, with their pitifully empty faces narrowed to their jobs — slaves all, servile in body, piling up comfort for their owners, servile in mind, willing to do it. Mrs. Dare found a queer pleasure in thinking ill things of Robert's class. (His class — that it had come to that!) She had reached the point in her martyrdom when she bathed her hands in the flame.

Braced to his black dose of favor-asking, the servant strode down the store to his master. Janet's acrid thoughts played with these gross old terms like children with firearms, ignorant of their meaning. If Robert had had to endure really the name as well as the fact (as clerks did have to endure it not so many decades back in the emergence from inequality), how could she have found it possible to name even in thought the ignominy beneath her present downfall?

Bosses are born to meanness as the sparks fly upward. Naturally, the granting of his clerk's favor was a matter of some little time to the man on the coign of vantage. Oh, it was beautiful to see the coolly attentive, considering look that the younger superior bent on his older petitioner! Feeling the while the keenest distaste for her own bitterness, Janet longed for some adequate hurt with which to punish that look. She knew that her thoughts were childish, unreasonable, unworthy. It was the man's own store. Robert did not have to work for him. Yes, to be sure. The knowledge that they are not in the straight channel of the oughts is seldom a soothing unguent to the choked, tortuous windings of a hard-driven heart.

"Yes, I can go," said Robert shortly, coming back, the kink in his jaw more kinky, his eyes avoiding hers. Of course, Robert was childish, too. All useless revolt is childish, more or less, stern submission being your only true dignity in this mostly unimprovable world.

Robert's manner in explaining to the head bookkeeper was stiff and formal — that of course. Robert always saw red looking upward. Equally of course, he gave a parting word and smile, comrade-wise, to the two or three who were still smaller fry than he. Of course, too, the humbler ones responded heartily, the men murmuring cordially, the dumpy little grub of

a cashier-woman leaving her money-changing to congeal while she smiled and answered back. It was the old story. Wherever Robert worked, the lesser ones always loved him. But one does not mount by climbing downward — not in this world, however one's feelings may point to such a mode of ascension in a better one.

On the way to the door, Robert was doing something to the skirts of the overcoat which he had hung over his arm, when he met Janet's unsympathetic eyes turned upon him. He had been trying to hide the patch on the right side where a careless pipe had burned a hole through, and he knew well enough with what sort of wretched remoteness of heart she was comparing him with the men who do not have to wear patched clothes. During all these long years of a married life that had been a geometrical progression of wants that could not be satisfied, disparagement on Janet's side, wincing on Robert's, had kept up a miserable chain-step that had hardened as it chafed, but was able to find fresh chafings still.

Outside the door, Robert got into his excoriating garment with such a jerk that he stumbled into the basketware of a Siwash woman who had encamped herself flat on the damp pavement. "I beg your pardon," he said superfluously, as he stooped to aid the stolid creature, who, unattuned to the voice of apology, was scrambling around in her property like a disturbed insect. What a marvel of absurd needlessness, what a misfit she was, camping there — a grotesque estray from her proper environment, with eyes of incomprehensible fixity gazing at nothing.

The gentle clerk, pondering a moment, glanced curiously at the unmoved, weary face of his wife. How could a woman hold on to the sulkiness of her own evil luck when she was standing on her two feet over another woman down in the dirt like that?

"Look at the poor thing, Jennie. Life hasn't done its worst for you and me." He had stretched out a hand to stay Janet's onstepping.

"What of that?" said the wife sharply, moving away. "It does plenty of better things for plenty of people." She was not to be shamed or cozened into patience with the senseless bareness of her life. Of all cants, the cant of resignation was to her the most wearing. But she did glance back with defiant curiosity at the Indian woman, with hard, scornful pity, wondering how many cells were alive in the creature's soul, and hoping there were as few as there appeared to be.

"Shall we ride or walk?" asked Robert, presently.

"Walk, if you don't mind. I don't get time to walk much — it'll be part of the picnic. It's not more than a mile and a half."

"Queer day for a picnic, isn't it?" — taking an all-round survey overhead as he spoke, and deciding to roll the umbrellas. It would probably not rain again before night.

"I was glad enough to get it, such as it is," said his wife lifelessly. "I am not able to pick and choose."

"I know, dear," Robert said, after a moment. He meant to be very patient with Janet this afternoon. He was not so always, having feelings of his own. "Forgive me — I wish you could, with all my heart. How did you happen to get this lay-off?"

"There was nothing for me to do. The young man's business has been slack lately." Janet sold her afternoons to a young lawyer. She had acquired the loathed art of typewriting tinctured with stenography, and she was not so grateful as she should have been that her earnings just paid the rent. The family needs had at last so outswelled Robert's salary that even her skill in the subdivision of the little had reached its limit. As for taking any of the children out of school to help, that should not be while she could take on more load. Nor would they give up renting a decent house in a good neighborhood where the children could at least have the chance of proper associates — only death should tear her from that last hold on the better lot.

Feeling no more call to talk, the somber pair of recreation-seekers trudged on parkward in silence, though it was the first outing they had had alone together for several years, and might well be the last for several years more. A Frenchman has truly said that the very poor do not talk much to one another. Why should they? Domestic liveliness is for the hopeful. On the steps up from the abyss, likewise, the gradations of taciturnity are noticeably correspondent. The heavier-hearted fellow-travelers have learned to dread the reaction of conversation — the coming back to the relentlessness of the facts that no amount of talk will budge.

However, by the time they had reached the foot of the long hill that led up to the park, the unwonted out-of-door release had so far enlivened Robert's physical being that he was beginning to feel around interestedly for the pipe that ought to be in his pocket. Bringing out, instead, a cigar which was apparently of the breed of excellence, and might well be so, having been a present yesterday from a tobacco-drummer, he examined it with pursed lips and wrinkled eyes, gingerly inhaled its fragrance, and was restoring it to his pocket when Janet

broke in, wintrily humorous at the loverlike pantomime: "Oh, smoke it, Robert! Act like other people for once — holiday is a far enough cry for you and me. Dick can go without his extra candy — it won't hurt him. Of course, that's what you were going to swap it to the groceryman for."

At this bald statement of his secret intentions Robert laughed a little, and dallied with temptation until he bit off the end of it. It *was* just once in a way, certainly.

Watching him, seeing the comfort he could take, Janet remembered the box of super-splendid cigars — a present last Christmas sent by a friend of his easier youth — which he had sold untouched that he might buy pleasures instead for the children. He stripped himself down to bare life always, this tender, pitying, remorseful, hot-tempered Robert, who lacked only the money-making brains, and, lacking them, lacked most of what makes life worth having for the wife and children who must follow in his lead. How different things would have been for them if he could have made himself a little more supple in swallowing the insults of coarse upperdom, a little less ready with the sarcasms on trade dishonesties which had cooled at least two very favorable employers toward him. Possibly — very probably — it was good for a man's own soul to be like that, to stand on his integrity and pride, to be upright, whatever the cost, thought the worn-out woman; but it was not on record that the wives of saints get much out of life. For them the man who is too good is generally no good; their lives are a mere terror, a farce of senseless labor and hardship, worth nothing. The joy of life, the ease, the comfort, the happiness, are for the women whose men make money-getting their first thought, as it should be — as it should be! cried poor Janet's bitter heart, wanting all things, having almost nothing. Oh, if Robert had only known how to make money, one would not mind living, nor having one's children live!

Still, two hours later, coming back down the hill, Janet, poverty's invalid, sick in soul, was really bringing away some measure of peace. Her face was smoother, less strained, her eye more forgetful and observant. Roaming much in the walks of the lonely park,— naturally unfrequented in such weather,— sitting in the high pavilion with the water-view, which the artist-gardener had nested on the bluff edge with the tree-branches curling into and around it, she had by and by relaxed her tension. Her worn mind had responded at last to the childhood-recalling sweetness of the drifting leaves in the deciduously planted little beauty-place — a memory gem it was of autumnal varicolor in the waste of evergreenness. Coming home, she was even beginning to chatter a little of this or that passing trifle, to turn on her husband now and then a careless, quick smile; and no doubt it was this transitory ghost of the Janet of old that cheered and betrayed Robert into the false move that spoiled all — though, indeed, Janet's final disgraceful exhibition of the accumulated small-mindedness in her had this in its favor, that it came afterward to stand in their memory as the emphatic end of her days of gall and bitterness, the stirrup-cup of her fury at life.

Midway down the hill (they had taken another street going up) Robert paused on the white asphalt pavement that edged the tender, level greensward of a charming new-finished home.

"This is Bromley's new place," he explained cheerfully, unconscious that he was personal. Envy was not native to Robert's mind, and his ready wrath at overmen was generic, not specific nor individual, unless the object happened to be in sight and obtrusive. Bromley was the too prosperous, too indifferent partner.

"His folks are away, you know I told you — in Europe, I think, or perhaps in the East with her people. He's looking for them in a week or two, I heard him tell Boxton the other day. He surely has fixed up a cozy home-coming for them."

His eye ran admiringly over the pretty house, the three or four lots of budding grounds, the wide harbor-view beyond, and he was for moving calmly on again. But Janet stood rigid, oblivious, her glance a devouring flame. She had looked at the place with no accelerated heartache as they came down to it — the city was full of new homes building, finishing, finished, none of them for her. But now she was a moth at a candle. She moved nearer — into the yard — and still nearer. Within one gleaming, lace-filmed window was a maddening glimpse of a reception-parlor, and, beyond, such a hall — such a carved stair — such a fireplace! "Come," she said abruptly, "let us go around and look at it; we can have that much, anyhow."

Robert followed reluctantly, with startled, sorry looks at his poor wife. He had been foolishly off guard. He had not thought of rousing anew Janet's lulled demon.

Up on portico and veranda, peeping in at windows, around to look at the back, flashed Janet, indifferent to possible neighboring eyes which now or hereafter could not know her from Adam. At the back it was more enchant-

ing still — the back yard ending in a thicket of unopened alleyway and wild lots across, all facing west, where some broken rednesses of the day-edge were struggling through the gray.

"Look, Robert!" — pointing to an innocent fern-feeding trickle — "even a brook!"

Robert laughed — not mirthfully — hoping to divert her mind from its tragic, malign obsession. She looked too much like Tantalus at the feast.

"Mrs. Bromley will surely think she has a man of taste for a husband."

"Yes," slowly, "having all else, she will have that, too. To them that have it shall be given."

There was a bench in the basement veranda which was not commanded by a single neighboring window. When she had had her fill of fierce gazing, going about, looking again, thither went Janet, and sat down exhaustedly with folded hands. Robert leaned on a pillar near in husbandlike patience, confident that a little waiting would restore her.

For some silent minutes both looked out at the sunset struggle of that sulky sky, that could yet grow to be so dear a sky to happy dwellers in this wet edge — that had grown dear even to them. How dear it might be, looked at daily over such a winsome back yard — a yard which already had a swing, a playhouse, a tennis-court — which had a thousand joys *in posse* for the young wife soon to be happy there!

Yet, with all its loveliness, its thoughtful taste and comfort, it was not an impossibly fine home — not beyond the power of any fairly salaried man to acquire on payments. It was just such a home as she herself might have had if Robert ——

Janet put her face in her hands and broke into a low, wailing shudder of a cry, just like any other idiot of a weak woman. She did not care what Robert thought of her. Let him think — let him despise; she could despise too, as she did — did — did! Why couldn't he have been man enough to save her from this?

"I do want a home — it isn't fair. I've had nothing — nothing — nothing! It's been one long nightmare. Oh, I'm sick of it — I'm tired of it! I would not give twopence a million for such lives."

Unashamed, furious, spirit-broken but vengeance-yearning, her sobs tore out of the unpitied isolation of those who will not brace up to endure what they cannot cure.

Robert did not turn his head. He was whistling a soundless accompaniment. When a man gives all he has, does all he can do, is all he can be, whistling under such fire is the proper expression of his feelings, unless, indeed, he prefers to swear.

Janet dried her eyes at last, and sat looking through the basement window at the arrangements there, in a forlorn ebb of feeling.

"It's all very well to talk," she began presently, "to preach about being noble in adversity, and all that rot. Anybody can preach. Starving's not so easy — nor bringing up starving children."

"Don't use such strong words," said Robert shortly, not turning around. "It's silly. We're not starving."

"Yes, to be sure. Let's be the cheerful under dog, do." Her eye, at first vacantly roving over the basement interior, grew keenly interested in the wonderfully convenient details of the laundry. Fresh rage gripped her at the thought of all the sordid drudging that she must suffer — had suffered so long — because of Robert. Her roughened eyes, with a sort of savagery in them, stared at her husband's back. A passion of contemptuous resentment that seemed the very grave of love overwhelmed her heart. No, he did not belong in with the men who can build houses for their wives. He belonged to the men who have to stay outside and suffer with their wives. Yes, it was not Robert's luck that had ruined life for them — it was his nature. He was just a poor creature; that was all there was to it.

"Robert," said Janet, in a cold, low, level, enemy's voice, "I wish that I had died before I married you."

Forgetting to whistle, her husband turned a shocked, hurt face that was speedily an angry face. "Janet," he said, in a stern tone of masculine finality, of meaning it, "I wish you had."

Janet had risen. They stood staring at each other across the sudden gulf with eyes of scorn, but with eyes that held also the sickness of amazement at themselves. It was an epoch, this commonplace recrimination, a drop below any depth they had yet reached. With all their heavy going, they had never before turned openly on each other.

The silence in which they resumed their walk was now, indeed, of the completest kind, for it was a silence which neither had the slightest wish ever to break. And later, when they had approached within a street or two of the interception with their home car, while Robert stopped to tie a shoe-lace, Janet went on with an uncompanionable retention of pace that carried her some distance ahead. Wondering thoughts they gave afterward to this fateful separation that at the time seemed so purely a result of

their evil tempers. Had they been together — well, it was a dinner of awe as well as of love and herbs that night.

They were passing along one of the streets nearing the center where raw youth was rampantly displacing such raw age as the city had. It was a vista of torn-up sidewalks, changing pipes, widening bounds, buildings being demolished — all the familiar paraphernalia of the sloughing from makeshift originals to the beginnings of greatness; and, as usual, there were dangers by the way — the cool defiances of the public safety which had been left to await the pleasure of reckless contractors who trusted with just confidence to the indifference of official supervision.

One of these challenges to the tragic possible Janet surveyed disgustedly as she passed, and, having passed, forgot with the easy mind of the hardened public. It was a bulging, decaying bulkhead, the retaining-wall of a high, beetling embankment that had begun to be graded down. Behind its perfunctorily shored timbers was a potential avalanche of loosened sandy earth. Excavation made at the other end from the other street had permitted the rains to gather in an undermining pool that only the most supreme unconcern could fail to see was fraught with menace.

Unwarned, undreaming of anything the dirt-bank could mean to her, too angry, too wretched to look back for Robert, Janet was in the next block when she heard an odd, low smother of sound, and turned mechanically to seek the cause. Ah-ha! the bulkhead had collapsed, sure enough — it was to be hoped that it would make that contractor plenty of trouble, even though it had hurt nobody. Robert would have to go out into the mud to get around it.

Where was Robert? He must have turned a corner. But why — but where? — Where could he be? Then, in the beat of a heart, springing to running, to leaping, she had seen where he could be — where he must be! Springing — leaping — down now where the Siwash woman lived, her whole universe of wants just one — for Robert's life! O God, just for Robert's life!

What she was until Robert opened his eyes a half-hour later Janet held in her memory as one holds a dream too vivid to be life. For they did get him out. Fate was so merciful, so merciful — Janet's whole being felt it human, and could have kissed its garments. People came running — O beneficent instinct that scents calamity! By littles they rolled up while Janet ran, resisting the mad impulse to tear with her hands. She had a brain; she could save Robert if she could but keep steady — fly true!

Back to the little old pioneer house with the telephone wires, flush with the street, awaiting demolishment — she seemed to know that it was to the humble she must apply, to the humble, who, close to pain, would need no slowness of explanation. With her ear at their phone, waiting for Central, — the waste of a second might mean all, — she told them, and oh! it was good to see the man run and take his boys — the little old stubble-bearded, stiff-jointed laboring-man lolling on his chair before supper in his fortunate Saturday early-offness. And the shapeless house-mother, in old shirt-waist turned in at the neck, beginning to cry for sister-woman — she, too, was gone to spread the call, sending her smaller ones excitedly, in shrill Irish, another way on the same errand — oh, God bless them for their hearts!

"Central, is it you? It is not a number I want — it is you. Listen — are you listening? An embankment has fallen at Fourth and Stensland — do you hear? It caught my husband — he is under it. Name? Dare — yes, Dare; just people going along. It's help I want — men. Will you call the chief of police and explain? Get him to hurry — tell him hurry means everything — tell him to get plenty of men? You will, won't you? Thank you, Central. Remember, it's life and death to hurry them. Fourth and Stensland — yes, a bulkhead fell — a big bank."

Away again — off the rack of that stopping — to the red fire-box that she had seen in the next block. All the men in the world were not too many to get back Robert's breath! Then off again to a place on Third where she thought she had seen a gang of street-laborers who had not quit work — yes, there they were. Mad for efficiency, Janet's eyes searched the men, as she ran up, for the most American — articulate — and found him in a youth whose eyes, sullen but intelligent, met hers. Yes, she had known he was quicksilver — she was only a little way back when he passed her, leading the men, boss and all. And then, at last, she was free to dig, edging in among the men with a hoe she had found. A man would have drawn her away with impatient pity. "Don't, sor," said the old Irishman, warily digging, directing; "let her dig — it's his wife." What a dream it was! If eternity was like that, how long it must be!

The falling timbers had made a boxing for Robert that saved him from being crushed. A blow on the head had saved the boxing from being a coffin, lessening his need for breath.

As they laid his head on her lap down on the pavement, Janet sighed with happiness. How could she have imagined existence could hold

such bliss of ease? *She* knew he was all right before the doctor said so—was not every line of his face as familiar to her as her own soul?

Opening his bewildered eyes, Robert saw bending over him the face of their youth. "Bonny Jean,"—murmuring the old love-name with a nestling movement of his dear forgiving, forgetting head,—"how in the world——"

"It's all right, Robert," smiling down at him with thawed lips. "That high bank fell on you."

"A nice thing that, I must say," cried Robert, with an indignant look that seemed droll, so droll, following on the heels of that swoop of death. And how good it was to see him interpose for the handling of the reporter who, pushing up now, seemed to think that enough time had been allowed for family amenities. "Smith is the name—John W.—John Wayland Smith"—clinching the matter with a boldly fictitious address and manner of employment. "I'm not going to escape distinction all these years to get it this way at last," he murmured to Janet. Look and tone—how they thrilled her with the old sweet, light-hearted playfulness of the lover of her youth!

"You must excuse him for joking. He does not want the notoriety," Janet said smilingly, as she looked up at the reporter to give the correct answer. Robert need not try to shield her now from the crucifixion of his obscurity—not at this moment. There was nothing dreamable that she would not have shared with him now.

And soon, when they were all gone, convinced that no more help was needed, no more sensation possible, Janet had her chance to thank fate. Her old Irishman came up from the other side of the dirt-heap, which he had been inspecting, doubtless, with a professional eye, his vocation lying unquestionably in the movement of dirt.

He bent over Robert with the homely familiarity which was the right of his homely helpfulness. "And how do you find yourself now, sor? All sound ag'in?"

Janet could see that he was twinkle-eyed as well as stubble-bearded, gnarled also, and deeply wrinkled, stiff and bowed with the cruelly pathetic aging of the man of the shovel. Looking up at his old kind, hard-luck face, Janet's heart went out to him in a very passion of daughterliness. It was as if some subterranean spring had opened in her soul and eternal love were flowing in. She reached out for his poor old hand, incredibly horny and distorted, and drew it to her lips with such a kiss as she had given to her babies. "I do thank you—oh, I do thank you!" said Janet.

What her touchingly twinkle-eyed old man thought of this extravagant demonstration he made no attempt to divulge. But assuredly it was a pretty thought—he had had the advantage of training under the best master, a kind heart. He looked ponderingly at the pale, worn, shining-eyed woman a moment, glanced down the street and back again, and remarked:

"Here comes your cahridge, sor"—information that brought Robert and Janet scrambling up from their sidewalk sanatorium with dismayed looks. Some one had been so superfluously thoughtful as to telephone for a carriage when it was seen that the ambulance would not be needed. "Oh, Lord!" groaned Robert, clapping an involuntary hand to his pocket.

"Don't be afraid," Janet giggled; "I've got the money."

Yes, giggled; for it was as if the black years between had flowed harmlessly away, and they were once more truly Robert and Janet, youth and maiden, with all the world before them where to choose.

As they stood up and gazed around, back in life, breathing deep, how strange it was to note the dun daylight still full about them with its reddening in the west. To other people so short a half-hour it had been!

To bid the old man a tender good-by was sweet; sweet to urge on his incredulity a resolution to visit him; sweeter still to register in Janet's heart a vow to hunt up the surly-eyed boy Monday morning and try to help him out of the pit; most sweet, most strange, to feel the stirrings of these long-deadened, long-forgotten chords of benevolence; to realize the world as a place to suffer in, to help in, to be good in, not to have in.

"A carriage-ride that we pay for—did you think it would ever happen to us again, Janet, without the undertaker being along?" said Robert, laughing from his corner, as they bowled homeward.

"It has been a long time, yes, since we had one," answered Janet, with no irony now in her smile, with the life color slowly breathing back.

In the damp, dimming twilight, which the lights were presently beginning to dot, they sat holding hands. Janet leaned on Robert, could not take her eyes from him. But he could look at her but the once—he dared not look again; it hurt him so, that rapture in her face. He was so poor a creature, her life had been so hard, his poor, poor girl! Perhaps Robert had glanced at his dirt-heap not without

an ashamed pang of ruefulness at the lost chance. Janet would have had the insurance, and he would have escaped paying up the remainder of the threescore and ten years of toil which sanguine calculators estimate that a man may be made to yield. But the selfish thought had died at its birth. He could not make money, — Robert could not learn how, — but loyalty's self could not get ahead of him.

This was reality; Janet knew it now. The illusions might come again to-morrow — would come — were coming even now as the carriage drew up at the little porch which had no proper drop-light such as shone in the neighboring entrances. And Maidie, precious, work-hurried childie, had forgotten to draw down one of the shades — there was a most humiliating view from the street of the awful shabbiness of the back parlor. But all, all the dear heads were there — not fatherless, oh, not fatherless! Janet's thin hands clasped Robert's arm, her thin face bent a moment to his shoulder. To-morrow the miseries would get her again; it would all begin afresh — well she knew the tremendous power of the hurts and wants that never stop! . . . But not to-night, not to-night. Robert was here, he had not gone. To-night she, too, could rest and weep just for joy, could kneel and thank the Lord. She, too, could say, "Goodness and mercy do follow me!"

AUTUMN MELODY

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

IN the Autumn days, the days of parting,
Days that in a golden silence fall,
When the air is quick with bird-wings starting,
And the asters blossom by the wall,

Sweet and strong the wine of Heaven is flowing,
Bees and sun and sleep and golden dyes,
Long forgot its budding-time and blowing,
Sunk in honeyed sleep the garden lies.

Spring and storm and summer midnight madness
Dream within the grape but never wake;
Bees and sun and sweetness — oh, and sadness!
Sun and sweet that reach the heart — and break.

Ah, the pain at heart forever starting;
Ah, the cup untasted that we spilled
In the Autumn days, the days of parting;
Would our shades could drink it and be stilled!

THE FATHER

BY

HARRIS MERTON LYON

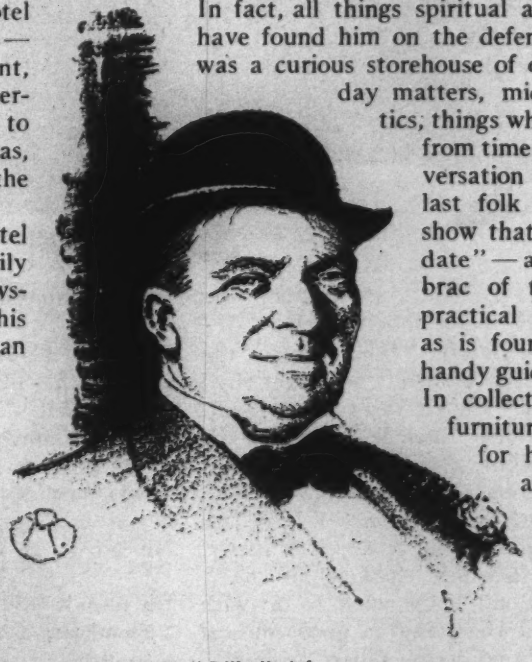
ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. B. MASTERS

BILLY ADSON, as he was familiarly called among the other "drummers," was fat, florid, and forty-five. He belonged to that class of American business men who, while on duty, are talking cleverly of their business, and who, off duty, may be seen about any hotel bar-room in the larger cities — well-dressed fellows, complacent, "flush," jovial, and always generous when it comes to catering to their own bodily wants. Billy was, all in all, a "good fellow" of the typical American sort.

When he came into the hotel after a two weeks' trip, jauntily carrying an overcoat and a newspaper, a porter following with his suit-case, the clerk called out an amicable professional greeting:

"Hah-de-do, Mr. Adson!"

"Howdy, boy," responded the drummer, shaking hands energetically. He was always in fine physical spirits, from the top of his crisp derby hat to the points of his polished shoes, a plump man, amply proportioned without being gross, ruddy, blond, healthy, good-humored. "Any o' the fellers around?"



"Billy" Adson

"Jack Stinson was in here awhile ago. I guess you'll find him in the bar," replied the clerk, entering Adson's name on the register.

The drummer strolled into the buffet, saw, however, that it was deserted, and then ordered a drink of whisky. After having drunk this, he took his evening paper and procured a seat by one of the street windows, through which he could see the passing people. He read the head-lines on the front page, turned to the sporting page, mentally noted the average of the local base-ball teams, saw a photograph of an actress which interested him, and then threw the paper languidly aside. There was nothing else he cared for in it. Newspapers and an occasional magazine were all that he read; he did not despise literature, but it was simply a thing "not in his line," to use his own phrase. In fact, all things spiritual and subtle would have found him on the defensive. His brain was a curious storehouse of odd facts, everyday matters, middle-class statistics, things which he would use from time to time in a conversation among the ballast folk of the earth to show that he was "up-to-date" — a veritable bric-à-brac of the tag-ends of practical knowledge, such as is found in almanacs, handy guides, and the like. In collecting this mental furniture, he would stand for half an hour by an open sewer-pipe, watching the workman at his task and asking him questions; then, putting away these answers in his cerebral archives, he would move on. Next, he would exchange views with hostlers about horses. In the course of a day, he would have talked with life-insurance agents about the mortality rate, with doctors about germs, with washerwomen about starched waistcoats, with the plumber, the jeweler, the clothier — garnering up their little trade terms, trade tricks, trade knowledge. His own view of the sum total of his accomplishments was undoubtedly a complacent one.

He felt that he could carry on an intelligent conversation, no matter into what company he might be thrown. This was his pride.

Having laid aside his paper, he sat looking out of the window, his eyes busy with the swift-changing human scene outside. Not a woman passed but what the drummer noted her, dwelling upon the little matters of her dress. In this way he would be able to tell the waitress in Brownville and the telephone-girl in Centertown what the latest metropolitan style in feminine costuming was. The women, the women — always the women! He never tired of watching them. He sat thus for an hour, pleased at the parade; then he went into the billiard-room, bought a cigar, and played a game with the attendant in charge.

"Any good shows in town since I left?" he asked casually, circling the green cloth easily.

"Nope," said the other, chalking his cue.

"That so? I don't know what to do with myself to-night, if there isn't a good musical show to go to. Any of the fellers around?" complained Adson.

"Nope," said the player again. He was a little man, and when he said "Nope" it sounded like a raucous bird chirping.

After the game the drummer went in to supper, first getting an appetizer at the bar on his way to the dining-room. He looked about to see if any of the "gang" had put in an appearance, but they had not.

Once the full, heavy meal had been finished, he lighted another cigar, strolled about undecidedly for a few minutes, went back to the window chair, sat down, looked about him with a hopeful, sociable glance, and then, seeing no one he knew, picked up the discarded paper. Amid the puffs of smoke he read lazily, at random, of a suicide, a robbery, a meeting of a taxpayers' association to protest about something or other, a suit over the construction of an office building. In the last-named article he stumbled upon a sentence which made him stop smoking with a jerk. It read: "Cleveland Hatch Beloit, of 378 Armand Avenue, a young architectural draughtsman in the employ of the plaintiffs, was the next witness to be called."

"'Howdy, boy,' responded the drummer"

The drummer took the cigar from his lips, rolled it once or twice with his fingers, and slowly blew out the last puff of smoke. Then he sat in silence for twenty minutes. . . . His boy!

He found himself in a small bedroom, facing a blond young man. He was manifestly ill at ease.

"I — is this Cleve — I mean Mr. Beloit?" he inquired, with a half-smile.

The other's answer was an interrogative "Yes?"

It was a trying situation for any one, whether he had sensibilities or not. The merry Billy Adson fought uncomfortably for glibness, and stood in stammering hesitation. The son, a sardonic, lean, intellectual youth, gazed upon him calmly.

The drummer spoke at last:

"I — hm — don't know just how to begin.

You're my son. I saw your name in the paper, in the evening paper. It was about some suit or other, and it gave your address. I'm your father; yes — hm — I am! I recognized you from the old family name, Cleveland Hatch. Then I knew she married a feller named Beloit afterward; so I put two and two together. Yes, I'm your father all right enough." Though the other never answered, Adson felt he had better continue; so he stepped forward with an attempt at his old bonhomie, and said:

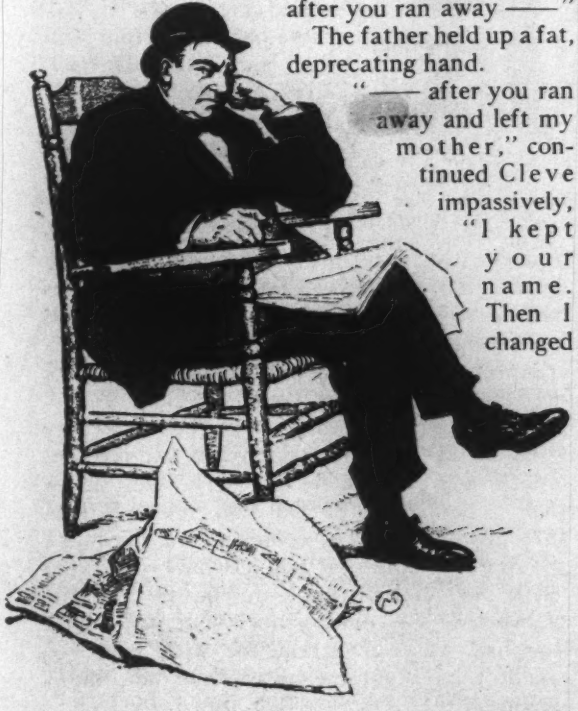
"How are you, Cleve?" holding out his hand.

There was no reply and no responding grasp. Finally, after a moment's inspection, the young man waved him a seat, sitting down himself. He ran his hand across his young forehead, as if thinking.

"So you're Billy Adson, are you?" asked Cleve, almost impersonally. "Humph! My father!"

"Yes," said the drummer, rather eagerly. "'S I said, I recognized you from the family name. Huh, huh, huh! Seems kind of funny, don't it? That B-Beloit, though, I ——"

"I took my stepfather's name when I was seven years old," answered Cleve, harshly. "For four years after you ran away ——"



"Then he sat in silence for twenty minutes"

The father held up a fat, deprecating hand.

"—— after you ran away and left my mother," continued Cleve impassively, "I kept your name. Then I changed it when I went to school. I've got it officially now — Beloit."

The father began softly

"Able to tell the telephone-girl in Centertown the latest style"

sucking in his under lip with a certain mock-judiciousness, as if he waived all the matter of the name. "I've always wanted to see you, Cleve, just to see what you'd look like." He paused. "I've been sorry a thousand times that things — that circumstances ——"

"Never mind, Mr. Adson. What my mother didn't teach me about my father I soon learned when I had grown up," put in the son. "But there!" He dropped his hand across the chair-arm. "I'm content; I don't wish you any bad luck — any more. I'm content, as I say, and my mother's contented, too — and, of course, I take it for granted that you're pretty well contented."

"Don't talk that way, Cleve," protested the drummer. "I ain't happy when I think of you two ——"

Cleve interrupted stridently: "I guess you're happy most of the time, then, if that's the case."

"—— and the reason I came here to-night was partly because I didn't feel right about it all. I wanted to see you."

"Curiosity, I suppose."

"Well, I expected all this sarcasm. It's a thing out o' my line, but I know it's sarcasm all right. No, Cleve, I'm sorry — very sorry — and — and — hm!" He paused a moment, framing words. Then, "I've made money since then," he said tentatively.

The boy did not even care enough to become

angry; he merely shrugged his shoulders. The drummer looked about the scanty room.

"Do — do you or — does your mother — need any help?" went on the drummer blindly.

His son grinned at him, almost compassionately. "No," was his curt response.

The older man made a mild protest. "Now, look here, Cleve," he began, "I'm not a sentimental man. You can see that; anybody can see that. I don't know how to say these things well,— they're clear out o' my line,— but — well, there's a certain feeling that hits every father's heart some day, no matter how wicked or ungrateful he's been. He may not get excited and have tears in his eyes; most men of my sort ain't that way. You think I've been mean; you think I've always been thinkin' about Billy Adson; you think all I want in life is to bum around the hotels with the fellers and have a good time. Don't you? — now, don't you?"

"The youth took a long pull at his pipe"

The other, curiously mature, made no answer.

"You think I'm no good 'cause once — just once, mind you — I couldn't face the music, and ran away. But, as I said, you don't know what the feelin' of a father is — how through all these years I've been wonderin' what my boy looked like, and whether he was amountin' to anything. You don't know how, when I saw your name in the paper to-night, I just had to come and see how you was, Cleve. I'm *so* glad you've got a good job and are getting along. I — I'm *so* glad you're doin' well. Now, if I can help you in any way, I want you to say so. I want you and me to be pals, Cleve, and keep each other — from — from bein' lonely. I — this ain't any way for a man as old as I am to be living, Cleve. Now, I'm in town once a month, and we can have all sorts of good times together — on my money, too, understand? I'd — I'd like — for us — to get a couple of rooms together somewhere here, so I'd have some kind of a place to come to when I get to town. We'll write — I'll write — to your mother and tell her all about it. What do you say to that? Now, think it over. 'S I said, I've got plenty of money to take care of both of us, and I'll get the rooms. You can send your extra money to your mother. Won't you, Cleve? I'm tired of bumming around the hotels with the fellers." His voice broke hoarsely. "I want a little home of some kind. I've been selfish, I know; but I've knocked around the world until it's pretty near done me up. I didn't intend to talk like this, Cleve, when I first came up here, but something has made me tell you the truth. I'm lonely, Cleve, and I — I — I want you with me. I want my own little boy."

Adson ceased and almost sobbed. Two tears came into his eyes and trickled down his cheeks. He twisted his hairy fingers nervously, and looked at his son with pathetic eyes and trembling lips. Tiny beads of perspiration stood out between his eyebrows. He waited, red in the face. The youth took a long pull at his pipe, knitted his brows, and began slowly, without the slightest hesitation:

"I don't want you to feel hurt at what I'm going to say to you. I've often thought what I would say to you if you came back; but that's all over and done with now. I've changed my mind." He cleared his throat. "But there's just one thing you've overlooked in all this story. You say I mustn't condemn you because just one time you couldn't face the music. Do you know what that one time has meant to us, to me and my mother? Do you know what it has meant to my mother alone? It's been a continuous performance for us, for her, that 'one time' of yours.

"I suppose you know that for the last twenty years she has made her own living, and has sent me through college besides. Did you know that? You didn't? Do you realize, then, that just because you couldn't face the music she *had* to? And that you left me — me, your 'little boy' and all that — for her to take care of, whether she could or not? Oh, no; even if you had wanted to take me with you, you couldn't have got me away from her, thank goodness!"

The young man paused a moment to lay

aside his pipe. His father's face was a mask. Then he continued:

"And how long did that last? Oh, by your own very words, when you 'saw my name in the paper to-night,' then you came around here to try to make up for twenty years of selfishness. And why? Good God, why? Why, because you — *you* — are lonely!"

"Look here, Cleve," expostulated Adson, trembling; "remember, after all, I'm your father. If it wasn't for me ——"

"Yes, my father! My physical father! All I have to thank you for is a good physique. But let me tell you something, Mr. Adson. I may not be as old as you; that makes no difference; I know some things you never *can* know. However, here's the point. You can't do a thing in this world with the idea of calmly sauntering off from it and coming back after twenty years to find it just as you want it. The whole wide world has had a chance to get in while you've been gone. Beloit was a good stepfather to me until he died. Now my mother and I are going it alone. That's all."

"'We might as well make this good-by, I think'"

They were both quite silent after the speech. The father, though strong enough in inclination to answer, was unable to begin any words. Therefore, for five dull minutes he sat and looked at his shoes contemplatively, patching together his tags of worldly philosophy. The boy, nervous at first, resumed his smoking and regained his control.

"Cleve," Adson at last said gently, "won't you let bygones be bygones, and make up? You don't know how much I'd like to have you do this! There's something more to life than livin' up to principles. Just think — we're all alive now and can enjoy things. After we're dead it won't any of it make any difference. Come on, Cleve; think it over."

There was no answer.

"By God, I only hope *you* are a father some day!" said the exasperated man.

The boy looked at him darkly, with no hint of compromise. "I only hope I'm not your kind of a father," he remarked. Then, after a pause, "There's no use of our talking about all this any more — there's no use of our ever talking again together at all, as I see it. We're totally different, you and I, and we can't ever get anywhere. You see, my mother is the one who brought me up. You'd much better go back to your jewelry,— you sell jewelry, don't you? — and leave my mother and me alone. I say this in all kindness — honest, I do. Twenty years, Mr. Adson, has been too much for both of us. That's all." And, as the father rose to go, he added: "We might as well make this good-by, too, I think!"

"You — you won't even let me write to you — from out on the road, I mean?" asked the drummer, scarcely conscious of what to do or say, unwilling to believe that this was the end of his interview.

"Why should I?" questioned the boy consistently. "It would only keep an old sore open. Don't make up your mind to write anyway, in spite of me," he hastened to add, as he saw a shadow darken his father's eyes; "I shall move away from here to-morrow, and leave no change of address."

The elder man drew himself up at last. "You don't need to do that," he said bitterly. "I sha'n't bother you any more."

At midnight Adson stood in the hotel bar-room again, this time with two old cronies. While they drank and chatted, he sipped his whisky stolidly. For the first time in years he was lonely. Dimly he heard that they were talking about him, chaffing him light-heartedly.

"Old Billy Adson!" exclaimed one, in playful masculinity over his glass. "Same old pink cheeks and baby grin! Hasn't changed a bit in all these years!"

"Remember, we used to call him Happy Bill when we were youngsters," contributed the other. "Happy-go-lucky, careless Billy Adson! Eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

The drummer did not answer them. After a bit they concluded their drinking.

"Well," said one, with a hasty glance at his

watch, "I'll have to be getting along. It's twelve-twenty, and the little woman will be getting worried. I promised her I'd get home early to-night. He, he! She wants to cook me a Welsh rabbit on a new chafing-dish I got 'er."

"Aw, stay and have another drink with me," protested Adson. "I've got something I want to tell you."

"Sorry, Billy, but it's home-sweet-home for me," answered the first.

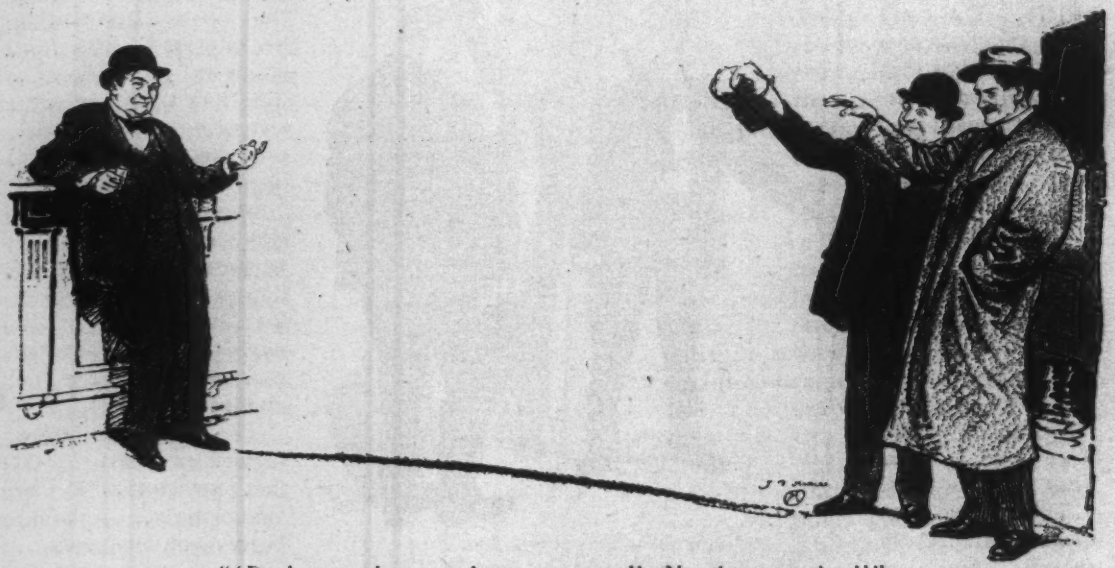
The other man shook a bundle gaily in their faces. "And here's some toys for the kidlet," he said; "I've got to be getting on with them. I've been taking them home ever since six o'clock, and I've got to get there with them before to-morrow morning. I'll have to be going, too."

"Aw, stay and have another drink with me," said Adson. "I've got something to tell you."

They both shook their heads and started for the door. Before they reached it they turned, and one said waggishly:

"Don't stay there too long, you rascal! Naughty, naughty! Same old pink-cheeked Billy Adson — he, he! Aw, you dog!" Then, turning to his companion: "Hasn't changed a bit in all these years, has he? Aw, you happy-go-lucky devil!"

And the other said fatuously, as one hunting for the appropriate thing: "Well, that's the way to live, all right, all right!"



"'Don't stay there too long, you rascal! Naughty, naughty!'"

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I

HOW I STARTED AFTER EX-GOVERNOR STEUNENBERG

SOMETIME in August, 1905, Moyer came back from California, where he had been on a vacation nearly ever since the Industrial Workers convention at Chicago. I saw him on the street, and he asked me what I was doing, and I told him we were after General Bell. He said we would have to cut that out in Denver while he was there, as he could not stand any more torture from being thrown into prison, as he was half dead now. He said they had some work to do on the outside, and for me to come down to the office and we would talk it over. The next day I went down, and I think Pettibone went with me, or came a little later, and Moyer said he would not take any more chances of being thrown in jail, and said further that, the way his health was, he could not stand another siege like they had given him at Telluride, and that would be the first thing that would happen if we bumped Sherman Bell off. He said they had some work on the outside to do, and then he said he wanted me to go down to Goldfield, Nevada, and do away with Johnnie Neville. He said he could not get him out of his mind, and could not sleep nights thinking about him, and that he knew too much and was liable to get them in trouble any time, and especially so if he got hard up.

Moyer called Haywood and Pettibone into his office, and he explained his condition to them, and said we had some work on the outside that they had wanted done for a long time and that we had better do that now. Pettibone said he would like to get some of these fellows in Denver while we were fixed for it, and Haywood said he was willing to take his chances, but Moyer absolutely refused to have anything done in Denver while he was there. Then Haywood said he wanted to get ex-Governor Steunenberg before he left the office, and further said he had sent two or three men down there to get him, but they had all failed. These men they had down there at different times were Steve Adams, Ed Minster, Art Baston, and a man named McCarty from the Coeur d'Alenes.

To Make a Terrible Example

Moyer said that he thought it would have a good effect if we could bump Steunenberg off and then write letters to Peabody, Sherman Bell, and some others that had been prominent in trying to crush the Federation, and tell them that they, too, would get what Governor Steunenberg got; that we had not forgotten them, and never would forget them, and the only way they would escape would be to die, and they need not think because we had overlooked them for a while that we had forgotten them. Haywood said we would go back to Paterson, New Jersey, and send these letters from there, and write them in such a way that they would think it was some of those foreign anarchists that had sent them, as that is the American headquarters for the anarchists. He said he did not know what would be worse than to know some one was on your trail to kill you, and not to know who it was or when to expect it, and that it would be like a living death, and that these fellows would be afraid of their shadows, and if we got Steunenberg, after letting him go so long, then they would think sure that we never forgot any one that had persecuted us.

We talked a whole lot more on this, and Pettibone said this would be all right, but he would like to do a little work at home, and he further said he was afraid it would be a hard proposition to get Steunenberg down in a little country town like Caldwell, Idaho, where he lived. Haywood said he had been told that Steunenberg was in the sheep business, and got in a buckboard and drove out to his sheep camps in the mountains, and paid no attention or even thought his life was in danger, and that it had been so long since the Coeur d'Alene trouble that he likely had forgotten it. They said I could make the round trip — either go to Nevada for Neville, and then to Caldwell, or to Caldwell first. I told them I would go to Caldwell first. Moyer wanted me to go to Nevada

first or to get around there as soon as I could. Their plan was for me to go down to Goldfield and get in with Neville, and pretend to get drunk with him, and put some cyanide of potassium in his whisky or whatever he was drinking. This, they thought, would be easy, as he kept a saloon. They wanted this done as quietly as possible, and thought there would be no suspicion attached to it if he did die suddenly, and no notice would be paid to it in a new place like Goldfield. Moyer was the only one that was very anxious to have Johnnie killed. I told him I would do it, but I did not intend to at the time.

On the Way to Steunenberg's Home

Moyer told me to get what money I would need from Haywood; he asked me how much I would need, and I told him three hundred dollars. Haywood had given me sixty dollars a few days before this, and he gave me two hundred and forty more, and said he hoped I would succeed in getting Steunenberg, as he had already cost them a lot of money. I told him I would do the best I could. I did not see him again before I left. Moyer went out that afternoon fishing up Platte Cañon, and Pettibone wanted me to go with him that night and make one more attempt on General Bell, and I did, but did not try much to see him. The next day I got everything ready, and packed the big clock bomb that I had brought up from Cañon City in my trunk, and bought a return ticket to Portland, Oregon, good for ninety days, with stop-overs any place on the route, good also to return via Seattle and Spokane, Washington.

We had talked over the proposition, and Pettibone wanted me to look over the country around Seattle and Puget Sound and see if I could not find a small place on the Sound close to the British line. We had letters from Arthur Parker, a Cripple Creek miner who had gone up there and got a place, and he liked it very much. Pettibone and Haywood said if I found a place that I thought would suit us to write them, and they would dig up the money to buy it; and I told them I would hunt up a place somewhere, as I thought I had taken chances enough and was entitled to the price of a small place. Pettibone and I were going to live there, but we were going to make it a headquarters where Haywood and Moyer could send men they wanted to keep out of sight. We also thought that, being near the British line, we could do some smuggling there.

I left Denver between the 25th and 30th of August, 1905, over the Rio Grande Railroad. I stopped at Salt Lake City a few days and met some of my old friends, amongst whom were Charlie Shoddy and Lewis Cutler. The latter lived in Salt Lake, but Shoddy came from the Coeur d'Alenes, Idaho, with me shortly after the trouble in 1899. We had worked together in Arizona and Nevada since, but I had not seen him since leaving Utah for Colorado, and we talked over old times. He said it had been coming pretty tough for him, and said I looked pretty prosperous, and asked me what I had been doing. I told him I had found a new way of making a living without working so hard, and he said he wished I would tell him how. I told him to keep me posted where he was and I would write to him if I had something on.

I then left Salt Lake and came on to Nampa, Idaho, which is about nine miles from Caldwell, and stopped off there and stayed a few days at the Commercial Hotel. I met a man named Wilcox from Colorado there, and I talked with him a good deal, and he told all about the country, as he had been there before. I asked him if he knew Mr. Steunenberg, and he told me he did, well, and was talking to him just a day or two ago at the depot, when the Governor was waiting for a train. Mr. Wilcox spoke of the trouble in Colorado, and said Mr. Steunenberg said that Governor Peabody did not act quick enough in that trouble. I think I stayed in Nampa three days and Mr. Wilcox left.

Steunenberg's First Escape

Then I went down to Caldwell and stopped at the Pacific Hotel, and told Mr. Dempsey, the proprietor, I would stay a few days, and that a friend of mine in Colorado wanted me to stop off there and see what the chances were to buy some lambs. He told me the names of some sheepmen there, and amongst others he mentioned Governor Steunenberg's name. He further told me that he was not at home much, but was in Boise and Mountain Home most of the time and was engaged in buying and selling sheep.

I took a walk around and located where ex-Governor Steunenberg lived, and then took the train in the afternoon and went to Boise and stopped at the Capitol Hotel one night. This was in the early part of September. I looked over the register, but did not find Mr. Steunenberg's name. The next morning I went over to the Idan-ha and took a look over the register, and found his name there. I went back to the Capitol and paid my bill, and got my grip and went over to the Idan-ha and got a room. My room was on the same floor that Mr. Steunenberg's was, and that noon, when the chambermaids were off the floor, I tried a skeleton-key

I had to see if it would open his room, and it did all right.

I got to talking to a man down in the hotel lobby that afternoon, and he asked me my business, and I told him I was going to Portland to the fair, but I stopped off here for a friend of mine in Colorado to make some inquiry what the chances would be to buy a few thousand lambs for feeding purposes. He said that was his business, and that he was working for a stock company from Wyoming, and he took me across the street from the Idan-ha Hotel and introduced me to a Mr. Johnson and his son, who were commission men. Mr. Johnson named over some of the big sheepmen, and I told him I thought I heard my friend say that he bought some the year before from a man by the name of Steunenberg. Yes, he said, probably so, as ex-Governor Steunenberg was in the sheep business. Then he said, "By the way, that's him over there in front of the Idan-ha now," and he pointed him out. That was the first time I had ever seen Governor Steunenberg to know him.

In a little while we went down and went back to the hotel, and I thought I would get my grip and go to Nampa, and get the big bomb I had made for Governor Peabody in Cañon City out of my trunk in the depot, and come back, and either set it with the alarm-clock, and leave it in the grip and set it under his bed, or set it like the Bradley bomb — with a string on his bedroom door, so it would go off when he went to his room.

While on my way from Boise to Nampa I got to thinking what this would do, and that they

FRANK STEUNENBERG

Ex-Governor of Idaho, for whose murder by a bomb Secretary-Treasurer Haywood of the Western Federation of Miners was tried.

The Steunenberg house, just after the tragedy. The ground and broken fence show the results of the explosion of Orchard's bomb.

would look pretty close after all strangers, and that my coming there and going away so quick would look pretty suspicious. This bomb had twenty-five pounds of dynamite in it, and I knew it would blow that part of the hotel all to pieces and probably kill a lot of people. But that was not the reason I stopped, for I had no heart at that time, and thought very little of how many I killed, as long as Mr. Steunenberg was one of them. I was only thinking what the chances of myself were in being discovered. I knew I could get the bomb in his room, and get away from the hotel, and if I used an alarm-clock I might be half-way to Portland and not be discovered. The only danger of this was that he might look under the bed and find it, and if I set it at his door, the time he would be killed would depend on what time he went to bed. I knew this latter was the surest way to catch him, but I did not know how far I might get away before he might go to his room, and I did not want to set this at the door until about dark, for fear some of the chambermaids might go in the room.

As I had my ticket and money enough, I made up my mind all at once I would go on to Portland and Seattle, and look around Seattle and the Sound for the little ranch we had spoken of, and then go up to Wallace and look after a proposition D. C. Coates had spoken of when he was in Denver the month before. I always dreaded to do these murders, and usually put them off as long as I could, or rather as long as I had money.

A Side Trip and a Visit to Simpkins

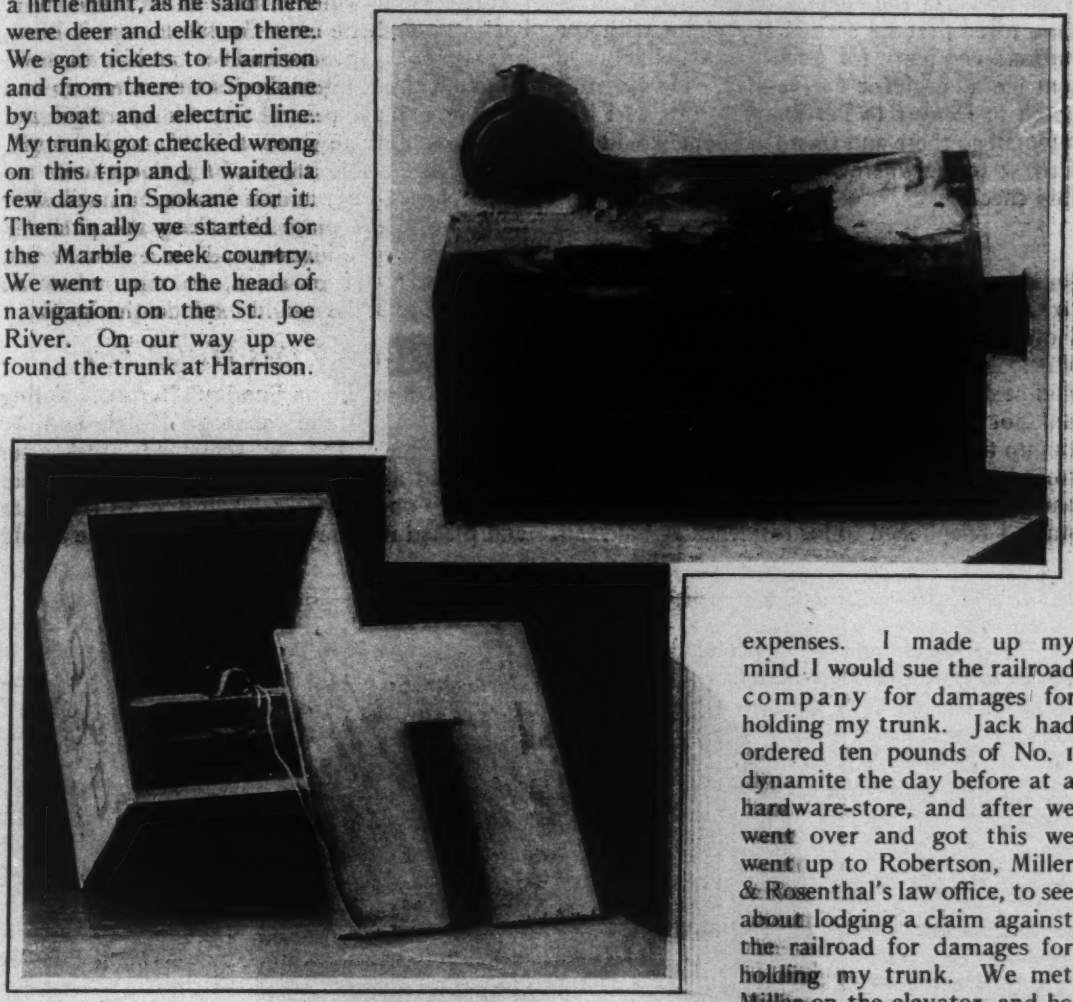
So I took the train and went on to Portland that same night, and stayed there a few days, and took in the fair, and then went on to Seattle and stayed there a week or so. This was about the middle of September. Pettibone had given me the address of an old partner of his at Seattle named William Barrett, and I hunted him up and he showed me around the city. This was my first time there. I told Barrett I wanted to get a small place up on the Sound somewhere close to the British line. He took me down and introduced me to some real-estate men, and I went out and looked at some places near Seattle; but I did not like them, and I did not like the weather there, as it was cold and raining there then. I got Barrett to send Pettibone a good map of the Sound country, and I left there for Spokane, stayed there one night, and started for Wallace, Idaho. I stopped off at Wardner to see Jack Simpkins, and I found him and told him where I had been, and what I went to Caldwell for, and what I was in Wallace to look up.*

* The story of Orchard's unsuccessful plan to kidnap the young children of August Paulson, of Wallace, is omitted here, but will be given when Orchard's confession is printed in book form.

II

THE ASSASSINATION OF GOVERNOR STEUNENBERG

JACK and I left Wallace for Spokane about October 20th, and Jack wanted to go over Marble Creek to his claims, and I was going with him for a little hunt, as he said there were deer and elk up there. We got tickets to Harrison and from there to Spokane by boat and electric line. My trunk got checked wrong on this trip and I waited a few days in Spokane for it. Then finally we started for the Marble Creek country. We went up to the head of navigation on the St. Joe River. On our way up we found the trunk at Harrison.



THE TWO STEUNENBERG BOMBS

From models made by Orchard. The lower of these failed to explode. The ex-Governor was killed by the upper one; the clock on this was not used, the cork of the bottle of acid being pulled out by a string fastened to a gate.

Jack and I went over twenty-five miles or so from the head of the St. Joe, over to Marble Creek; we were gone about a week. During the time we were over there Jack showed me where he and Adams and the others killed Boule the year before, and his horse and dog, and where the other claim-jumper that was with him ran as they were shooting at him.

The last part of October we came to Spokane again and had planned to come to Caldwell, as Jack wanted to have a hand in the killing of Governor Steunenberg. Jack said he could make it as an excuse that he wanted to visit the unions at Silver City and vicinity, and then he could charge the Federation with his time and expenses. I made up my mind I would sue the railroad company for damages for holding my trunk. Jack had ordered ten pounds of No. 1 dynamite the day before at a hardware-store, and after we went over and got this we went up to Robertson, Miller & Rosenthal's law office, to see about lodging a claim against the railroad for damages for holding my trunk. We met Miller on the elevator, and he went up with us. This was the first time I ever saw him, and Jack introduced me to him, he being the only member of the firm there then. I told him about the trunk, and he asked me how much a day my time was worth and what my business was. I told him I was a mining promoter, and my time was worth ten dollars per day. I think he figured up sixty dollars and drew up a paper, and I made an affidavit to it, and he said he would sue them right away and send me half of what he got. I gave him no money, as he was

to get half of what he collected. Jack had this little box of dynamite with him, and Miller asked him what he had in the box, and he told him dynamite. I don't think Miller thought it was dynamite, as Jack said it as though it was a joke; but it was a common thing for any one that knew us fellows to call us dynamiters in a joking way, and I must say that we felt somewhat proud of the name. Miller told me sometime after that he settled my claim with the railroad company for twenty-five dollars, and sent me a check for twelve-fifty. He sent this check to Denver to Pettibone's store, as I had my mail go there and then Pettibone would forward it to me wherever I was; but I never got this check.

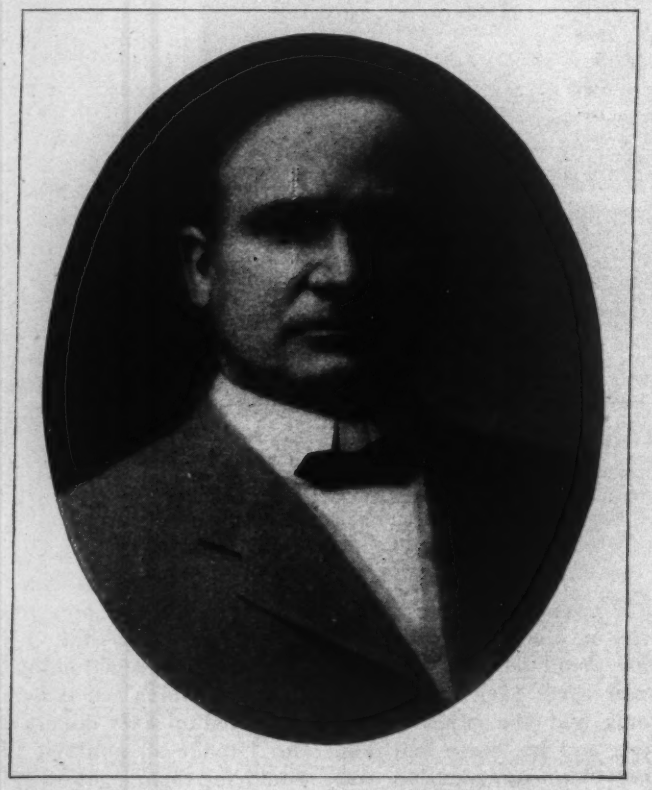
With Simpkins to Caldwell

Jack and I got ready in a few days and came to Caldwell, Idaho, and stopped at the Pacific Hotel. It was now about the first of November. We looked around to see if we could see Mr. Steunenberg for three or four days, and as we did not see him we thought we would take a run up to Nampa and telephone to his residence from there — as he had a phone in his house — and make some excuse to find out where he was. I telephoned to his residence at Caldwell, and they said he was home, but was down-town. I told them I would call him later.

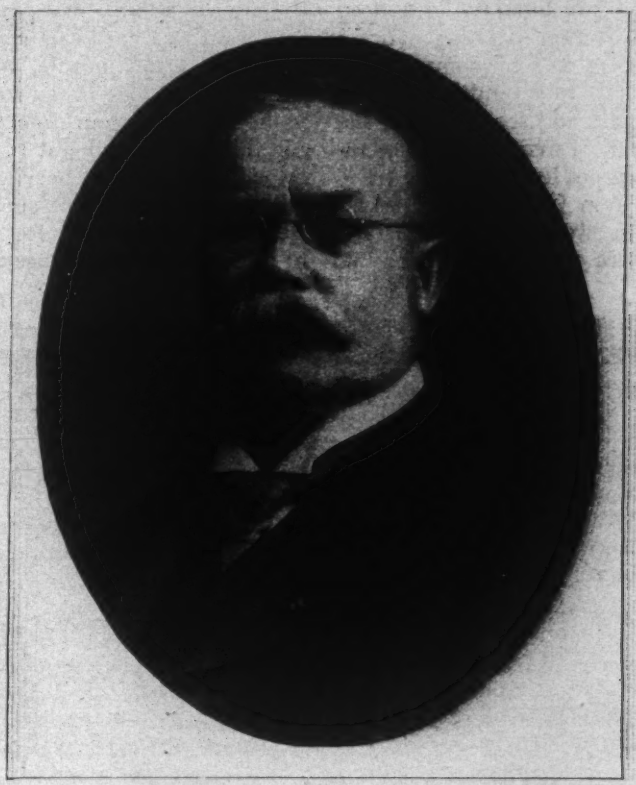
We then left Nampa, and went back to Caldwell; this was on a Saturday evening. We registered both at Caldwell and at the Commercial Hotel, Nampa, I as Thomas Hogan and Jack as Simmons. We went around Mr. Steunenberg's residence that night, but did not go close to the window, and, as his house stood back quite a little from the street, and it being bright moonlight, we could not tell him for sure, although the window-shades were clear up and we had a good pair of French opera-glasses. The next day we fixed a bomb, and thought if we caught Mr. Steunenberg down-town we would watch him, and, if he stayed until after dark, we would place this along the pathway leading to his residence, and tie a cord or fine wire across the pathway, so that when he walked into it he would explode the bomb.

The Bomb that Missed Fire

We did locate him on Sunday afternoon, sitting in the office of the Saratoga Hotel, and we watched him, and he remained until after dark; and as soon as it was dark we took the bomb up on the street leading to his residence and placed it close to the path where he would



GOVERNOR FRANK GOODING



DETECTIVE JAMES McPARLAND

be most apt to pass, and laid it close to the path, and put some weeds over it, and stretched a fine wire across the path and fastened it on the opposite side. Mr. Steunenberg's residence was the only one up this street, and we thought he would be the only one likely to be going up there that night, or would be apt to be going home and be the first one along. This bomb was just the ten-pound box of dynamite we bought at Spokane, with some giant-caps in it, and a little vial of sulphuric acid in a windlass that would turn over and spill the acid on the caps.

After we placed this, we hurried back to the Pacific Hotel, so we could prove where we were, if necessary. We waited an hour or two, and as we did not hear any explosion, we went down by the Saratoga Hotel to see if he had gone from there. He had gone, and we went up where we had placed the bomb, and found he or some one had passed and broken the fine wire across the path, and had turned the little windlass with the bottle of acid in it over so quick that none of the acid had spilled out, though the bottle had turned clear over and was nearly right side up again. It was turned over enough so that the acid was about dripping out, and it was very ticklish business to handle it, and I thought at first I would leave it where it was; but finally I put my finger over the mouth of the vial and took it out, and took the bomb up and carried it over by the railroad track and covered it up with some weeds, and went back to the hotel. We looked for Mr. Steunenberg again the next day, but could not see him, nor did we see him for some days after.

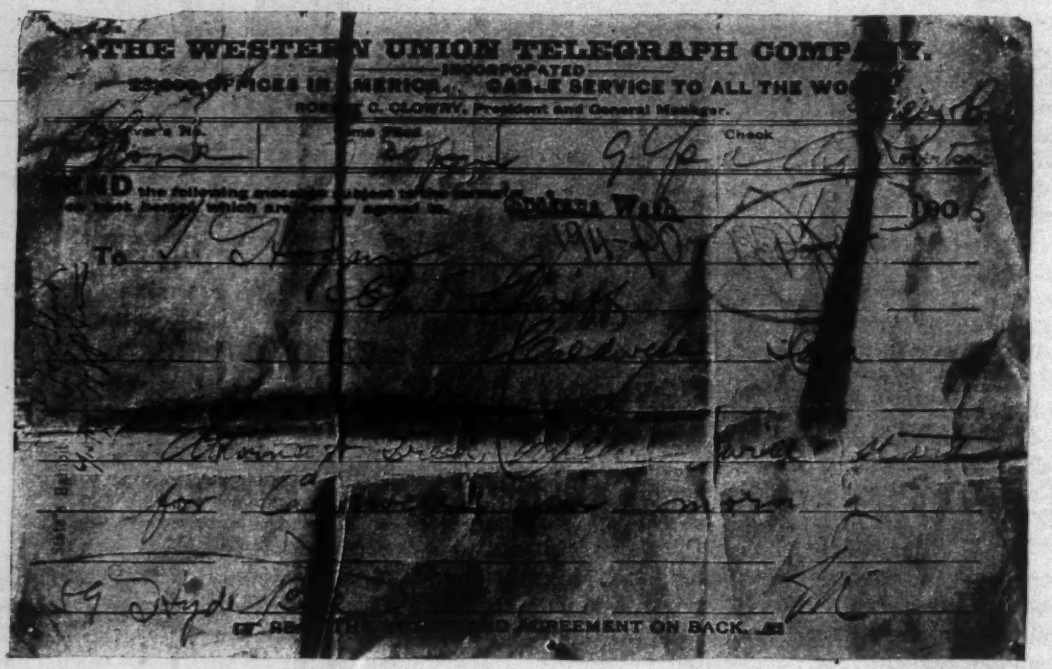
Simpkins Decides to Leave

Jack got afraid to stay there, and began to think it would look bad for him and make it worse for me if we did kill Mr. Steunenberg, and he was found there and known — and he had seen some people there that he knew; so he decided to go over to Silver City and De Lamar and visit the unions there, and he wanted me to stay and see if I could not get a chance to finish the job.

When Jack went, I left the Pacific Hotel and rented a room over on the Boulevard at W. H. Schenck's — a private house. This was on a street that Mr. Steunenberg would be apt to go up and down to and from his residence when he came down-town, and I had a front room and could see up and down the sidewalk. I stayed there two weeks, but Mr. Steunenberg was away most of the time. I think he usually came home

Saturdays and stayed over Sunday. I noticed in the papers that Governor Gooding had appointed Mr. Steunenberg on some committee to meet in Boise about this time, and I thought I would go to Boise again and see if I could not catch him at the hotel. I went out and got the bomb where I had it cached by the railroad track.

I had two letters from Jack, and he told me Moyer had been up to Silver City, and Easterly had told him we were at Caldwell, as I had around our bomb. We got this lap-robe, and Jack went to a hardware-store and got a ball of twine and a sack-needle, and we made a sack out of the lap-robe in my room; and about half an hour before train-time we went down and got this saddle and put it in the sack, and I helped Jack carry it nearly over to the depot. I had a railroad ticket good from Spokane to Denver, and I gave this to Jack, as he was going to Denver to attend a meeting of the executive


THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.
INCORPORATED
CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WO
Check
Spokane Wash.
1905
AGREEMENT ON BACK.

The Miller telegram, introduced as a part of the State's evidence in the Haywood trial

written to Easterly, and Jack said that Moyer flew right away from there.

Jack went up to Hailey from Silver City. I was in Nampa the night he came back from Hailey, and he stopped off at Nampa, too. But he got up and left the next morning for Caldwell before I was up, and I did not see him. He went up to the house where I was, and they told him I went away the day before and did not come back that night, but my things were there. I went back to Caldwell that afternoon, and met Jack at the depot as he was going to take the train, and he said he had left a letter for me. I told him he had better wait and take the midnight train, and he did. We went over to my room, and in going over he said he had a good saddle spotted, and that he would get it, now that he had waited, and take it home with him. It was hanging up on the outside of a little outbuilding by a house. We had picked up a light lap-robe some time before, and wrapped it board of the Western Federation of Miners, of which he was a member.

Simpkins said for me to be sure and not get discouraged and leave until I got the Governor, and if I got broke to let him know and he would see that I got money, and he would fix it so that after the job I would get a good bunch of money — enough to buy a ranch and quit this work and let somebody else do it, as I had done my share. He wanted me to buy a ranch up on the St. Joe River, and I got several letters from him, — some of them after he went to Denver, — and he told me in one of these that he had everything all fixed, and Pettibone would send me the money as soon as the job was done.

As I have before stated, I thought I might find Mr. Steunenberg in Boise, and I left Caldwell for there a day or so after Jack left. I stayed a few days in Boise, but saw nothing of Mr. Steunenberg, and I thought I would like to have some one to help me, and I was lonesome

and disgusted to have to wait so long. I telephoned to Silver City to Easterly and asked him if he wanted to take part in the contract, and he said he could not leave there just then, and I made up my mind to go to Salt Lake City and get Charlie Shoddy, the man I met in Salt Lake City when on my way out to Caldwell the first time.

The Death of Neville

I left Boise for Salt Lake City about November 20th, and went up to Siegal Brothers' store there, as they owned this mine where Shoddy was working, and I asked if Charlie was still out at their mine. They said they thought he was, and I wrote him and addressed the letter to Siegal Post-Office, but never got an answer from it.

I stayed in Salt Lake City about three weeks, and while there I got a letter from Pettibone stating that my friend Johnnie Neville had died quite suddenly in Goldfield, Nevada, and a little later I saw the account of it in the papers. Now, I had written Moyer a letter some time before this and told him to send me a hundred dollars, or to send it to Jack for me, and also told him in this letter that I had sent Shoddy to Goldfield, Nevada, to do that job. This was a lie, of course; but when I saw the account of Johnnie's death, I thought I would take advantage of it and make Moyer believe this man had done this, and I wrote him to this effect, and also wrote Simpkins at Denver and told him to tell Moyer. He answered me that he did, and would get some money for Charlie. I also told them that Charlie was there in Salt Lake City with me now, and we were going to Caldwell, and that I had money to take us there, but that they had better send me five hundred or so for Charlie to Nampa, as I told them Charlie was to stop there while I was looking after things in Caldwell. When I did not hear anything from Charlie, and as my money was getting low again, I left for Caldwell. This was about the middle of December, 1905.

I went to the Saratoga Hotel at Caldwell, and got an answer to my letter that I sent Pettibone before leaving Salt Lake City, and he said he had sent my letter to Jack, and I supposed they had given him the money for me to give Charlie. Awhile after I got a letter from Jack, and he said he had stopped off at Salt Lake City on his way home from Denver to see me, but could not find me and did not know where I had gone. He sent me a piece of a type-written letter that he had received from Haywood, which stated that he thought if there were any more remittances for assessment work that they had better be sent through him. This was the work they referred to that I was doing. But before he sent me any money I was arrested. I told them I was looking to buy a ranch, and I saw a number of real-estate men about this. I had stayed at the Saratoga Hotel all the time.

Steunenberg's Escape on Christmas Night

On Christmas day, which was Monday, I saw Mr. Steunenberg going to his brother's about noon,— as I supposed, for a Christmas dinner, — and I watched for him to come home after dark, and had a pump shot-gun and was going to shoot him with buck-shot. I had not been up by his residence long before I heard him coming, and started to put my gun together, as I had it down and one piece hung on each side of me with a cord around my neck under my overcoat; but I had some trouble getting it together, as this cord bothered me, and they got into the house before I got it together. I went around the house and waited to see if I could get a chance to see him through the window, but I think he went into the bath-room shortly after coming home, and went from there to bed and had no light. I stood behind a tree close to the house, and could see some one in the bath-room, but the steam was so thick I could not be sure it was him. I waited there until they went to bed, but did not see him, and then went back to the hotel. I buried some shot-gun shells loaded with buck-shot under the sidewalk on my way up, as I had too many, and did not want any left in my room if I should use them.

There was a mask ball at the Saratoga that night, and I had thought, if I shot Governor Steunenberg, I could easily go up-stairs and not be noticed, as they could not tell me from anybody else in the crowd.

I did not see Mr. Steunenberg again until the next Thursday. I did not know where he went when he was away, and I saw his son on the street one day, and I spoke to him and asked him if they had any sheep to sell. I thought I would find out this way where his father went. He told me that he knew nothing about it, as his father attended to that, but he said I could find out by telephoning to his father at the Company ranch at Bliss. But he said he would be home the next day, and I could see him if I was there. I told him I just wanted to find out where some sheep could be bought, as a friend of mine wanted them to feed.

The next day, Friday, I went to Nampa, and thought I might get a chance to put the bomb under Governor Steunenberg's seat, if I found him on the train, as the train usually stops fifteen to twenty minutes at Nampa. I had taken the powder out of the wooden box and

packed it in a little light sheet-iron box with a lock on, and I had a hole cut in the top of this and a little alarm-clock on one side. Both this and the bottle of acid were set in plaster-Paris on the other side of the hole from the clock, with a wire from the key which winds the alarm to the cork in the bottle. The giant-caps were put in the powder underneath this hole, and all I had to do was to wind up the alarm and set it, and when it went off it would wind up the fine wire on the key and pull out the cork, and spill the acid on the caps. I had this fitted in a little grip, and was going to set it, grip and all, under his seat in the coach, if I got a chance. I went through the train when it arrived at Nampa, but did not see Mr. Steunenberg, and the train was crowded, so I would not have had any chance, anyway. I saw Mr. Steunenberg get off the train at Caldwell, but missed him on the train.

The Fatal Explosion

I saw him again around Caldwell Saturday afternoon. I was playing cards in the saloon at the Saratoga, and came out in the hotel lobby just at dusk, and Mr. Steunenberg was sitting there talking. I went over to the post-office and came right back, and he was still there. I went up to my room, and took this bomb out of my grip, and wrapped it up in a newspaper and put it under my arm and went down-stairs, and Mr. Steunenberg was still there. I hurried as fast as I could up to his residence, and laid this bomb close to the gate-post, and tied a cord into a screw-eye in the cork and around a picket of the gate, so that when the gate was opened it would jerk the cork out of the bottle and let the acid run out and set off the bomb. This was set in such a way that, if he did not open the gate wide enough to pull it out, he would strike the cord with his feet as he went to pass in. I pulled some snow over the bomb after laying the paper over it, and hurried back as fast as I could.

I met Mr. Steunenberg about two and a half blocks from his residence. I then ran as fast as I could, to get back to the hotel, if possible, before he got to the gate. I was about a block and a half from the hotel on the foot-bridge when the explosion of the bomb occurred, and I hurried to the hotel as fast as I could. I went into the bar-room, and the bartender was alone, and asked me to help him tie up a little package, and I did, and then went on up to my room, intending to come right down to dinner, as nearly every one was in at dinner.

I was going to take some things out of my room and throw them away, and I emptied some acid I had in a bottle into the sink, and put the bottle in my coat-pocket, intending to take it down and throw it away, and a moment after doing this there was a flash like a pistol-shot rang out. It almost unnerved me for a moment, but I soon understood what it was. I had taken a giant-cap out of a box I had in my grip, a few days before, to try it to see if they were all right, as I had had them a good while; and I did not try this, and forgot to take it out of my pocket, and there must have been a little acid left in the bottle I put in my pocket, and this got into the cap and exploded it. This tore my coat all up, but did not hurt me a bit; but it unnerved me, and I thought everybody in the house would hear it, as my room was directly over the dining-room and everybody was in there to dinner. I had another coat there, and I slipped that on and hurried down to dinner. Everybody was talking about Mr. Steunenberg being blown to pieces, but I never heard a word about the explosion of the giant-cap in my room. I think everybody was excited about the explosion, and did not hear it, or did not pay any attention to it.

A Suspect's Strange Paralysis

Now, I cannot tell what came across me. I had some plaster-Paris and some chlorid of potash and some sugar in my room, also some little bottles and screw-eyes and an electric flash-light, and I knew there might be some little crumbs of dynamite scattered around on the floor. I intended to clean the carpet, and throw this stuff that might look suspicious all away, and I had plenty of time. But after this cap exploded in my pocket something came across me that I cannot explain, and I seemed to lose my reasoning power for the time, and left everything there just as they were, and at that time I had some letters and papers in my pockets that would have looked bad and been hard for me to explain.

I stood around there until about ten o'clock, as the hotel was jammed full, and in the meantime a special had come down from Boise, and they were sending out men to surround the town and telephoning to the surrounding towns. About twelve o'clock I went up to Mr. Steunenberg's residence with the hotel clerk, and came back and went to bed, and did not get up until about eleven o'clock the next day — Sunday. I went down and read the papers, and was sure one of the suspects referred to was me. Then I destroyed some letters and papers I had, and began to pull myself together; but I thought they were watching me, and I was afraid to start to clean my room or throw those things away, and thought what a fool I had been not to have cleaned every suspicious-looking thing

out of my room the night before. I cannot account for what made me so stupid, as I well knew these things would look suspicious, and it would be hard for me to explain what I had them for, if I was called upon to do so.

I just began to realize this and come to myself, and would have gotten rid of them then had I had a chance. I did go up to my room, and took a fish-line off a reel I had there and threw it in the water-closet, as I noticed in the papers that they referred to a fish-line or cord on the gate at Governor Steunenberg's, and I had used a piece of this fish-line. I would have cleaned the room then if I had had time. I could not throw all this other stuff in the toilet, and was excited and left it all there, and even left the gun which I usually carried in my grip. I had always said that I would not be taken alive, but did not value my life much anyway, and would sell it as dearly as I could, if ever suspected of anything and they tried to arrest me. I am sure they suspected me, and I took a walk up to Mr. Steunenberg's residence with a Caldwell man, and he said every stranger in town would have to give an account of himself.

The Arrest at Caldwell

I was sitting in the saloon of the hotel in the afternoon, and a stranger asked me to take a little walk, and pretended to be acquainted with me. I afterward learned this was Sheriff Brown of Baker City, Oregon. I told him he was mistaken, and he told me that they suspected me of having something to do with the assassination, and he said he told them that he thought he knew me. I told him I would go and see the sheriff at once, which I did, and asked him if he wanted to see me; and he asked me if I was going away, and I told him I was not at present, and he said we would have a talk after a while. I went over to the hotel and sat down, and in a few minutes the sheriff came over and said he would have to arrest me. I told him all right, and he went off and came back in a few minutes and told me the Governor had ordered him to take charge of my things that were in my room, and he said he would parole me, and I was not to leave town or the hotel, I have forgotten which.

Then I thought what a fool I had been to leave all those things in the room, when I had all kinds of chances to take them out, and had even let them get away with my gun. I would have made an attempt to get away that night, but I knew they were watching me; and, again, if I had succeeded in getting away from the hotel, it was bitter cold and the ground was covered with snow; and therefore I made no attempt to get away. I knew that they had organized a committee to investigate, and thought they might take me before this committee and ask me to explain what I had such stuff for, and I was thinking how I would answer them if they did.

But they said nothing to me until the next day — Monday — about four o'clock, when the deputy sheriff asked me to go over to the district attorney's office, and when I went over there, they said they would have to search me. This is the time I would have used my gun had I had it. They searched me, and the sheriff read the warrant to me, and they said they wanted me to go to Boise with them. We went over to the depot and waited for a while, and then they took me up to the county jail at Caldwell.

III

MY EXPERIENCE IN JAIL AND PENITENTIARY

I WAS arrested and taken to jail at Caldwell the evening of the 1st day of January, 1906. I had never before been arrested. I now began to think over my past life and what it had brought me to; and, oh, how I regretted that I had allowed myself to be arrested, and had not sold my life as dearly as I could have done, and ended all! as I felt the life I had lived for the past few years was not worth living, and that I would rather be dead than alive, and felt there was nothing left for me worth living for, and why suffer the humiliation in prison? I knew it meant a long siege at best, and I knew, if I succeeded in clearing myself of this, that I probably would have to go to Colorado and face other charges there.

I thought of ending all, and then what my dear mother taught me many long years before about God and the future life came up to me, and I could not get these thoughts out of my mind, although I had denied them for years and tried to forget them, and said many times that the hereafter did not trouble me, and that I did not believe in any hereafter, but that the grave ended all. But now, when this stared me in the face, and the thought came of taking my own life and taking the desperate leap into the Great Beyond from whence there is no return, I knew then that deep down in my heart I did believe there was a God and a hereafter, and that I had only been trying to deceive myself all these years because it answered my wicked purpose better. Now, although I had read the Bible some when I was young, I had never read it with enough interest to understand it, and remembered very little of it; but I thought it said that no murderer could enter the kingdom of heaven, or would not be forgiven. This

troubled me, for I felt great remorse of conscience and felt repentant. I tried to keep up the bravado spirit and appear unconcerned and deny the charges against me, but still I thought, if acquitted, the old life was not worth living, and I wanted to be sure whether there was hope for me, or forgiveness, or if I had committed the unpardonable sin. If I had been fully convinced of this, and that there was no forgiveness for me, then I would never have undergone any torture or imprisonment, as I would have had nothing to live for.

The Arrival of the Attorneys

Haywood and Pettibone had always told me if I ever got arrested not to wire or write to them, but that they would see that I had an attorney to defend me as soon as it was possible; and when Simpkins left me he had said, if I got into trouble and had to have an attorney, he would send Miller or Robertson of Spokane. A day or two after I was arrested I got a telegram from Spokane stating that Attorney Fred Miller would leave next morning for Caldwell to represent me. This telegram was not signed, but I understood it. I waited for three or four days and heard no word of him, but in the meantime James J. Sullivan, an attorney that I knew from Denver and a personal friend of Pettibone's, came to see me, but they would not let me talk to him alone. He said he was going to Baker City on some business, and stopped off to see if it was me they had arrested. I felt sure they had sent him to me from headquarters. I told him I had thought of wiring him, and asked him if I could engage him to defend me; but he shook his head and said it was a long way from home, and that he would advise me to employ a local attorney, and said if I wished he would look around and get me one. I told him I had expected Mr. Miller from Spokane, and had had a telegram from Spokane a few days before, stating that he would leave the next morning for Caldwell, but had heard nothing more from him, and Sullivan said he would wire him and see if he was coming.

He sent Mr. Miller the telegram, and he answered he would leave for Caldwell on the next train, and he arrived there the next day or so. They let Mr. Miller see me alone, and he told me that Jack Simpkins had sent him and that he had started when I got the first telegram. I think he said he got as far as Walla Walla, and they called him back, as the papers came out with big head-lines charging the Western Federation of Miners with the assassination of ex-Governor Steunenberg, and they did not want it to appear that any one had been sent by them to defend me, but thought they would wait until I wired them, because we must make it appear that I was putting up my own defense and keep the Federation out of it. He also said that Robertson had told him before he left that they might make it appear that they were engaged by me to sue Dan Cordonia to recover the interest I had sold him in the Hercules mine or a part of it, so as to have it look as if they were my regular attorneys. I spoke about them being engaged by me before to collect damages from the railroad company for holding my trunk, but he said that was too small a matter.

I did not know Mr. Miller very well, having only met him once, and I told him I was going to put up my own defense, and had upward of two thousand dollars, and had friends that would see me through if this was not sufficient. He asked me if I did not have some mining property, or some friends I could refer him to that he could make it appear were putting up money for my defense. I told him I would give him an order to get the money all right. He said Jack had only given him a hundred dollars, and asked me if I did not have any money there. I told Miller I had only a few dollars there, and he said to never mind, he would get some money from home. I gave him an order, and told him to see J. J. Sullivan and have him send the money when he got to Denver. I told him Sullivan knew Pettibone and would get the money all right. I also gave him an order, or told him to see Lewis Cutler of Salt Lake City, and he would turn him over a sixth interest in some mining claims he had at Goldfield, Nevada. I had loaned Mr. Cutler a little money at different times, and he made this proposition himself the last time I saw him in Salt Lake City. Mr. Miller stayed until after my preliminary hearing and I was bound over to the district court without bail. Mr. Miller then left for Spokane, and said he would be back in a few days, and stay there and work on the case.

Mr. Swain of the Thiel Detective Agency from Spokane came to the sheriff's office at Caldwell, and they took me out in the office, and he asked me some questions and I answered some of them. I told him I had been in the Coeur d'Alenes, and had been out hunting with Jack Simpkins just before I came down here. He asked me if I knew Haywood and Moyer, and I told him I had seen them and was slightly acquainted with them. I think I also told him that my name was not Hogan, but Orchard, and that I had a good reason for going under an assumed name and would give the reason at the proper time. I knew I need not answer any questions, but I thought these things could be easily proved, and that it would look better for me to answer them. Later he wanted to ques-

tion me further, but I told him I had told him all I had to say, and he did not trouble me any more.

The First Appearance of McParland

I was in Caldwell jail eighteen days, and they removed me to the State penitentiary at Boise. Mr. Miller wrote me two or three letters, and stated he was waiting for some mail and would be down as soon as it arrived. I think I had been at the penitentiary about ten days or two weeks, and the warden took me out into the secretary's office and introduced me to an oldish man — I have forgotten the name he used. He then went out and left us alone. I do not remember the first part of our conversation, but he said he had seen a paper with my picture in, and got permission to come up and have a talk with me. I asked him who he was and what he wanted to talk to me for. He told me he was a detective, and went on and said, perhaps if he had kept the same kind of company I had, that perhaps he would have found himself in the same position I myself was in, but he said he had chosen the right course. He said he would like to give me some good advice, if I would take it. I told him I did not object to talking to him, but I did not need any of his advice, and protested my innocence, and said I was being wrongfully persecuted. He said if I was innocent I was the victim of very unfortunate circumstances, and that he thought I had left a bad trail behind me; and he further said it looked bad for me going in and out of Denver so much and visiting Federation headquarters. He further said he did not believe I did this of my own accord, and that he believed I was in a position to be of great benefit to the State. I told him I knew nothing about the assassination of Mr. Steunenberg whatever, and that I did not know what he was trying to get at.

He asked me if I had heard of the Molly Maguires. I told him I had heard of them, but did not know much of their history. He started to tell me about them, and it struck me right away that he was McParland, as Haywood had given me a description of him some time before. I asked him if his name was not McParland, and he said it was. He then went on and told me a lot of the history of the Molly Maguires, and some of the parts he had played. I listened to him and said nothing much. I think at first he asked me about my people and if I believed in a hereafter and a God. I think I told him I believed in a Supreme Being or something like that. He also told me he believed I had been used as a tool. I think that was about the substance of what he said to me the first time he came up, and he asked me to think these things over when I went back to my cell. I protested my innocence all through and told him I had nothing to think over. He told me I would be convicted of that crime, and that I would think of the words he had told me afterward. I told him I had no fear of being convicted. When he left, he said that perhaps he would come up and see me again. I told him that it helped to pass away the time and was a little more comfortable, or was a change.

I think it was two or three days when he came back again, and I think he started in on my belief in the hereafter, and spoke of what an awful thing it was to live and die a sinful life, and that every man ought to repent of his sins, and that there was no sin that God would not forgive. He spoke of King David being a murderer, and also the Apostle Paul. This interested me very much, but I did not let on to him. I think I asked him a little about this, and he told me about King David falling in love with Uriah's wife, and ordering Joab, the general of his army, to put Uriah in the thick of the battle and then to order the rest to retreat, so he would be killed; and of St. Paul, who was then called Saul, consenting to the death of Stephen and holding the young men's coats while they stoned him to death. I wanted to ask more about these things, but did not want to let on that they interested me. He also told me of some cases where men had turned State's evidence, and that when the State had used them for a witness, they did not, or could not, prosecute them. He said, further, that men might be thousands of miles from where a murder took place and be guilty of the murder, and be charged with conspiracy, and that the man that committed the murder was not as guilty as the conspirators, and, to say in a word, he led me to believe that there was a chance for me, even if I were guilty of the assassination of Mr. Steunenberg, if I would tell the truth; and he also urged me to think of the hereafter and the awful consequences of a man dying in his sins. He further said he was satisfied I had only been used as a tool, and he was sure the Western Federation of Miners were behind this, and that they were about to their limit, and had carried their work on with a high hand, but that their foundation had begun to crumble, as all such must that followed the policy that they had. He said further that they had had a gang of murderers at their head ever since their organization. He told me plainly he could not make me any promises, and if he did he could not fulfil them, but he said he would have the prosecuting attorney come up and have a talk with me. I told him that he need not trouble. I had not told him anything, nor had I promised

to at this time; but I told him to come up again the next day and I would let him know if I had anything to tell him.

The Story of the Confession

I went back to my cell that night and tried to pray, and thought I would do almost anything if God would forgive my sins. But my past life would come up before me like a mountain, and I feared there was no chance for me. I thought, though the authorities in Idaho would let me go clear if I gave evidence and told the real men responsible for the murder of Mr. Steunenberg, that there were so many other crimes that I was guilty of that there would never be any chance for me. The only real hope I could see for me was to make a clean breast of all, and ask God to forgive me; but I felt very uncertain about this, and prayed to God in a half-hearted way, and I felt a little hope at times, and then I would doubt, and think of self. I knew well the methods of detectives, and did not believe many things Mr. McParland told me; but my mind was in such a state and, as I have before told you, I cared little what did become of me, and did not want to live any longer the old life, and when I would think of doing away with myself, the awful hereafter would stare me in the face, and something seemed to say to me that there was still hope. But I could not bear the thought of being locked up, and every hour seemed like a month to me.

Now, I had thought before I ever saw Mr. McParland of making a clean breast of all; but I would rather have him get the evidence than any one I knew, for the reason I knew his reputation and knew there would be nothing left undone to run down everything I gave him. Then there came a doubt in my mind that this might not be Mr. McParland. I told him this when he came up the next day; and, as he wore an Elk charm, and I knew the Elks always carried a card that they used to make themselves known to a brother Elk, I asked him if he would mind letting me look at his Elk's card to satisfy myself that he was Mr. McParland, and he handed me his card, as he said no Elk was ashamed to show his card. After I was satisfied of this, I told him I was going to tell him all, and that he need not send the prosecuting attorney up; that I would not ask any pledges, but would tell the truth, and felt I did not deserve any consideration and cared very little what became of me.

I told him I would tell him my life's history, and we talked over a part of my career that day, but nothing in connection with this case; and the next day Mr. McParland came up, and the clerk in the penitentiary took down my statement. I began at the first of my early life, and finished with the assassination of Mr. Steunenberg, but I kept a few things back that I thought too horrible to tell. We were three days at this. There were some things that no one in this country knew anything of, but I told them, and in a way felt somewhat relieved. I felt that I had taken the right step, but when I thought of the awful ordeal I would have to go through to carry this out, and that I must face these men and give evidence that perhaps would send us all to the gallows, it seemed terrible to me. Sometimes I would think perhaps they would only send me to the penitentiary for life, and this I thought would be worse than being hanged, and that I would prefer the latter. I tried to pray and ask forgiveness, but this only in a half-hearted way. Sometimes I felt a little relieved, but other times I doubted, and I was very much in doubt whether God would forgive such a sinner, and I thought I would have to go through some long lamentation, and the greater the sin the greater the sacrifice would have to be on my part. I wanted a Bible, but would not ask for it, and I did not want it known that I wanted to repent of my sins. I longed to read the Bible, but did not want any one to see me doing so, and every day seemed almost like a year.

The Arrest and Confession of Adams

During this time, or about the 20th of February, 1906, they brought Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone to the penitentiary, and a day or so later they brought Steve Adams. I had told them about Adams being mixed up in other things besides what he was mixed up in with me. The warden asked me, before he brought Adams in, if I thought best to put him in my cell, and for me to have a talk with him and persuade him to tell the truth. I told him I would do the best I could, and that I would tell him that I had told everything, but not at first, until I found out how he felt about it.

When Adams first came into the cell he did not let on that he knew me, or while the warden or guards were there; but after they left he began to talk to me, and he spoke about my having made a confession. I laughed it off and partly denied it, but said I thought of doing so, and told him I thought it would be better for us to tell the truth and clear everything up and be done with it, as it was bound to come out sometime, as so many knew about the crimes that we had been mixed up in, and that somebody was bound to tell of them sometime — if not while they were up and around, some one would make a death-bed confession; and I told

him I was tired of such a life and wanted to reform and ask God's forgiveness.

He said at first that he could not think of such a thing, and spoke of the disgrace it would bring upon his people, and that there would be no chance for us at all; and he wanted me to go on through the trials, and then we would tell those fellows to cut that kind of work out. I wanted him to lead a better life, and told him I could not rest, and that my conscience troubled me so that I did not want to live unless I could repent and be forgiven, and that I did not feel as though I could repent of my wrong-doing unless I told all, and made all the earthly restitution that was within my power to society, and clear my own conscience. He thought I would not feel any better after I had confessed all. I also told him there might be a chance for us to save our lives, as we had only been used as tools.

I talked to him, I think, two days on about the same lines, and he did not change his mind much, if any, and finally I told him that I had made a statement and told about all, and he asked me if I had told them about him. At first I told him that I had not, and he asked me to promise him that I would not, and I think at first I told him I would; but I finally told him that I had made a clean breast of everything, and told them all about the things he had been implicated in, and wanted him to tell the truth. He said at first he did not see how he could go that kind of a route, and asked me if they had promised me anything. I told him I did not ask them to, but I told him the party that I had made my confession to had cited similar cases, and that those that had been used as tools, as we had been, had not been prosecuted. I also told him that I did not know if this were true or not. After I had told him all, I said to him to do as he pleased, but that I had told the truth and was going to stand by it, let the consequences be what they would to myself or any one else.

I told him the warden wanted to have a talk with him, and to go out and have a talk with him; and a few minutes afterward the warden came in and asked him to go out in the office, and he did. When he came back in, he said the warden was a pretty good talker. I think that same afternoon Mr. Moore, Adams' attorney from Baker City, Oregon, came up to see him. He did not tell me what he said to him, but a friend and neighbor of his named Bond, from Haines, came with Mr. Moore, and Steve told me that Bond had advised him, if he knew anything or had been used as a tool to commit any crimes, to tell the truth — or that would be his advice to him. Adams told me after that Moore had told him the State hardly ever prosecuted any one they used as a witness, and he said he thought he would do as I had done and tell the truth. He said that Moore had gone to Colorado to see the Governor and find out if they would take Steve back there if he became a witness in this trial.

Mr. McParland came the next afternoon, and I had a talk with him, and told him I thought Adams would make a confession, but perhaps not until after Moore had come back from Colorado; so Adams went out in the office and had a talk with Mr. McParland, and he told him he would make a confession and tell the truth in everything; and the next day Mr. McParland and his private secretary came up and took down his confession. I do not think there were any threats or promises of any kind used. Adams never told me, if there were.

I was taken sick a little after this, and they moved me over in the hospital, and a day or two later they moved Adams over there too, and we had a room together. My mind was in an awful condition about this time. I felt that I did not want to live, and I was afraid to die. A little before Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone were arrested, Miller, my attorney, came back, and came to see me, and I never let on to him I had made any confession. He told me he had been to Denver; that he had waited several days in Spokane, and they did not send him the money, and he thought best to go and see them. He said Jack Simpkins was keeping close — that they were hard on his trail. I asked him where he was, but he did not tell me, if he knew. He said he got fifteen hundred dollars from Pettibone, and he said they were all scared; and he said Pettibone told him if he could use his deposition, all right, but that he would not go to Idaho as a witness.

Miller further said he stopped in Salt Lake City and saw Lewis Cutler about the interest in the mining claims at Goldfield, Nevada, and Cutler told him he would turn it over to me any time. Miller got me a suit of clothes and some other little articles, and came to see me two or three times before Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone were arrested; and then he put a piece in the paper that he would withdraw from my case and defend the Federation officials. I sent him a letter that that would suit me all right, but he came up to see me after. I did not see him the first time; but he came again, and the warden brought him in the hospital to see me, and he said the newspaper report was false — that he had not stated he would withdraw from my case. I told him that I had made other arrangements, and would not require his services any longer.

Orchard's First Testimony

Mr. McParland came up a few days later, and said they wanted me to go to Caldwell before the Grand Jury and give some evidence. So I went to Caldwell before the Grand Jury, and told them the conversation I had had with Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone in regard to assassinating Mr. Steunenberg, and how I carried out the assassination. I came back then, and about a week later Mr. McParland came up again, and told me I would have to go to Caldwell again and plead to the indictment, or at least to go before the court. He said he would make arrangements and have an attorney there to represent me.

The next day I went to Caldwell, and no one said anything more to me; and when I went into court, they read the indictment to me, and I expected Mr. McParland had made arrangements for an attorney to represent me, and that he would answer for me; but no one answered for me, and the judge then asked me if I had counsel, and no one said anything. He asked me then if I wished an attorney, and I told him no; and he said I was entitled to one, and he would appoint Bryant and Cox to represent me, and that I could take the statutory time to plead. Mr. Bryant and I went down in the sheriff's office, but I told him nothing of what I had done. I thought after the confession, as I intended to tell the truth, I was going to plead guilty; but Mr. Bryant told me there were three pleas I could enter — guilty, not guilty, or not plead at all. I told him I would make no plea, then; and we went up before the court then, and I told the judge I had no plea to make, and he instructed the clerk to enter a plea of not guilty.

I came back to the penitentiary that night, and felt pretty blue, and felt as though I did not have a friend in the world, after Mr. McParland not keeping his word in regard to getting me an attorney and taking me into court like a dummy, and I not knowing what to say or do. I came back feeling more blue than ever, and, to finish up everything, when I came back that night to the penitentiary, they had my things moved back out of the hospital into a cell; and as it was pretty cold there, and I was not feeling very well physically and worse mentally, I just broke down again and felt like giving up entirely.

I did not get up the next day, and really contemplated putting myself out of the way, and wrote a letter to my brother and put it between the lining of my vest, and I told Adams if anything happened to me to send this letter to my brother, and that he would find the address on the letter. I think I told him I had something there to put myself out of the way with, but I had nothing particular, only my watch crystal; I was thinking of pounding this or the electric globe up and swallowing it, but I hardly knew what effect it would have. I had heard of people pounding up glass and killing dogs with it, and I had not made up my mind definitely; I was only thinking about it. When I would think of the hereafter, something seemed to say to me not to do it, but there was hope for me, and I would pray — but, oh, I had no heart to pray. But I am sure, now, that I had dear ones praying for me, and God heard their prayers, and kept me from making the last desperate leap into the Great Beyond. I was not very well, and the cells were very cold, and the warden moved us back in the hospital.

Shortly after this, Steve told his wife about my writing this letter, and she told the warden, and Mr. McParland and Governor Gooding came up to see me, and Mr. McParland asked me about it, and told me he understood I had the means of destruction on my person and that he wanted me to give it to him. I told him what I had thought of, but that I had not thought seriously of it, and that he need have no fear, as I felt better. He talked to me about the hereafter, and said that to do or to think of such a thing was awful, and that there was no possible hope then; but said if I would truly and sincerely repent and pray for forgiveness that there was no sin that God would not forgive. He told me he had been praying nearly all day, as he had had word that his nephew, whom he thought a great deal of, had been killed in a wreck near Florence, Colorado, and had been virtually burned alive. His talk helped me a great deal, and I felt ashamed of myself, and also felt provoked at Adams for telling such a thing; and I don't think that I ever would have carried it out, as I was not sure that it would have killed me, and I had not fully decided to do it. If I had had a gun, I believe there were times when I would have ended all.

The Forgiveness of God

Soon after this some missionary society in Chicago sent me a Bible, and the deputy brought it in to me; and I felt mean and told him to take it out, as I did not want it, and at the same time I longed for it, but did not want any one to know, or see me reading it. I had been trying to pray and ask forgiveness of my many sins, but in a very half-hearted way, and I felt more miserable than ever then, and resolved I would ask for this Bible, but kept putting it off from day to day. At last I asked the warden to bring it in to me, and I began to read it. I was not long reading it through, and I could not find anything in it that said no murderer could enter

the kingdom of heaven; and I prayed earnestly for forgiveness, and read and reread the glorious promises, and determined not to give up before I found peace and pardon. True, I was long weeks and months before I found the light or even the dawn, but I kept praying and persevering. I had no thought of turning back. I never doubted God's word and promises; I only doubted because of my own weakness. This peace crept in a little at a time, and I can hardly tell when or how, but I at last began to realize the change, and took great delight in reading the Bible and praying earnestly to God several times a day. I had it in my head I was such a sinner that I had to go through some long lamentation, and the greater the sin the more God would require of us before He would forgive us.

Mr. McParland had asked me if I would like to have a minister come up and see me, and I told him I would. He asked me if I would like to have Rev. Dean Hinks of the Episcopal Church. He said he had met him, and thought he was a good man; and he came up to see me, and has come occasionally ever since, and has been a great comfort and help to me spiritually. He also brought me several good books that have enlightened me very much, and I thank God to-day that I know I am a sinner saved by grace, through no good merits of mine, but all through the blood of Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour and Redeemer. I do not mean to say that I have all clear sailing — far from it. I have one continual battle to overcome my wicked and deceitful heart, but I praise God that His grace is sufficient.

I thought at first that this was not right and that God had not forgiven me. These thoughts would arise in my mind, and I thought this had not ought to be; I had no desire to do it, but I would think of them often and try to get them out of my mind, and I praise God they don't arise as much as they used to. But I have found, as I read the experience of many noble, good men in the books in which they give their experience, that Jesus Christ is the only way that we can approach God's Throne and plead His mercy, as Jesus is our Mediator and Redeemer who took upon Himself our sins. It all seems clear to me now.

I only give this as my experience, hoping that it may help some one if they have or should have a similar struggle. I would not go through such remorse and torment again for all the world. This may seem an exaggeration to some, but it is true, nevertheless. Any one that has had such a struggle and prevailed can readily grasp the truth of my statement.

The Love of a Deserted Wife

I will now tell you what I believe saved me. It was the prayers of a dear, loving wife, whom I had shamefully and disgracefully left many years before with a darling little baby girl about six months old. As I have related how this came about, I need not repeat here, only to say that when God took away the bitterness out of my heart and let His love shine in, then the former love I had for my wife returned, stronger than ever, if that were possible, and I longed to know if she was alive or what had become of her and our little baby girl, as my mind was made up then to tell the whole truth, regardless of the consequences to myself or anybody else.

I knew I would have to tell my true name, and then all would come out, and I asked Mr. McParland to write to Road Macklon, Brighton, Ontario, Canada, and ask him if he knew anything about Albert E. Horsley or his wife. Mr. McParland wrote to Mr. Macklon, but he was dead. But Mrs. Macklon answered, and said that nothing was known of me,— I was supposed to have gone West several years before,— but that Mrs. Horsley and her daughter lived at Wooler. I then wrote my dear wife, and told her the trouble I was in, and asked her to forgive me. I also told her that I had accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour and found peace at last. I got a letter from her that broke my heart, but only made me cling closer to the Crucified One. She said that she had forgiven me years ago, and had never ceased to pray for me, and never would. I will leave the reader to imagine the rest she said to me. I will only say further that there never was a harsh word written in any of her letters, and her dear letters and those of our darling little girl from time to time have been a great source of comfort to me, and they make me cling closer to Jesus, knowing if I never am permitted to meet them here below again I can meet them up yonder, where meeting and parting will be no more, if I am faithful until death; and this makes heaven seem dearer than ever to me.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

THE MORAL COST OF ROBBER GOVERNMENT

NEW YORK and Chicago are currently engaged — in such proceedings as the investigations of the street-railway systems — in counting their financial loss by robberies of their resources extending back over a quarter of a century. This loss, if it could be estimated, would run into the hundreds of millions. But far greater than this direct loss is the indirect loss — physical and moral — which has come from these transactions.

The American people must soon come to realize that the professional debauching of the moral life of cities is absolutely essential to the transaction of robbing them. How inevitable this is was shown by George Kibbe Turner's analysis, in McClure's of last April, of the methods of criminal politics in Chicago. The financiers who steal franchises are not themselves able to rob a city; nor are the head politicians who conspire with them. Below is the great body of workers who make it possible; and these men divide among themselves as their share the greatest of all the city plunder — the right to sell immorality in the saloon and its allied industries. This system, when once understood, is exceedingly clear. The corrupt city official is the product of a corrupt political machine; he obtains his own right to rob the city through its support. He pays for this support by giving back to the machine's workers, the ward leaders, the privilege to break the laws intended to diminish vice and protect the innocent. And in this way the protective apparatus of local government — the police and often the courts — is perverted until it actually becomes a means to increase such agencies of social demoralization as the low saloon, the disorderly house, and the gambling resort.

It would be simply impossible, as the article on Chicago showed, for the organized robbery of cities to go on without the collusion of the men in charge of their governments. This is true of the stealing of franchises; it is just as certain of the dispensing of the right to violate the moral regulations of a city. An official in charge of a city's water-supply, whose negligence allowed it to be filled with filth, would be guilty of a great criminal negligence; but the idea of a city official willingly and knowingly throwing filth into the water sources of a city, for direct or indirect profit to himself, is inconceivable. This is exactly what is being done in a moral sense by hundreds of officials of our great cities; we are poisoned by the men whom we have chosen to protect us.

George Kennan's article, in the current number, on "Criminal Government and the Private Citizen" makes clear the results of this system as it existed in San Francisco. Franchises sold openly by the city's officials, vice made a regular industry, the very children instructed in viciousness — the result of this thing can never be in doubt. There must be, as Mr. Kennan shows, a lowering of all standards, a wholesale deterioration in the morals of the population of to-day, and a promise of a still lower moral tone in the next generation.

There are over 15,000,000 people in the larger cities of the country, and the rush of the population still continues cityward. It is a reasonable inference that the moral conditions in these cities play a great part in the startling prevalence of crime in the United States. If Japan had as high a murder rate as San Francisco there would be more than five thousand murders a year there instead of four hundred; if San Francisco had the rate of Japan there would be but four or five murders a year there instead of fifty-eight. Such facts form a scarcely flattering commentary on the boasted superiority of our Occidental civilization.

A startling tendency in our great cities is the growth of the insecurity of women on the streets. It cannot be doubted that this is due, at least in large part, to the same cause as the high murder rate — a vicious and criminal government, which not only tolerates immorality, but is a creature of a great and, under present conditions, almost invincible organization, which is actively engaged in promoting it.

All these things are significant — far more significant than the loss of a few hundred dollars to each citizen. They show a dangerous tendency in a great section of a national population. When all the costs of a criminal government of the cities of the United States are counted, this moral cost will be appreciated for what it surely is — the most appalling of all. It is not the mere robbery of a generation of men: it is a lowering of the vitality of a civilization.